



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Getty Research Institute

THE

Gentleman's Magazine

VOLUME 287

JULY—DECEMBER 1899

AMS PRESS, INC.

KRAUS REPRINT CORP.

NEW YORK

1967

Manufactured in the United States of America

CONTENTS of VOL. CCLXXXVII.

	PAGE
About Gipsies. By A. J. GORDON	409
Algiers, Exmouth's Bombardment of. By WALTER WOOD	505
Anne, The Tale of. By KATHARINE SYLVESTER	209
Arithmetic and Writing, The Teaching of, in the Time of the Commonwealth. By FOSTER WATSON, M.A.	257
At the Half-way House. By J. A. NICKLIN	607
Augury, Insect. By F. G. WALTERS	73
Books, The Sellers of. By EDWARD TURNBULL	472
Canzonets. By M. A. CURTOIS	516
Causes, Some, of Changes in Dress. By C. FORTESCUE YONGE	196
Celtic Race, The. By T. H. B. GRAHAM, M.A.	368
Century, A, of English China. By GERALDINE LESLIE	57
Coming Star Shower, The. By J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S.	329
Country Parson, The. By GEORGE MORLEY	247
Cumberland Parish, A. By T. H. B. GRAHAM, M.A.	168
Doctors, The Old. By C. W. HECKETHORN	119
Dress, Some Causes of Changes in. By C. FORTESCUE YONGE	196
Dunbar, William, Scottish Poet. By A. S. NELSON	35
English China, A Century of. By GERALDINE LESLIE	57
English Military Lawyers. By J. E. R. STEPHENS	398
Epitaphs : Their History and Humour. By JOHN R. FRYAR	12
Exmouth's Bombardment of Algiers. By WALTER WOOD	505
Fatal Dowry, The. By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON	180, 294
Father, The, of Gymnastics. By W. GOWLAND FIELD	155
Foula Isle, On. By JAVE GARRY	46
Fragments of Two Persecutions. By JOHN HYDE	576
French Poetry in the Nineteenth Century. By FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE	430
"Fulish Jan." By HENRY WILSON	587
Germany, Treitschke's History of. By PHILIP KENT	595
Gipsies, About. By A. J. GORDON	409
Gleek : A Forgotten Old Game. By J. S. MCTEAR	358
Goblets and Drinking-Cups. By PELHAM GORDON	284
Gymnastics, The Father of. By W. GOWLAND FIELD	155
Herrick. By CHARLES LUSTED	413
Hervey de Lyon. By KATHARINE WYLDE	313
"If 'twere Done When 'tis Done." By MARY S. HANCOCK	1
Insect Augury. By F. G. WALTERS	73
Jenkinson and the Slaver. By HAROLD BINDLOSS	477
Life Sketches, Two. By JAMES CASSIDY	269
Literary Landmarks, Some, of a Northern Height. By W. C. SYDNEY	139
London Seen through Foreign Spectacles. By C. W. HECKE- THORN	87
Lost Rivers, The, of London. By C. W. HECKETHORN	334
Lutterworth, Wycliffe's. By G. CLARKE NUTTALL, B.Sc.	487
Maoris, The Poetry of the. By REGINALD HODDER	382
Matrimony, Peter on. By PENLEY REYD	417
Melon-seller, The : An Echo. By KATHARINE SYLVESTER	615
Military Lawyers, English. By J. E. R. STEPHENS	398
Never Again ! The Tale of a Tutor. By NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS	105
Nine Tides, The, of Sron-na-boghar. By NIGEL TOURNEUR	495

	PAGE
Northern Height, Some Literary Landmarks of a. By W. C. SYDNEY	139
Old Doctors, The. By C. W. HECKETHORN	119
Old London Taverns and Tea Gardens. By C. W. HECKETHORN	223
Old Time Pantomime Music and Songs. By W. J. LAWRENCE	553
On Foula Isle. By JAYE GARRY	46
Parson, The Country. By GEORGE MORLEY	247
Pelopidæ Papers, The. By G. H. POWELL	457
Persecutions, Fragments of Two. By JOHN HYDE	576
Peter on Matrimony. By PENLEY REYD	417
Poet-Princess, A. By A. SHIELD	559
Poetry, French, in the Nineteenth Century. By FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE	430
Poetry, The, of the Maoris. By REGINALD HODDER	382
Rivers, The Lost, of London. By C. W. HECKETHORN	334
Sellers, The, of Books. By EDWARD TURNBULL	472
Serving Two Masters. By J. W. SHERER	521
Shepherd's Year, The. By WILLIAM T. PALMER	539
Some Shakespearean Names. By G. L. APPERSON	278
Sron-na-boghar, The Nine Tides of. By NIGEL TOURNEUR	495
Story, The, of the Shoe. By F. G. WALTERS	448
Table Talk. By SYLVANUS URBAN :—	
The Thames a Salmon River—Purification of the Thames—	
Altering Aspects of Totemism—A Trespass—"A Paladin	
of Philanthropy"—General Oglethorpe—The Develop-	
ment of Timekeepers	100
The Handwriting of Shakespeare—The Correct Orthography	
of Shakespeare—The Fate to be Sealed of English Birds—	
Spurious Sports	206
Recent Stage Experiments—The Indian Sanskrit Drama—	
"Sakuntalā"—English Performances of Indian Drama	310
The Bull-fight at our Gates—Progress of the Bull-fight in	
France—An Appeal to France—"Florizel"—Bright-	
helmstone	414
Revival of the English "Masque"—"Beauty's Awakening"—	
The Guildhall Entertainment—The Heron	518
M. Jules Claretie on Shakespeare—Heine on Shakespeare in	
France—Recent French Utterances concerning Shake-	
speare—French Translations of Shakespeare—A Sports-	
man on Sport	617
Tale, The, of Anne. By KATHARINE SYLVESTER	209
Taverns and Tea-Gardens, Old London. By C. W. HECKETHORN	223
Teaching, The, of Arithmetic and Writing in the Time of the	
Commonwealth. By FOSTER WATSON, M.A.	257
Torch-Weed, The. By ISABELLA J. POSTGATE	308
Treitschke's History of Germany. By PHILIP KENT	595
Two Life Sketches. By JAMES CASSIDY	269
Where Time Stands Still. By M. PROWER	81
"White Moth, The." By W. T. FREEMAN	150
William Dunbar, Scottish Poet. By A. S. NELSON	35
Wycliffe's Lutterworth. By G. CLARKE NUTTALL, B.Sc.	487
Year, The Shepherd's. By WILLIAM T. PALMER	539

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JULY 1899.

*"IF 'TWERE DONE WHEN
'TIS DONE."*

BY MARY S. HANCOCK.

THE big house was let, and the whole village rejoiced. Years had gone by since a tenant lived in Wallaby Grange ; and tenants such as these must have been rarities at any time. The fact that they were Anglo-Indians but added a spice of romance to the strangers, and besides, they had that wealth which—like charity—"covers a multitude of sins."

Everybody forthwith became interested in the Grange. It was a fine old place, and the superabundance of riches made it at once an ideal residence—the home of ideal people.

The conservatories became—suddenly—dreams of loveliness ; the gardens awoke to a blaze of colour ; the whole aspect was inviting, and seemed to challenge admiration. Indoors everything betokened the same refinement of mind and a rare appreciation of the artistic. The neighbourhood watched each change and each touch with enthusiasm, and resolved how to act with regard to the "new people." It was an honest neighbourhood. It worshipped wealth, and said so—openly. There was, moreover, a flutter in the dovecotes of Wallaby, for rumour, which had been pretty busy with affairs at the Grange, now asserted that Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Vansittart were bringing two young men in their train—young men who were bachelors, well-endowed and well-bred.

The impetus to local trade became something remarkable, and the milliners and dressmakers had a very good time with the orders that came pouring in. Every girl had a new dress—that went without saying—and even churlish and niggardly papas grew quite pleasant

over the bills for hats and bonnets. It was settled, as a matter of course, that the village would entertain freely, and be entertained in return by the Grange.

"Anglo-Indians *are* so hospitable," said the doctor's wife, who knew nothing whatever of "Anglo-Indians"; and "They are such sociable creatures," chimed in the leading lawyer's wife, who obtained all her information on most subjects from the novels of the day. So it followed that while every one stood on the tip-toe of expectation the Vansittarts appeared quietly in Wallaby, and took up their residence in the stately old house.

"Quite a family, my dear," said Mrs. Jackson, wife to the lawyer who was *not* the "leading" man of the place. "Quite a family!—I saw them arrive; and there were five persons in the carriage—four inside and one on the box—in a very unassuming way."

"There is no harm in that, is there?" asked the doctor's "lady" in her sharper tones. "I've seen Sir John mount up there many a time when he was younger and thinner. I hate a closed carriage myself."

"Somebody had to go inside," murmured the other humbly; "there were so many of them."

"Oh, quite so," assented Mrs. Graham, and the matter ended amicably. "Who was the fifth?" she asked condescendingly a moment later. "We only knew of four."

"The fifth was a girl," whispered Mrs. Jackson hoarsely. "And such a pretty girl, too," she added out of sheer malice.

Mrs. Graham winced, for she had three sons, and she felt sure she would have to submit to the annoyance of a daughter-in-law some day.

"There are girls enough and to spare in Wallaby," said she presently; "what did we want with another?" If Mrs. Jackson hurt *her* feelings she could give a harder blow in return, for the Jackson "quiver" was full of girls—portionless girls—plain-looking girls, who "spread their nets" in the face of Mrs. Graham's sons, to her daily mortification and terror. The fact that they were nice and clever did not help them in the least, nor did it atone for their existence.

Their little "tiff" over, each lady went off on her rounds to spread the news, to the greater delight or horror of the village.

In due time Lady FitzMaurice called on the Vansittarts, and remained to afternoon tea. Her arrival and her departure were duly noted and as duly commented upon, the village drawing its own conclusions from the length of her visit.

"They must be charming people," said Mrs. Graham.

"They are delightful," echoed Mrs. Jackson.

"Dear Lady FitzMaurice has taken them under her wing," said

the leading lawyer's wife ; "they are sure to be all that one could wish."

After this there was a perfect rush upon the Grange. The doorstep never "cooled," as the humbler folks put it ; it became a duty of life to know the Vansittarts, and each visitor tried to sing their praises louder than the rest, and to find new beauties in them and in their possessions.

Invitations were showered upon the Grange, the Hall leading the way, of course ; for the village knew its manners well enough to wait patiently until this visit was paid. Then Lady FitzMaurice gave a dinner, at which the central figures were Reginald Vansittart, the two younger men and Miss Mora MacGregor, Mrs. Reginald's sister. *Her* family seemed to "rule the roost," for the younger men were also MacGregors—John and Talbot—John being tall and well made, while Talbot was slight and small, with something almost feminine in his appearance.

"The Vansittarts," it was given out, "were of Dutch extraction, a fine family, well known in Indian circles, and Reginald was the second son, on whom a large share of the prestige of the race had descended."

Never were there more agreeable people. They were musical ; Miss Mora sang delightfully, the young men played the violin after the manner of professionals. Lady FitzMaurice might as well have issued invitations for a concert ; her guests were in no way shy or backward ; what they *could* do they did, and were amply repaid by the hostess's thanks and the evident appreciation of their fellow-guests. So charming was Miss Mora in her simply made dress of white that she completely captured the wandering heart of Lady FitzMaurice's son—her eldest son—the future baronet.

He had found many points of union between them as he sat by her side at dinner, and during the evening it was noticed that he paid her a good deal of attention.

This was the "fly in the ointment" for some of the others ; indeed, as time wore on, and Miss Mora's fascinations began to tell, it became evident that she was not quite so popular amongst the ladies of Wallaby. They voted her that deadliest of sinners—a "man's woman," and would gladly have given her the cold shoulder but for the fear of offending Mrs. Vansittart, and of closing the doors both of the Grange and of the Hall against themselves.

"Her chief fault is that she is too pretty," said Mrs. Newman, with a sneer. "Every one is afraid of her. How *small* the world

is !” But as she had no sons at stake, the rest of Wallaby discounted her remarks and resolved to forget them.

“The Hall is on her side. Sweet Mora ! she will make a delightful Lady FitzMaurice some day,” said Mrs. Newman to her husband. “I know which way my ‘bread is buttered.’ I mean to stand well with her.”

“Yes, never mind the others. You’ve got a head on your shoulders, which is more than can be said of some of them,” he retorted, in his heavy, grumbling tones ; and his wife was satisfied with his approbation—given as it was. *She* knew, and *he* knew that she had brains enough for them both ; but they wasted no words over a detail like this.

It was their place to invite the Vansittarts now, and they capped the efforts of the Hall by giving a dance.

“Quite a modest little affair, you know,” Mrs. Newman whispered to her friends ; “it will please the young people.”

And so it certainly did.

Bernard FitzMaurice found it delightful, though he sat out more dances than any one else ; but then he took care to choose the seclusion of Mrs. Newman’s cool conservatories, and for companion he had the girl whom he already regarded as the one being on earth for him.

They talked sweet nothings under the palms, Bernard getting deeper into the toils with every word. He liked to look at the lovely face of this girl. He loved to watch the swift changes of colour ; the glorious eyes fascinated him, and he longed to clasp her in his arms and pour out all that was in his heart.

“But—not yet,” he told himself. “I should only frighten her—she is young—and I can wait my time, and ‘possess my soul in patience.’”

A thoroughly good fellow in every way was Bernard FitzMaurice—worthy of a good woman’s love—worthy, too, to hand on, untarnished, the grand old name that had been left as a solemn legacy to him.

During that evening, however, while Bernard and Mora dallied under the palms, and the Vansittarts and MacGregors whirled through the dances, Mr. Jackson contrived to whisper several things into his host’s ear, and it was observable that the latter became more and more impressed with every word ; so much was he excited, indeed, that he replied in a louder tone, until, at last, the rumours became public property, and were freely discussed in the room. The immediate effect they had was disconcerting in the extreme.

"A gang of robbers, my dear!" said Lady FitzMaurice, to whom Mrs. Newman had rushed with the direful news. "How truly appalling! I do hope they will spare the Hall. We have so much old plate—family things that have a special interest for us!" Here her voice became low and confidential, and Mrs. Newman enjoyed one of those blissful moments of her life when she could glory over the other Wallaby women, as she bent her ear to catch Lady FitzMaurice's words.

"Lauder, at the Bank, told me, and he is a safe man," said Mr. Jackson huskily, mopping his brow as he spoke, for the excitement of being almost a hero—for once—was pressing heavily upon him. "He says Mrs. Mitchell's house was attacked only last night. You know Mrs. Mitchell's house, Sir John? She lives on the Downton Road—a lonely place—but a nice house. And she is a wealthy widow——"

"Ah! a widow?" put in Sir John reflectively. "Yes, I think we have met her. Something of a new-comer, ain't she?"

"Yes, she moved there a year ago. The Fosters lived at the Hermitage before. You will remember them?"

"Oh, yes; but what have they to do with this? Old Foster's been dead at least a year, and goodness knows what's happened to the rest of 'em! This widow's been robbed—that's more to the point, Jackson! We've got to pot the thief. Shall we do it, eh?"

"More than *one* thief, Sir John," murmured Mr. Jackson obsequiously. "People tell me——"

"Oh, bother!" cried Sir John. "Never you mind what 'people' say! They can all talk—bless 'em! But that's as much as they can do. As a lawyer, you ought to be able to run 'em to earth—you and Newman together. Miladi, what'll you say if they come and pay *us* a visit, eh?"

"We have those electric bells and springs," said she doubtfully in reply; but he gave a great laugh at this.

"All out of repair, I bet. No, no; we've got to tackle some big scoundrels, it seems to me, and we had better look well into our private affairs—each one of us—lest we be taken at a disadvantage. Come, Newman, you tell us what we had better do."

But apparently Mr. Newman had nothing further to suggest. He could only look scared and fidget uncomfortably, while he kept glancing at his wife as if for inspirations. The Vansittarts were the first to leave that evening, and their going cast quite a gloom over the others; even helping to break up the party.

"What a humbug that fellow Jackson is!" grumbled Sir John,

as he rolled homewards with Miladi and Bernard. "I believe his silly tales about robbers frightened all the people. I saw that poor little Mrs. Vansittart grow quite white and ill, and she never rested till she bolted with her flock."

But "silly tales" notwithstanding, Sir John looked blue enough himself when the Hall was broken into a few nights afterwards, and his fine old plate, with Miladi's sapphires, and a choice collection of jewels and trinkets, disappeared. There was a hue and cry that reached to Scotland Yard. Detectives came and went; they lived in the village, spied about, asked innumerable questions, and departed as they came.

No sooner had they gone than the Grange suffered. Mrs. Vansittart's rare Indian gems went, her fine Persian pearls, her glimmering emeralds, and Burmese rubies vanished in one night—and Wallaby stood aghast—as it well might.

After that business seemed pretty brisk, so far as the burglars were concerned, and the local police owned themselves beaten. The Newmans, the Jacksons, the Grahams, were all pillaged and plundered; one family lost its favourite treasures, another missed its family relics. The whole village sat in tears; only Mrs. Vansittart recovered her spirits, and said, with a fine affectation of bravery, "Jewels are not everything. While I have Rex left I shall make no moan. When they steal him, I shall sit down and break my heart." Which was "all very well," as Mrs. Graham observed with a spice of bitterness. "She can get as many treasures together as she chooses, she is so rich; *we*, who are poorer, cannot put our losses out of sight like that."

But while this hubbub over jewels went on, Bernard FitzMaurice had felt compelled to make an effort to annex another of Mrs. Vansittart's treasures, and being one day in the Grange drawing-room with the young lady of his choice, he broke through his reserve, and taking his courage in both hands, so to speak, he poured out the whole story of his love before she could stop him. She stood with clasped hands, the picture of distress, while he went on, his burning words imprinting themselves on her very soul, though tears glistened in her brown eyes, and even fell, unnoticed by her.

"My darling!" he cried, as he saw them rise and fall. "Have I startled you? Did you not *know* I loved you? It seems to me as if I had done nothing but speak of and manifest my love. My heart beats but for *you*, Mora—say you care for me! Say you will be my wife!"

His words brought a vivid flush to her cheek, and for one moment her head drooped on his shoulder. It was a delicious

moment for him, and for her; alas, poor Mora!—an instant of unqualified bliss.

Then, with a wild cry of alarm, she pushed him from her, and stood up alone, pressing her hands to her head. "Oh, what have you done?" she cried brokenly. "Why, *why* did you love me? Why did you teach me to love you?"

It was a confession wrung from her in the supremest agony; and he seemed to recognise this at once.

He made an effort to clasp her hand to draw her to him, but she moved away.

"I love you; yes, yes, God help me, I do! But of what avail is it? Better for you if I were *dead*, if I had never been! Oh, what *am* I saying? As you love me, leave me; never see my face again. The vilest pariah dog is better than I am!"

She covered her face with her hands and flung herself breathlessly on the sofa, sobbing bitterly; and he, cut to the very heart, bent over her in silent perplexity. At last he took one of her hands and pressed it in token of sympathy.

"Mora," he whispered tenderly, "I do not understand anything. I am quite in the dark. Tell me, if you can, what it is?"

"That is just it," she replied, pushing back her hair and sitting up. "I can *not* tell you."

"Mora——"

She put out her hand. "Oh, *go*!" she cried; "go, and leave me to my misery. I have to bear the curse *alone*."

"*Curse*?" he repeated wonderingly, and then a slight movement, a faint noise, reached his ear, and he started. Was some one listening? Was there the sound of a muffled step? He stood and stared; but Mora, who had heard it too, rose and drew him gently but swiftly to the door.

"Run!" she cried wildly. "Fly before it is too late!"

"Why should it be too late?" he asked in complete mystification; but she was gone, and, lost in amazement, he slowly wended his way homewards.

.
In the house he had left a man and a woman were standing discomfited and alarmed. He was leaning against the mantelpiece, she stood before him.

"Mora shall not be sacrificed," said the woman. "It is bad enough for one of us two to suffer."

"Do you think he would marry her if he knew?" asked the man. "You are very clever, Dolly, but you cannot answer that question."

Mrs. Vansittart dropped into a chair and groaned. "God help her!" she cried breathlessly; "it is very hard."

"All life is hard," said he stoically; "mine is. It is one of daily peril."

"Drop it, Rex," said she appealingly. "We have as much as we want; let us stop it now, then poor Mora may be saved."

He shook his head. "It is like gambling; it gets into the blood," he said half sadly. "I don't think any of us *could* oblige you, Dolly."

There was a long silence, and before she lifted her head her brothers came in hilariously happy.

"We have made splendid hauls here," said Talbot, rubbing his hands. "I often laugh and wonder what these people would say if they knew that the great Kingston Gang was at work amongst them. Oh, if Scotland Yard only knew!"

Mrs. Vansittart lifted her dark, thin face to his.

"Yes, *if* they knew!" she repeated ominously. "What fiends we are! We eat the bread of our neighbours, and rob them immediately afterwards——"

"Or *before*," corrected John cynically.

"Say we relieve them of superfluities," said Talbot with a grin; "the other word is too coarse and commonplace."

"I am sick of it all," cried Dolly. "*Sick!* I wish I were dead!"

"Ho!—ho!—down in the dumps, eh?" sneered Talbot; but John did not laugh.

He looked at her bowed head, and then walked slowly to the window and opened it so as to let in some fresh air. When he had closed it, and returned to the others, he had arranged a new scheme, and as he always had a clear head for these details, the others left them to him.

"Rex," he began abruptly, "I, too, am tired of this district. The air is relaxing; it does not suit us. Let us remove; I know of a nice little place."

Then the two men went away, and from the corner where they betook themselves only fragments reached Dolly. She heard the words, "Paris," "New York," "Boston"; but she paid no heed. She also was thinking and pondering over what was best to be done under the circumstances, and her brow was puckered and her eyes grew troubled as she thought of the innocent Mora, who was thus suffering vicariously for the sins of her family.

That night there was a council of war at the Grange. The

three men smoked together, and talked slowly between their puffs. They agreed that their game was about played out round Wallaby; but they could not help a feeling of glee at having outwitted the local constables.

"It's time we made a flitting," said John ponderously. "Talbot is of the same opinion. We move for a quick disappearance."

The men were like gipsies—the very idea of change made them joyous and alert. They lighted fresh cigars, and discussed fresh plans with avidity.

"Dolly must go with us," said Talbot, with a look at his brother-in-law, who replied :

"Of course !"

"Mora can be left behind," added John, more gravely. "Dolly thinks we are doing her an injustice."

"Mora can stay," returned the others, no less gravely. "She never took to the work."

Then Rex arose and, stretching out his arms, said grimly :

"'If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly.' Let us away !"

The next day there was a new sensation for Wallaby, for the Vansittarts announced their impending departure, and there were open regrets.

.

Two years passed slowly away. They were hard years for Mora ; but, on the other hand, they had brought a sense of peace into her life, and that joy that springs from self-denial and concern for others.

In the great hospital at Roland's Cross there was no more devoted nurse and no kinder friend than the girl who strove by her life to atone for wrong-doing in which she had played so innocent a part. As a matter of fact, the Vansittarts had concealed the extent of their misdeeds from her, though it had been a "short-sighted policy," as John said afterwards, to keep her at the Grange.

She was now alone in the world to all intents and purposes, and would have been friendless enough had it not been for the outcasts whom she tended, and the sick whom she tried to nurse back to health. And work of this kind carries its own reward. Mora, who shirked nothing, found herself tranquillised and comforted ; and the matron began to think that the hospital could not go on without her. Then something new and strange happened, something that was so

unexpected that it made her brain reel and sent the warm blood surging through her veins with redoubled force ; for one morning, as she was returning from her short walk, whom should she encounter but Bernard FitzMaurice, and Bernard was so overjoyed that he must needs retrace his steps and go all the way up the long street towards the big hospital.

He was so tall and so wholesome-looking, too, and he carried with him the air of the Wallaby days, so that the tears rose to Mora's eyes, and her heart ached with silent pain. There were many conflicting memories to overwhelm her ; but it did her good to feel that he was *glad* to see her. She was not quite beyond the pale—he still cared for her. How she found this out she never knew, nor did she try to understand.

There was an intense comfort in the knowledge, and that was all *she* cared about.

He came again two days later, and yet again. It seemed to her as if he haunted the region in the hope of meeting her ; nor did she seek to disappoint him. He made an oasis in her quiet, desert-like existence. At last he spoke, and his words came with tender power to her soul, compelling her to listen, and, indeed, compelling her to yield—in spite of the pain that still filled her heart. Bernard was in earnest ; he bent his head to look into her eyes, heedless of the passers-by—heedless, too, as to who witnessed the scene.

The moment had come—he had waited long for ~~it~~—he meant to use it now.

This was enough for him. He held her hand as he had held it long ago, and his words came like strains of unforgotten music to her ears. “Mora, there is no impediment *now* ; I love you, you owned that you loved me ; why should *we* make ourselves miserable ? We have just each other to think about. Oh ! say you love me well enough to *be* mine. I want you, my darling ; see how patient I have been, and how I have waited for you. Be my wife, Mora, dear heart ; then you will make me the happiest of men, and we will carry sunshine and light home to Wallaby once more.” There was the clear blue sky above, the short grass of the park in which they stood beneath their feet, nursemaids and children passed and repassed, but what did it matter ? The old, old story sounds as sweetly in the open air as in the most richly perfumed conservatory. It is an old story, but it is ever new, coming with hope and love and trust to gladden human hearts, and to endow human life with fresh charm and vigour.

What she replied, and what *more* he said—who knows ? The

words were sacred, they were for themselves alone ; it was as if *they* only existed, and the park became hallowed ground.

Mora's "people" never came back to trouble her. Perhaps this was just a little bit of a disappointment to Mesdames Graham, Jackson, and Newman ; but being very prudent persons who prefer to stand well with their world, they recognise that it is politic to "keep in" with the girl who will one day in all probability be Lady FitzMaurice. And for the rest, there was no doubt whatever as to what the FitzMaurices themselves thought about Mora, whom they accepted with open arms. The Vansittarts are remembered merely as the people who "made a big splash" at the Grange ; but *why* they came, and *why* they left, are matters of conjecture. The secrets of the Grange are very well kept, and it is just as well.

Bernard's wife has endeared herself to all, rich and poor, by her deeds of gentleness and love, by the kindness that helps others on their way.

After all, "kind hearts are more than coronets," and what more can we ask of one another ?

EPITAPHS: THEIR HISTORY AND HUMOUR.

I. HISTORY.

THE *value* of monumental records and tombstone inscriptions is not sufficiently recognised by the general public of this generation: and yet what "archives" they are! Year by year, century after century, they silently but effectually preserve and proclaim "The short and simple annals of the poor"—rescue from oblivion stray pages of local history, or recount and immortalise the deeds of many a "Hero of the valley":

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

There is a yet further reason why epitaphs have a claim on our study and reverence. It has been said that "Man is the creature of *circumstance*," but who can deny the other half of the truth, namely, that "Man is the creature of *Fashion*?" This syren not only *dominates*, but literally *permeates*, our whole sublunary existence. *Fashion* prescribes our attire, *Fashion* regulates our diet, *Fashion* orders our recreations, *Fashion* guides our intellectual tastes and opinions; *Fashion* influences our morals, tyrannises over our domestic exchequer, presides over even our worship, and it is *Fashion* too which invades our closet and controls even our hours of repose and privacy. Mrs. Grundy does indeed "loom big on the horizon" of every man's individuality, and powerful forsooth is her sway; who hardly dares to withstand her?

Hence, it is no surprise to find, not only a *history*, but also *fashions*, in the matter of epitaphs. A sufficient hint of this can be gleaned by quite a cursory glance at the few words—connected with inscriptions and erections to the dead—which are now in general use:—

Sepulchre (Latin, "sepulcrum") is perhaps the most ancient and

the best. At first it meant merely a "grave," but later it signified an "ornamental tomb," a "monument."

Sepulchra has been somewhat fancifully read "semipulchra" (half fair or beautiful), in allusion to the outer part of the tomb, which is ornamented; whilst the interior, containing only the mortal remains, is shrouded in darkness and obscurity.

Cenotaph means an *empty* tomb: a monumental erection to one whose remains are not contained within.

Monument literally means a "memorial." It does not necessarily imply a grave, and may be quite independent of it. Xenophon says they were erected only for soldiers whose bodies could not easily be found.

Bust (Latin, "bustum") is, more properly, confined to the Romans, in their practice of cremating their dead. The term is strictly applied to *the burial of a body in the same place in which it had been burnt*. And from this it came to be used as signifying a tomb.

Mausoleum generally means a sumptuous and gigantic tomb. Its derivation has been attributed to the conduct of Artemisia, the wife and sister of Mæusolus. So intense was her grief at his death, that she drank in her liquor the ashes of his body, and erected so grand a monument that it was esteemed one of the seven wonders of the world. The monument received the name of Mausoleum, and this term has ever since been applied to all similar erections of extraordinary extent or splendour.

"The mound and the pyramid constitute the earliest monuments; then followed the erection of pillars, and subsequently the recording of inscriptions. The Egyptians may lay claim to be the earliest recorders of this description, by the writing of their names, their descent, and their functions upon their sarcophagi and coffins." Sepulchral monuments of different countries are not, then, to be lightly estimated; for they largely help to constitute the materials for the history of the "Arts." And, in particular, the epitaphs of *our island* "mark the diversity of taste prevailing at different periods of our history." They will be found often not to admit of any severe grammatical criticism, but it is to the *sentiment* they are (generally) intended to convey that our attention should be carefully directed.

And even for elevation of sentiment or tenderness of language the tombstone inscriptions of "our island home" will often be found far behind those of the ancients. The seventeenth century presents lamentable effusions in regard to monumental inscriptions. As we advance in the eighteenth century an improvement is observable,

and its later specimens, if not very remarkable in themselves, are yet, at least, free from the ribaldry and folly of the preceding age.

Camden traces the origin of epitaphs to the scholars of Linus, the Theban poet, who, he says, first bewailed their master when he was slain in doleful verse, called of him "*Ælinum*" and afterwards "*Epitaphia*," for they were *first sung at burials*, and *afterwards engraved upon the sepulchres*. They were also called "*Eulogia*" and "*Tituli*" by the Romans; but by our ancient progenitors by a mere English compound word signifying "*A Burial Song*." This burial song was, in former days, frequently extended to too great a length; hence Plato—as quoted by Cicero, "*De Legibus*"—made a law that an epitaph should be comprised in four verses.

But, whatever may have been the origin of epitaphs, it must be admitted that there is much justice in the remark of Dr. Johnson that "*Nature and Reason have dictated to every nation that to preserve good actions from oblivion is both the interest and duty of mankind*;" and therefore we find no people acquainted with the use of letters that omitted to grace the tombs of their Heroes and Wise Men with panegyrical inscriptions." And, in one of the conversations recorded by Boswell, the great moralist is reported to have said that the writer of an epitaph should not be considered as saying nothing but what is strictly true; but that allowance must be made for some degree of exaggerated praise. "*In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon his oath.*"

Even previous to Puritan times, and following immediately upon the suppression of monasteries, the desolation produced by the wanton destruction of splendid tombs during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. was very great, and continued even during the early part of Elizabeth's reign. In fact, to such an extent was the spoliation carried that in the second year of her reign this sovereign issued a "*Proclamation against breaking or defacing of Monuments of antiquitie being set up in Churches or other Public Places for Memory and not for Superstition*"; and another, in the fourteenth year of her reign, charging the Justices of her Assize "*to provide some remedy both for the punishment of offenders and the reformation of such practices.*"

By a study of the epitaphial writings still preserved in our island, we find that *in this country in early times inscriptions were prohibited to be engraven on any tombs but those belonging to persons distinguished by their position, or remarkable for their wisdom or virtues*. "*In this respect we seem to have copied the Lacedemonians, who allowed the honour of epitaphs only to those men who died bravely in battle*

and to those women who were distinguished by their chastity. Hence arose the veneration with which those monuments were viewed, and the solicitude entertained to protect them from injury. They were esteemed sacred, and any violence offered to them was punishable by banishment, condemnation to the mines, or even the loss of members, according to the extent and nature of the offence, regard being also paid to the rank of the deceased to whom the tomb appertained."

Great distinctions were formerly maintained in regard to the burial of persons of rank and those of a meaner condition in life. These distinctions were carried so far as to cause a difference even in the mode of conveying the bodies of men and women to the grave: *men* being borne on the shoulders of the bearers; whereas *women* were carried at the arms' length, to signify that, being inferior in their lifetime, they should not be made or treated as equal upon their decease. One writer has said that this distinction ceased only in the cases of women who had renounced the world and "taken Religious vows" by entering the monastic life, whereby they obtained such an increase of esteem in the world that they were regarded as of equal honour with the male sex.

The object in the erection of monumental buildings or inscribed tablets is twofold: (1st) to record the identity and character of the deceased; (2nd) to remind us of our mortality. The Egyptians—the earliest people of whom we have truly satisfactory records—attained this not only by the erection of their extraordinary tombs and temples, but also by the *preservation* of the bodies of their ancestors, and the *retention* of them for a time even in their own habitations.

Greek sepulchral monuments are not so numerous as those of the Romans, but the Greek epitaphs are characterised by a peculiar beauty and fertility of expression. The Greeks wrote their epitaphs in elegiac verse, and afterwards in prose. They were very commonly epigrammatic. The following translations are a few instances of Grecian epitaphs:—

By Plato, on two neighbouring tombs:—

This is a sailor's—that a ploughman's tomb:—
Thus sea and land abide one common doom.

There is much feeling in the following:—

Drop o'er Antibia's grave a pious tear;
For Virtue, Beauty, Wit, lie buried here.
Full many a suitor sought her father's hall,
To gain the virgin's love: but Death, o'er all,
Claim'd due precedence: Who shall Death withstand?
Their hopes were blasted by his ruthless hand.

By Simmias of Thebes, on Sophocles :—

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
 Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.
 Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
 With blushing roses and the clustering vine.
 Thus shall thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
 Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

From another source :—

Grieve not, Philænis, though condemned to die
 Far from thy Parent-soil and Native-sky ;
 Though strangers' hands must raise thy funeral pile,
 And lay thy ashes in a foreign isle :
 To all on Death's last dreary journey bound,
 The road is equal, and alike the ground.

The epigrammatic style of many of the Greek epitaphs is well illustrated in that ascribed to Anacreon, on the tomb of Timocritus :—

Timocritus adorns this humble grave ;
 Mars spares the coward, and destroys the brave.

The Greeks do not appear to have considered the insertion of the deceased's name as essential to an inscription. But it was common—and, indeed, esteemed a duty—among them to inscribe epitaphs to those who had distinguished themselves in war and fallen in battle. There are several instances of this to those who fell at Thermopylæ.

The Romans erected their monuments by the highway, that they might become constant objects of attention. These, however, offered scarcely anything beyond the inscription of the name, and perhaps the Consulate under which the individual lived. *It was reserved for the introduction of Christianity to extend these inscriptions, and to hold out to the living the doctrine of the resurrection of the body.* The catacombs of Rome offer to us some very interesting information on this subject.

The Romans held the number XVII as unlucky, and esteemed it the number of death. By writing the number (17) thus :—“VIXI” (*i.e.* 6 + 11 = 17) the Latin word “vixi” is formed, which implies “I have ceased to live.”

It was the position of the monuments by the roadside that gave rise to the address so commonly found upon them, as “Siste Viator,” “Aspice Viator,” “Cave Viator,” &c.

There is one remarkable Roman inscription, belonging to the fifth century, to the wife of a priest, which bears testimony to a belief in the Christian doctrine of the Resurrection. A translation

of it runs thus:—"Pretonia, a priest's wife, the type of modesty, in this place I lay my bones: spare your tears, dear husband and daughters, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God. Buried in peace, on the 3rd Nones of October, in the Consulate of Festus" (*i.e.* 472 A.D.)

One of the most frequent expressions on the Roman tombs, both of the Pagan and Christian times, was a passage from the Roman historian Tacitus: "*Sit tibi terra levis*" (*i.e.* "Light lie the earth upon thee"). And it has been hinted that this favourite wish of the ancients—namely, the idea of the earth lying *lightly* on the body of the person interred—may have suggested the plan, subsequently followed, of raising cells of heaped stones or sods within the vast barrows afterwards heaped over them.

Epitaphs of the *Romano-British* period were, like the Romans, very simple, there being but little beyond the name and offices of the deceased, or with the addition of an invocation to the Manes (*i.e.* Infernal Deities) of the deceased, together with an occasional mention of the name of the person who erected or inscribed the monument.

The epitaphs which belong to the *Saxon* period consist of little more than simple inscriptions, and the instances recorded of them are few in number. Early in the present century the Rev. Daniel Haigh discovered some at Hartlepool. They date back to probably the end of the seventh century. A noble Northumbrian lady, named Heiu—the first to make profession of the Christian faith in that kingdom—established (within fifty years after the advent of St. Augustine to this country, and about the time St. Aidan became the first bishop of Lindisfarne) a convent at Hartlepool, of which she became the first abbess, and continued in that office until about the year A.D. 649, when she removed to Tadcaster. In her place she left St. Hilda, the daughter of Hereric, who was a nephew of King Eaduwini, a lady of singular piety and administrative talent, who is celebrated in English Church history for having, at the Council of Whitby (664 A.D.), sided with the *Celtic* Church against the Roman as to maintaining the *British* method of calculating Easter. The situation of Hartlepool Monastery exposed it to the fury of the Danes in the ninth century, and from that time it ceased to be. It is therefore not surprising that all recollections in regard to it should have been lost; and it was not until the year 1833, while making excavations in a field called "Cross Close," not far from the then existing church, that the remains of a cemetery were discovered, and at a depth of not 3½ feet from the surface, on a limestone

rock, several skeletons (all apparently of *females*) were observed placed in two rows, lying nearly north and south, the heads upon flat stones as pillows, with larger stones above them, marked with crosses and inscriptions in *Saxon* and *Runic* letters. A few of these escaped annihilation, and are roughly reproduced here.

(No. 1)



(No. 2)



No. 1.—A *Saxon* tombstone, having a cross incised, with Alpha and Omega in the divisions formed by the upper branch of the cross, whilst in those beneath is engraved, in *Runic* letters, the female name "Hildithryth."

No. 2.—Presents a somewhat similar arrangement to No. 1, with another female name "Hiddigyth," also in *Runic* characters.

(No. 3)



(No. 4)



(No. 5)



No. 3.—Has a similar cross to No. 2, but the inscription is in *Saxon* letters, and reads "Edilvini."

No. 4.—Is of a like character to No. 3, but is a tombstone for two persons, whose names are preceded by a solicitation for the Prayers of the Faithful. "Ora pro Vermvnd" is in one division, and "Torhtsvid" in the other.

No. 5.—Is still more remarkable, for there are two inscriptions soliciting prayers for those mentioned in Nos. 3 and 4: "Orate pro Edilvini"; "Orate pro Vermvnd et Torhtsvid." In this instance the cross varies in form, and is in relief.

The place where the above five interesting remains were discovered was a field called "Cross Close" in Hartlepool, and may

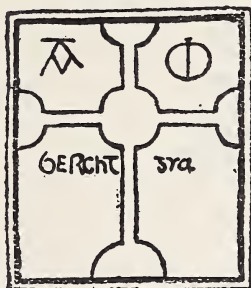
perhaps, be regarded as connected with these monuments. *The Saxons were, at a late period, in the habit of erecting richly sculptured crosses in places devoted to burial*, and No. 8 is a worthy example of the combination of extreme simplicity and rich elegance in design.

Five years later (1838) further excavations were made, and other interesting results obtained, among which No. 6 was unearthed.

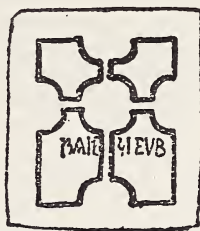
Another five years elapsed, and two more Saxon tombstones (Nos. 7 and 8) were discovered. This was in 1843—some 1,200 years after their original erection.

With the discovery of these tombstones, skeletons were found, and various antiquities denoting the time to which the above inscriptions belonged. They consisted of bone pins, pieces of coloured glass, and a bone needle. The names on these Saxon gravestones are—with the exception of “Vermvnd” and “Ediluini”—those of females; and the works of the Venerable Bede mention names similar to those inscribed on these monumental stones:—“Bregusuid” was the mother of St. Hilda, and “Hersuid” was St. Hilda’s sister. “Hildilid” was Abbess of Barking, and “Eadgyd” and “Torchtgyd” were nuns of the same monastery; “Frigyd” was Abbess of Hackness.

(No. 6)



(No. 7)



(No. 8)



No. 6.—An incised cross, with the Alpha and Omega, and the name “Berchtgyd” in Saxon letters.

No. 7.—A Saxon tombstone bearing an engraved cross, and the inscription “Hanegnevð” (which is also, probably, a name; but if so, the form is singular).

No. 8.—Is a cross of elegant form and design. All that remains of the inscription is “Vgvid.”

It is very significant that *the characters used on the above stones bear a striking similarity to those employed in the Irish manuscripts of the sixth and seventh centuries, in the well-known Gospels of St. Columb and St. Ceadda, and the Books of Kells and Armagh. Also, in the ancient Irish monasteries, similarly formed crosses to those on the Hartlepool stones may be seen.*

"Epitaphs" in England do not appear to have been used till after the eleventh century. The few which have been found that are earlier than this date are in the Latin language. Specimens of a few are to be found in the pages of Bede, Ordericus Vitalis, and other early writers. The instances quoted are epitaphs chiefly on royal personages or celebrated ecclesiastical dignitaries. *From a manuscript of St. Augustine we have, perhaps, the most ancient epitaph belonging to England. It is that of King Kenelme, son of Kenelphus, who was said to have been murdered at the instigation of his sister Quendreda, sometimes called Heskebert, and hid in a wood in the county of Stafford.*

Leonine verses prevailed in monumental inscriptions of the twelfth century. A good example is that of "Gundrada" (the fifth daughter of William the Conqueror and the wife of William, Earl of Warrenne) at Lewes in Sussex. In 1845 the tomb and remains were examined, and the leaden coffins of the Earl and his wife—who were the founders of the Lewes Priory—had been discovered in making a cutting for the Hastings and Brighton Railway, through the spot once so famous for its Cluniac Monastery, founded soon after the Conquest. There can be no doubt as to who were the occupants, for their names were inscribed.

Gundred, illustrious branch of ducal race,
 Brought into England's church balsamic grace ;
 Pious as Mary, and as Martha kind,
 To generous deeds she gave her virtuous mind.
 Though the cold tomb her Martha's part receives,
 Her Mary's better part for ever lives.
 O holy Pancras ! keep with gracious care
 A mother who has made thy sons her heir.
 On the sixth calend of June's fatal morn
 The marble frame, by inward struggles torn,
 Freed the pure soul, which upwards bent its way
 To realms of Love, and scenes of Endless Day.

French epitaphs were common in England till the middle of the fourteenth century, but continued in use even into the fifteenth century. The specimen in Canterbury Cathedral, on Edward the Black Prince (who died in 1376), affords an excellent example. An earlier instance of a French epitaph in the fourteenth century is found at Lewes on John Warren, seventh Earl of Surrey, who died in 1304. The King ordered prayers for his soul to be made throughout the province of Canterbury, and a forty days' indulgence was given by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and several of the bishops, to all who should pray for his soul. An early fifteenth-century example is to be found

in the choir of Lincoln Cathedral on Catherine Swinford, wife of John of Gaunt. An early epitaph, written in *old English*, is found at Thornhill, in Yorkshire, to a member of the Saville family. It may belong to the early part of the fourteenth century. And at Wanlip Church, Leicestershire, to the memory of Sir Thomas Walsh and Lady, there is a brass belonging to the close of the same century (dated 1393). *In Salle Church, Norfolk, on a brass dated 1454, is represented an emaciated figure in a sheet.* This is given in Cotman's "Monumental Brasses," and is probably *the earliest representation known of a skeleton on a brass.* In St. Antholin's there is an inscription to a "Doctor Lempster," who died in the very opening of the Tudor period. It is dated 1487, and has peculiar interest in giving evidence of the prevalence of images in English churches at that time:—

Under this marbl ston, lyth the body of Master Walter Lempster, doctor of phisick, and also phisition to the high and mighty prynce Hen. VII, whych Master Lempster gayve unto thys chyrch too cheynes of fyne gold, weying xiiii ounces and a quarter, for to make a certeyn ornament, to put on the blessyd body of our Saviour Jesu. He died the ix of March, M.cccclxxxvij. Whos sowl God pardon.

It was *not till after the Reformation that epitaphs assumed a florid style, and became prostituted to the base purposes of adulation.* "Devotional feeling in many of them after this period appears to be quite extinct, their only object seeming to be to convey to their readers a high sense of the personal dignity and importance of the deceased—to commemorate the benefactions he had made—or to acquaint the world with the number of his progeny." One of the earliest examples of this change of style was the epitaph in Flamborough Church on Sir Marmaduke Constable, who died in 1520. Another example is the epitaph inscribed on the tomb of Sir Thomas More, who died in 1535—fifteen years after—in Chelsea Church.

II. HUMOUR.

Epitaphs may conveniently be divided into various classes: just according to the purposes they seem to have been intended to fulfil, or the precepts which they enjoin. Hence many are directed *against the evils of an over-indulgence in diet*; very many are *based upon the vocation* which the deceased followed; some *emphasise the doctrines* of Immortality and the Resurrection; others are *admonitory*, or

even *condemnatory*; some are *satirical*, while others assume a *punning* phase; a few are quite *unique*, and many inculcate a *moral*.

The following are but a very small selection out of the great mass of each of the above classes:—

I. AGAINST THE EVILS OF OVER-INDULGENCE OF THE PALATE

1. *Against Gluttony*:—

At length, my friends, the feast of life is o'er,
I've eat sufficient, and I'll drink no more;
My night is come, I've spent a jovial day,
'Tis time to part, but oh! what is to pay?

In Wolverhampton Church, ob. 1690:—

Here lie the bones
Of Joseph Jones,
Who eat whilst he was able;
But once o'er fed,
He dropt down dead,
And fell beneath the table.
When from the tomb,
To meet his doom,
He rises amidst sinners:
Since he must dwell
In Heav'n or Hell,
Take him—which gives best dinners!

Here lies Johnny Cole,
Who died, on my soul,
After eating a plentiful dinner;
While chewing his crust,
He was turned into dust,
With his crimes *undigested*—poor sinner

The following is to a member of Oriel College, Oxford:—

Randolph Peter
Of Oriel, the Eater.
Whoe'er you are, tread softly, I entreat you,
For if he chance to wake, be sure he'll eat you.

2. *Against Drunkenness* (written by Lord Byron, September, 1807): On John Adams, of Southwell, a carrier, who died of drunkenness:—

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A *carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well;
He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
He could *carry* no more—so was *carried* at last;
For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not *carry* off—so he's now *carri-on*.

In St. Michael's Churchyard, Crooked Lane, on Robert Preston,

late Drawer at the Boar's Head Tavern, in Great Eastcheap, who died March 16, 1730:—

Bacchus, to give the toping world surprise,
 Produc'd one sober son, and here he lies ;
 Tho' nursed among full hogsheads, he defy'd
 The charms of wine, and every vice beside.
 O reader ! if to Justice thou art inclined,
 Keep honest Preston daily in thy mind ;
 He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots ;
 Had sundry virtues that outweighed his faults ;
 You that on Bacchus have the like dependance,
 Pray copy *Bob*, in measure and attendance.

In Winchester Cathedral Churchyard: To Thomas Fletcher, a Grenadier in the North Hants Militia—died 1764:—

Here lies in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,
 Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer.
 Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall,
 And when you're hot drink "strong" or not at all.

(Restored by the Garrison in 1781):—

An honest soldier never is forgot,
 Whether he die by musket or by pot.

II. BASED ON THE VOCATION OF THE DECEASED.

The following was written by Captain Morris on Edward Heardson (thirty years cook to the Beef-steak Society):—

His last *steak* done ; his fire raked out and dead,
Dished for the worms himself, lies *honest Ned* :
 We, then, whose breasts bore all his *fleshy toils*,
 Took all his *bastings* and shared all his *broils* ;
 Now, in our turn, a *mouthful carve and trim*,
 And *dress* at Phœbus' *fire*, one *scrap* for him :—
 His heart, which well might grace the noblest grave,
 Was grateful, patient, modest, just and brave ;
 And ne'er did earth's wide maw a *morsel* gain
 Of *kindlier juices* or more tender *grain* ;
 His tongue, where duteous friendship humbly dwelt,
 Charmed all who heard the faithful zeal he felt ;
 Still to whatever end his *chops* he moved,
 'Twas all *well seasoned, relished*, and approved :
 This room his heaven !—When threatening Fate drew nigh
 The closing shade that dimmed his lingering eye,
 His last fond hopes, betrayed by many a tear,
 Were—that his *life's last spark* might glimmer here ;
 And the last words that choked his parting sigh—
 " Oh ! at your feet, dear masters, let me die ! "

In Berkeley Churchyard, ob. 1665 :—

Here lyeth Thomas Pierce, whom no man taught,
Yet he in Iron, Brasse, and Silver wrought.
He Jacks, and Clocks, and Watches (with art) made,
And mended too when others' worke did fade.
Of Berkeley 5 times Mayor, this artist was,
And yet this Mayor, this Artist, was but grasse.
When *his own watch* was Downe on the last day,
He that had made watches, had not made a Key
To wind *it* up, but useless it must lie,
Until he Rise again no more to die.

On an honest Lawyer, in Tawstock Church, ob. 1660 :—

ALEXANDER ROLLE.

Under this Marble lyes a Treasure
Wh^{ch} Earth hath lost and Heaven gained,
Wherein we Mortals took just Pleasure
Whilst his blest soul on earth remained.

*A Lawyer y^t desired to see
His Clients Right more than his Fee.*

On an Organ-blower, in Llanfilantwthyl Churchyard :—

Under this stone lies Meredith Morgan,
Who blew the bellows of our church organ ;
Tobacco he hated, to smoke most unwilling,
Yet never so pleased as when *pipes* he was filling ;
No reflection on him for rude speech could be cast,
Though he gave our old organ many a *blast*.

No *puffer* was he,
Tho' a capital *blower* ;
He could fill *Double G*,
And now lies a *note lower*.

On a Parish Clerk, at Crayford Churchyard, in Kent :—

To the Memory of Peter Izod, who was 35 years Parish Clerk of this parish,
and always proved himself a pious and *mirthful* man.

The life of this clerk was just threescore and ten,
During half of which time he had sung out "Amen."
He married when young, like other young men ;
His wife died one day, so he chanted "Amen."
A *second* he took, she departed—what then ?
He married, and buried a *third* with "Amen."
Thus his joys and his sorrows were *treble*, but then
His voice was deep *bass*, as he chanted "Amen."
On the *horn* he could blow as well as most men,
But *his horn* was exalted in blowing "Amen."
He lost all his *wind* after threescore and ten,
And here with 3 wives he waits till again,
The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out "Amen."

On a Linendraper:—

Cottons, and Cambrics, all adieu :
And Muslins too, farewell !
Plain, striped and figured, old and new,
Three quarters, yard, or ell.
By *nail* and *yard* I've *measured* ye
As customers inclined.
The churchyard now has *measured* me
And *nails* my coffin bind.

On a Brewer:—

A well-known *brewer* lies here,
His *ails* are over, he is on his *bier*.

On an Angler:—

Waiting for a *rise* !

On a Cricketer:—

Out !

III. EMPHASISING "IMMORTALITY" AND "THE RESURRECTION."

Both the *diction* and the *thoughts* of many of the epitaphs under this head are very beautiful.

In Latin, at Edinburgh, on George Heriot, ob. 1610:—

Passenger, who art wise, hence know *whence* you are, *what* you are, and what you are *to be*.

Life, gate of Death ; Death, gate of Life, to me ;
Sole death of Death gives Life eternally.
Therefore, whoever breath draws from the air,
While live thou mayst, thyself for Death prepare.

At Kilravock:—

Here lies a "Rose," a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom ;
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.
To those who for her loss are grieved
This consolation's given,
She's from a world of woe relieved,
And *blooms a Rose in Heaven*.

At Wisbeach:—

Beneath a sleeping infant lies,
To Earth whose body lent
More glorious shall Hereafter rise,
But not more innocent.
When the Archangel's Trump shal blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine.—SAM. WESLEY.

At Islington, ob. 1819 :—

ANN STEAD.

This lovely bud, so young, so fair,
Called hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise would bloom.

Dr. Pettigrew, in his very excellent monograph on this subject—a work from which I have here drawn very freely—says that “the association of sympathy and tenderness in connection with the deceased has, as might naturally be expected, manifested itself in a particular manner in the epitaph on children and infants. Many effusions of much merit have appeared in the seventeenth and succeeding centuries,” of which the above three have been cited as fair specimens.

An epitaph couched in Legal phraseology is to be found at Tedston-de-la-Mere to one “Frances Bateman,” ob. 1678 :—

Heaven took her soule ; the Earth her corpse did seise,
Yet *not* “*in fee*” ; she only holds by *lease*,
With this proviso—when the Judge shall call
Earth shall give up her share, and Heaven take all.

IV. EPITAPHS : CONDEMNATORY AND ADMONITORY.

By Leonidas of Tarentum, on Hipponax, a satirist :—

Pass gently by this tomb—lest, while he dozes
Ye wake the hornet that beneath reposes ;
Whose sting, that would not his own parents spare,
Who will may risk—and touch it those who dare !
Take heed then—for his words, like fiery darts,
Have even in Hell the power to pierce our hearts.

A *Sanitary* admonition on a tombstone at Lambourne, in Berks :—

In the morning I went forth well,
Brought home my death, *took by a smell*.
Therefore in Health always prepare
To meet our Lord and Saviour there.

An admonition *against Incendiarism* : also at Lambourne :—

Here lies the body of John Carter of this parish, labourer, who, in defiance of the Laws of God and Man, wilfully and maliciously set fire to 2 places in the town of Lambourne on 9th day of November 1832, and was *executed at Reading* in the 30th year of his age, and 6th day of March 1833. Having desired that his body might be interred here as a warning to his companions, and others, who may hereafter read this memorial of his untimely end.

Condemnatory epitaph on John a Coombes. It was from this

man and his brother, William Coombes, that Shakespeare bought some land in 1602 :—

Ten in the hundred lies here ingraved,
'Tis an hundred to ten his soul is not saved :
If any man ask who lies in this tomb,
Oh ! ho ! quoth the Devil, "'tis my John o' Coombe."

Condemnatory epitaph on Thomas Coombe (a nephew of the above John Coombe). It was to Thomas Coombe that Shakespeare left, by will, his sword. This Thomas Coombe was remarkable for his thin beard :—

Thin in beard, and thick in purse,
Never man beloved worse ;
He went to the grave with many a curse :
The Devil and he had both one nurse.

The *Daily Mail*, of May 2, 1898, quoted a peculiar inscription which recently had been chiselled on a family monument in the cemetery at Wheeling, West Virginia. The man who ordered the stone gave a promissory note in payment, and died insolvent before the latter matured. To obtain satisfaction the tombstone-maker added

This ain't paid for.

He was subsequently prosecuted, as a criminal, by the surviving members of the family.

The above instance reminds one of the epitaph on one "Owen More" :—

Owen More is gone away
Owing more than he can pay.

V. SATIRICAL EPITAPHS.

On *Class-distinctions in the Church* : At Ashburton, on Elizabeth Ireland, 1779 :—

Here I lie, at the chancel door,
Here I lie because I'm poor.
The farther in, the more you pay ;
Here lie I as warm as they.

Against *Inordinate Pride of Pedigree* : On Matthew Prior, ob. 1721 :—

Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve :
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher ?

On the *Ubiquity of the name "Jones"* : At Trysull there is in t

churchyard an amusing epitaph to a certain family yclept Jones, which ends thus :—

Reader, if then their merits you would find,
Go ask their numerous offsprings left behind.

Against *Talkativeness* : i. (On a talkative old maid, 1750) :—

Beneath this silent stone is laid
A noisy antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talked till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath.

ii. Here lies, returned to clay,
Miss Arabella Young,
Who on the First of May
Began to hold her tongue.

Against *Scolding-wives* :—

i. Here lies my wife ; here let her lie :
She's now at rest—and so am I !
ii. Here lies my wife, and Heaven knows
Not less for mine than her repose.
iii. Here snug in grave my wife doth lie :
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

At Old Grey Friars, Edinburgh.

iv. Here rests my spouse ; no pair through life
So *equal* lived as we did ;
Alike we shared perpetual strife,
Nor knew I rest till she did.

v. By Burns : On a henpecked country squire :—

As father Adam first was fooled,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled,
The *Devil* ruled the *woman*.

vi. In Essex :—

Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife ;
Their surname was Pritchard,
They lived without strife ;
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches,
They had no care or pain,
And *his wife wore the " Breeches."*

VI. PUNNING EPITAPHS.

On Dr. Fuller :—

Here lies *Fuller's earth*.

On Ann Mann :—

She lived an *old maid*, and died an *old "Mann."*

At Norwich :—

Here lies Matthew Mud.
Death did him no hurt.
When *alive*, he was "*mud*";
And now *dead*, he is *dirt*.

On a Mr. Stone :—

Jerusalem's curse is not fulfilled in me,
For here a stone upon a Stone you see.

On the *Rev.* — *Chest* (vicar of Chepstow): Written by his son-in-law, Mr. Downton :—

Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within another ;
The chest of wood was very good,
Who says so of the other ?

On *Merideth*, a former organist at St. Mary Winton College, Oxford :—

Here lies one blown out of breath,
Who *lived* a merry life, and *died* a "*Merideth.*"

At St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf :—

Here lies one *More*, & no *More* than he,
One More, & no *More* ! how can that be ?
Why *one More* and no *More* may well be here one,
But here lies *one More*, and that's *More* than one.

On one "*Hatt*" :—

By Death's impartial scythe was mown
Poor *Hatt*—he lies beneath this stone ;
On him misfortune oft did frown,
Yet Hatt ne'er wanted for a *crown* ;
When many years of constant wear
Had made his *beaver* somewhat bare,
Death saw, and pitying his mishap,
Has given him here a good *long nap*.

VII. UNIQUE EPITAPHS.

Some epitaphs are extravagantly *contradictory*. The three following are authentic and good examples.

At Nettlebed, Oxfordshire :—

Here lies Father and Mother, and Sister and I,
We all died within the short space of one short year.
They be all buried *at Wimble* except I,
And I be buried here.

In Llanmynech Churchyard, Montgomeryshire :—

Here lies John Thomas
And his three children dear ;
Two buried at Oswestry,
And one here.

At St. Andrew's, Plymouth :—

Here lies the body of James Vernon, Esq., only *surviving* son of Admira Vernon : died 23rd July, 1753.

At Peshawur, India :—

Sacred to the memory of the Rev. —, Missionary, who was murdered by his chokidar. “ Well done, thou good and faithful servant.”

At Amsterdam, in the churchyard, is a white marble tombstone, with only this inscription, in Flemish, upon it :—

Effen Uyt (*i.e.* Exactly).

The deceased (who was a man tolerably rich, and a lover of the good things of this life) conceived the idea that he would only live a certain time, so he made a nice calculation of his fortune, which he so apportioned as to last just the same period as he guessed his life would extend to. Strangely enough his calculations came correct to the very day, for he died punctually at the time he had previously reckoned; he had so far exhausted his estate that, after his debts had been discharged, a solitary pair of slippers represented the entire property he left. His relatives buried him, and a representation of the slippers was carved on the tomb.

At Aberdeen, to a simpleton named “ Jamie Fleeman,” is inscribed this unique epitaph :—

Dinna bury me like a beast !

When this poor “ natural”—whose witty saws were long remembered in Aberdeen—was dying, one of the group about him said :—

“ I wonder if he has any sense of another world ? ”

“ Oh, no,” answered some one, “ he is a *fool* ; what can *he* know of such things ? ”

Jamie, overhearing the talk, opened his eyes, and looking the rude speaker full in the face, said :—“ I never heard that God seeks what He did not give ; but *I am a Christian*, and *dinna bury me like a beast !* ” Then he died. On the small granite stone that marks his resting-place, his last prayer is chiselled, “ Dinna bury me like a beast ! ”

The above reminds the writer of the story told, in the “ *Memoirs of Robert Chambers*,” of *another* poor “ natural,” named “ Davie Loch,” of Peebles.

This Davie Loch, who lived in Peebles, was a carrier, and reputed

to be rather light of his wits, but at the same time not without a sense of his worldly interests. His mother, finding her end approaching, addressed her son, in the presence of a number of the neighbours :—

“The house will be Davie’s, of course ; and the furniture too.”

“Eh, hear her !” quoth Davie ; “she’s sensible to the last, sensible to the last.”

“The lyin siller——”

“Eh, yes ; how clear she is about everything !”

“The lyin siller is to be divided between my two daughters——”

“Steak the bed-doors, steak the bed-doors” [box-beds were then in use], interposed Davie ; “she’s now raving !” And the old dying woman was accordingly shut up.

VIII. PARABOLIC EPITAPHS.

A few epitaphs are *parables*. Some of these liken life to an *inn*. In Micklehurst Churchyard :—

Life is an inn, where all men bait,
The *waiter* Time, the *landlord* Fate ;
Death is the *score*, by all men due :
I’ve paid my shot—and so must you.

In Melton Mowbray Churchyard :—

This world’s an inn, and I her guest :
I’ve eat and drunk and took my rest
With her awhile, and now I pay
Her lavish Bill and go my way.

In Langtown (Cumberland) and Stratton (Cornwall) :—

Life’s an *inn* ; think man this truth upon.
Some only *breakfast* and are quickly gone,
Others to *dinner* stay and are full fed,
The oldest man but *supps* and *goes to bed*.
Large is his *score* who tarries through the day ;
Who goes the soonest has the least to *pay*.

At Barnwell : On an Innkeeper :—

Man’s life is like a *winter’s* day,
Some only *breakfast* and away ;
Others to *dinner* stay and are *full fed*,
The oldest man but *supps* and *goes to bed* ;
Large is his debt who lingers out the day ;
Who goes the soonest has the least to *pay*.
Death is the *waiter*, some few run on *tick*,
And some, alas ! must pay the Bill to *Nick* !
Tho’ I *owed much*, I hope *long trust* is *given*,
And truly mean to *pay all debts* in Heaven.

The grave is occasionally *likened to a house or cottage*. There

is an instance in Folkestone Churchyard to one "Rebecca Roger," who died in 1688:—

*A house she hath, it's made of such good fashion
The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation,
Nor will her landlord ever raise the rent,
Or turn her out of doors for non-payment ;
From " Chimney-money," too, this call is free,
To such a house, who would not tenant be ?*

The "*Chimney-money*" (or *smoke-money*) referred to in the above epitaph was an imposition, levied by Charles II. in 1662, on every fireplace or hearth in England. It was known as the "*Hearth-tax*," and by it Charles II. raised about £200,000 per annum. This tax was abolished by William and Mary after the revolution in 1689 ; it was imposed again, and subsequently abolished. Even so late as 1857 Smoke-money was collected at Battle in Sussex, each householder paying one penny to the Lord of the Manor. A similar impost was levied upon the inhabitants of the New Forest (Hants) for the privilege of cutting peat and turf for fuel. And in England, anciently, every man who occupied a house with a chimney paid to the cathedral of the diocese in which he lived "*Whitsun farthings*" (or "*smoke-farthings*") in the Whitsun week. "There is a church at Northampton upon which is an inscription recording that the expense of repairing it was defrayed by a grant of chimney-money for, I believe, seven years, *temp.* Charles II."

At Ashby Canons, Northamptonshire, there is a very beautiful epitaph to a "*virgin*," who died in 1639.

ON SARAI GRIME.

Is marriage.

*A Virgin's death, we say, her marriage is,
Spectators view a pregnant prooffe in this ;
Her suitor is Christ, to Him her troth she plights,
Being both agreed, then to the Nuptial Rites.
Virtue is her tire, Prudence her wedding-ring,
Angels (the bridemen) lead her to the King,
Her royal Bridegroom in the Heavenly quire,
Her joynture's blisse, what more could she desire ?
Noe wonder hence soe soone shee sped away,
Her Husband call'd, she must not make delay :
Not dead, but married shee, her progenye
The stem of Grace, that lives Eternally.*

IX. MORAL EPITAPHS.

If not indeed the main, at least one of the first purposes of an epitaph is to point a moral. No wonder, then, that not a few of them fulfil this office. Some are veritable "sermons in stones."

In the village of the Authieux, near Rouen :—

Look, man, before thee, how thy death hasteth ;
 Look, man, behind thee, how thy life wasteth ;
 Look on thy right side, how death thee desireth ;
 Look on thy left side, how sin thee beguileth ;
 Look, man, above thee, joys that ever will last ;
 Look, man, beneath thee, the pains without rest.

At St. Luke's Chapel, Norwich, Thomas Bozoun, Prior, was buried in 1480. The following inscription is on the upper part of the arch of his monument :—

Man, Woman, or Child, that here pass by,
 Remember Death, learn well to dye,
 These Pictures see, these Figures view,
 The Skulls below, the Truth tell you.

N.B. [*Three skulls* are represented :—one *with teeth*, to signify Youth : the second with *only two in the lower jaw* remaining, to denote Advanced Age ; and the third, in which they are *entirely absent*, to depict Old Age.]

At North Wrotham : On Rev. Samuel Wotton, D.D., who died 1680, aged 80 :—

He *learned* to live, while he had Breath,
 And so he *lives* even after Death.

On the Rev. Dr. Trapp, who died 1747; and written by himself :—

Death ! Judgment ! Heaven ! and Hell !
 Think, Christians, think !
 You stand on vast Eternity's dread Brink.
Faith and Repentance, Piety and Prayer,
 Despise *this* World, the *next* be all your Care.
 Thus while my Tomb the solemn Silence breaks,
 And to the eye this cold dumb Marble speaks,
 Tho' dead I preach, if e'er with ill Success,
Living, I strove th' important Truths to press,
 Your *precious*, your *immortal* Souls to save,
 Hear me, at least, O *hear* me from the *Grave*.

In Peterborough Cathedral: On "Spencer Madan," D.D., Lord Bishop of Peterborough. Translated from the See of Bristol in 1794, died 1813, aged 85 :—

In "Sacred Sleep" the pious Bishop lies.
 Say not in Death—a *good man never dies*.

Written by Matthew Prior (ob. 1721) for his own tombstone :—

To *me* 'twas given to *die* ; to *thee* 'tis given
 To *live* : alas ! one moment sets us *even*.
 Mark ! how impartial is the will of Heaven !

In Westminster Abbey: On John Gay (ob. 1732), written by himself:—

Life is a gest, and all things shew it ;
I *thought* so once, but now I *know* it.

At Islington: On one Elizabeth Storer, who died in 1805, aged 30:—

. . . . But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul.

At West Woodhay Church: On Sir Benjamin Rudyard, who died in 1658:—

Fond World leave off this foolish trick,
Of making Epitaphs upon the Dead,
Rather go write them on the *Quick*,
Whose Souls in earthly Flesh lye buried.

JOHN R. FRYAR.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, SCOTTISH POET.

THE eclipse of William Dunbar, one of the greatest of Scottish poets, furnishes a striking illustration of the instability and waywardness of fame. For catholicity of view and versatility of genius, Dunbar is only surpassed in a nation peculiarly rich in poetic talent by the immortal Ayrshire bard. Yet he is practically unknown in the land of his nativity, and, except to philological students, wholly unknown beyond its borders. A man whom so eminent a critic as Sir Walter Scott characterised as a "poet unrivalled by any which Scotland has produced" is surely deserving of a better fate. But his lot was cast on unpropitious times, and he was essentially the poet of a decadent social and religious order. At the very zenith of his fame the dark shadow of Flodden fell athwart his path. When the political distraction and civil brawl which followed that disastrous defeat had subsided, an even graver disturbing influence was making itself felt in every grade of society. This was the great spiritual upheaval that swept the old order of Church government, with all its time-honoured accessories, ruthlessly away. The Reformation was achieved in Scotland with the indiscriminating zeal of intense sincerity that spared neither the beautiful forms of the ancient faith nor the art and literature it had fostered and preserved. Scarcely had the excitement of this crisis passed when public attention became engrossed with the momentous question of the union of the crowns. Meanwhile, across the border the brilliant Elizabethan era was unfolding its wealth of genius, so that when the streams of public life, which had hitherto pursued independent courses, met at the Court of St. James, the lustre of contemporary English literature obliterated the ancient splendour of Scottish poetry.

Except from autobiographical notices in his poems, and from exaggerated references in that remarkable episode in Scottish literature, the "Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy," little is known of the poet's personal history. He seems to have been born in East

Lothian, probably in the village of Salton, near Haddington, about the year 1460. His family, it has been conjectured, was connected with the territorial lords of the district, the Earls of March. That he was educated at the famous school of Haddington, where John Knox, some forty years later, acquired the rudiments of knowledge, is most likely, but there is no authentic fact concerning his career of earlier date than that brought to light by the distinguished antiquary and bibliophile, David Laing, who discovered his name in the Register of St. Andrews University, under 1477, as Bachelor and, two years later, as Master of Arts. From the Faculty of Arts he passed into the Franciscan Order to acquire that theological and practical training necessary to fit him for the clerical profession to which he had been destined from infancy. The monasteries of the period faithfully reflected the moral and intellectual decadence of the Church. If Dunbar, with his keen eye and poetic temperament, did not enter upon a career of self-abnegation with much enthusiasm, he found nothing inside the cloister to inspire or elevate his soul. Long before Knox, with his fiery eloquence, or Sir David Lindsay, with his scathing irony, had exposed the glaring inconsistency of such preachers of righteousness, Dunbar had expressed his detestation of the friar's habit, and of the fraud and hypocrisy its adoption involved :—

As lang as I did bear the friar's style
In me, God wit, was mony a wrink and wile,
In me was falset with every wicht to flatter,
Which might be flemit with nae haly watter,
I was aye ready all men to beguile.

In the "Flyting" Kennedy twits him with the practices of the preaching friars—practices that may not have been strictly true of the individual, for in that case their enumeration would have exceeded the licence of friendly satire, but which were evidently well recognised features of the type :

Frae Ettrick Forest furthward to Dumfries
Thou beggit with a pardon in all kirks,
Collops, cruds, meal, groats, gryce and geese,
And under nicht whiles stole thou staigs and stirks.

Shortly after the accession of James IV., in 1488, Dunbar is employed on various embassies, most probably as clerk or secretary, and in this capacity he frequently visited France, which was in close league with Scotland during the whole Stuart period ; he was in London, a city of which he has left a graphic picture, with the embassy that arranged the marriage between his king and Margaret

Tudor, from which, three generations later, such momentous issues sprang ; and, according to a statement in his poem "The world's instabilitie," he had sailed to Germany, to Spain, and to Italy on his master's service. This foreign travel, this introduction to the best society of the European capitals, must have enlarged his views, quickened his observation, and increased his knowledge of men and manners; yet his experiences abroad are never obtruded in his verse. Scholars have detected the influence of French literature on his poems, but the great model he follows, whenever his originality fails, is the father and founder of English poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer.

The poet had now finally discarded the friar's habit, though he did not renounce the clerical profession, hoping against hope, praying with zeal, sometimes with importunity, for ecclesiastical preferment that never came, for even a little "Kirk scant coverit with heather," that might secure a permanent income and a leisure for poesy which his precarious position as court-poet did not afford. From 1500 to 1513 he was in receipt of a pension beginning at £10 and ending at £80 (Scots), and for various special services he received other sums from the privy purse ; but the position of a hanger-on at the gay court of Holyrood, associating with the motley crew of dependants who ministered to the royal pleasure, was galling to the pride of an independent and keen-witted satirist.

Dunbar's pictures of the royal household are limned with a bold and daring hand. He spares none, he fears none. He recalls the faithless king to virtue, and reproves the looseness of the queen's courtiers with the freedom and fearlessness of a privileged preacher. He mercilessly satirises the habitués of the Court who fawn and flatter to advance their several suits. The venality of the judges, the greed of the clergy, the folly of the nobility, are pricked with polished shafts of wit, winged with laughter, but barbed with galling truth. Through his keen eyes we see the society of the Scottish capital, four hundred years ago, with its pageants and its plays, its sumptuous feasting, its pitiful poverty, with its gallants, its courtesans, its superficial gaiety, its deep-rooted woe, its religion become a jest, its morality a byword. The spectacle is far from edifying, and fully justifies the passionate longing of Dunbar to retire from the giddy throng into the earnest life and labour of the rural ministry. His popularity at Court was his bane, for while a benefice was ever dangled before his eyes to keep him in humour, he was too important a part of the frivolous show to be readily dispensed with. Chagrined by the preference of charlatans and time-servers to vacancies he had solicited and believed himself well qualified to fill, his verse gradually assumes a tone of disappoint-

ment. The uncongenial environment, here, as always, evokes some of the richest poetry—the wail of the soul beating its life out on the bars of its prison-house :

The wavering world's wretchedness,
The failing and fruitless business,
The misspent time, the service vain,
For to consider is ane pain.

In a later age and in a different social sphere the same tragedy is re-enacted on Scottish soil. A more brilliant star has risen in the northern firmament, a soul suffused with the “light which never was on sea or shore” illumines, with richer radiance, the loved land of its birth. To set, alas ! as all the seers have set, in loneliness and gloom.

Unfortunately, among his other foibles, the king had a genuine love of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war ; personal courage was a dominant note of his character—hence Flodden, the heaviest blow that ever fell on the devoted nation. In a day the whole aspect of the Scottish Court changed, the channels of influence were diverted, the prospects of promotion dashed, the miserable pension of the poet, which seems to have depended on the royal pleasure, stopped. He had still, it is true, the patronage of the widowed queen, whom he had befriended since her advent to Scotland, but Margaret neutralised her power in the country by her early and inconsiderate marriage with Angus. The raid into England that met with such bloody check had been undertaken in opposition to the counsel of the ablest statesmen and most experienced soldiers. The queen's party, among whom Dunbar might be reckoned, had also deprecated an invasion of her brother's territory. Its utter failure might have supplied a theme for the poet's genius, but the heart of Scotland was too deeply touched, her honour too heavily staked, to make its literary treatment either palatable or safe. What an epic Dunbar might have composed on Flodden ! Every inch of the country, every officer in the Scottish host, must have been familiar to him. He felt, to the full, the bitterness of the situation, but makes his appeal to high Heaven for that help and guidance which seem to have deserted the distracted country :

Help this poor realm in parties all divided,
Us succour send, that wore the crown of thorn,
That with the gift of grace it may be guided,
For, but Thy help, this kynrick is forlorn.

Lord ! hold Thy hand, that stricken has so sore ;
Have of us pity after our punishment ;
And give us grace Thee for to grieve no more,
And gar us mend with penance and contrition.

During the remaining years of his life Dunbar appears to have devoted his talents to the composition of hymns or distinctively religious and moral poems. It is not known where he resided or how he subsisted ; he speaks of himself as among friars within a cloister, but whether he had retired to spend his closing years in the quiet of the monastic cell, or harked back on the experience of his earlier days, or only created a dramatic situation for his dream of the Lord's passion, is by no means certain. About 1520 he disappears entirely from the scene, dying in some neglected corner and buried in a nameless grave.

Except to a narrow circle Dunbar's poems were unknown in his lifetime, and it is surmised many have perished since ; those remaining owe their preservation, for the most part, to the Bannatyne and Maitland MSS. The Scottish Text Society published in 1889 an excellent edition of the poems, edited by the late Librarian of Edinburgh University, with an introduction by the Sheriff of Fife. This carefully prepared edition, with its elaborate notes and beautiful text, contains all that is known of the poet and his works.

To enjoy the rich music and racy humour of Dunbar's verse, as of Chaucer's, one must cultivate familiarity with the ancient idiom, for the quaint lines lose their sweetness in modern dress. This initial difficulty necessarily limits the number of readers of Dunbar's poetry, but it is really less formidable than it seems, and when English readers like John Ruskin luxuriate in the Scotch of the Waverley novels, and thousands have studied the unfamiliar idiom to appreciate the modern Scottish school of fiction, it is not too much to expect that lovers of poetry will overcome it to understand a forgotten school of great poets.

Perhaps the most notable feature of Dunbar's poetry is its comprehensiveness. He runs over the whole gamut of human feeling, touching every key with a master hand : his humour is as broad, his wit as incisive, as his narrative is entertaining or his preaching sincere. He is no recluse burning the midnight oil in a cloister, but a keen-witted, sharp-eyed critic of political and social life, familiar with the seamy side of religion and the hollowness of gallantry, and bold enough to hold the mirror before spiritual and temporal potentates alike. He sympathises with the hard lot of the poor, he stigmatises the extortion of the rich. If he scathes with bitter irony the religious orders, he exalts pure religion and undefiled. His few amatory poems betray an intimate acquaintance with the tender passion hardly consistent with his vow, and his hymns breathe a genuine devotion. Nevertheless there are two prevailing mental

characteristics that distinguish all his poetry—his keen appreciation of satire, and his irresistible tendency to moralise. There is a rich vein of humour in Dunbar's nature—he heartily enjoys a comic situation. How grotesque, for example, is his picture of Kind Kitty acting as hen-wife to the Virgin Mary in heaven ; how intensely human her stealing through the gate for a drink of good ale—"the ale of heaven was sour"—and getting shut out for her pains !—an incident not without suspicion of a sly allusion to some thirsty courtier straying from Falkland Palace on a like errand. How keenly satirical the dance of the seven deadly sins in the pit !—but it ends in broad burlesque with a bagpipe performance, accompanied by such deafening Gaelic clatter from countless Highland termagants that Mahoun summarily "smoorit them with smuke." Yet the moralist is never far distant : he paints vice to expose its hideousness. There is no false glamour about the deadly sins or their devotees ; the train of Pride "girms with hideous granes" ; the boasters and braggarts who follow Ire fall out and jag each other "to the heft with knives that sharp could shear."

Sweirness, at the second bidding, comes like a sow from a dung-hill, Beliel, with a bridle rein, lashing the sleepy following into greater activity.

Next him in dance came Covetice,
Root of all evil and ground of vice,
That never could be content.

This is the punishment of the misers and usurers who follow :

Out of their throats they shot on other
Hot moulten gold, me thought a fudder, (quantity)
As fire-flaucht maist fervent.
Aye as they toomèd them of shot,
Fiends filled them new up to the throat
With gold of all kind prent.

Next entered the foul monster Gluttony, followed by drunkards and "waistless wally-drags" deformed by excess :

Drink ! aye they cried, with mony a gaip
The fiends gave them hot lead to laip,

which did not satiate their unquenchable thirst.

It was a cruel fate that constrained a man of such insight and genius in the habit of a celibate clergy. He chafes at the bonds he could not burst, and reviles the profession he was condemned by an irrevocable fate to follow. In his dream, where St. Francis solicits him to don the religious habit, this significant couplet occurs :

With him and with his habit baith I skarrit,
Like to ane man that with a gaist was marrit.

The pretended St. Francis turns out to be a fiend who vanishes away with stink and smoke. Induced by a fiend in holy garb to marry with a ghost pithily expresses the hapless lot of the poet. For there is little doubt, from incidental expressions throughout his verse and from at least two special poems addressed to a lady, that the shafts of Cupid had penetrated the heart of the Franciscan novice. In his "Love Earthly and Divine" he explicitly says :

I have experience by mysell,
In lovis courts ance did I dwell.

The opening stanza of his poem to a lady has nothing platonic in its tone :

Sweet rose of virtue and of gentleness,
Delightsome lily of every lustiness,
Richest in bounty, and in beauty clear,
And every virtue that is held most dear,
Except only that ye are merciless.

It is characteristic of Dunbar to minimise earthly love and seek more abiding solace in love divine. The refrain of the poem wherein his explicit confession occurs is—

Now comis age where youth has been,
And true love rises fro the spleen,

the true love referred to, in contradistinction to the vain loves of earth, being love of Him "that for true love of us did die."

Many of Dunbar's best poems deal with the philosophy of life. They are characterised by shrewd, practical wisdom ; in structure they generally have a pithy moral maxim for refrain, and they usually express a cheerful acquiescence in the limitations of earthly existence. These features are recognisable in the poem whose burden is "Without gladness avails no treasure."

Be merry man and tak nocht far in mind
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow ;
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbour gladly lend and borrow ;
His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow ;
Be blyth in heart for ony aventure,
For oft with wise men has been said aforrow,
Without gladness availis no treasure.

Mak thee gude cheer of it that God thee sends
For warldly wrak but weillfare nocht availis ;
Nae gude is thine save only that thou spends
Remanent all thou brukis but with bails ;
Seek to solace when sadness thee assails,
In dolour lang thy life may not endure ;
Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sails,
Without gladness availis no treasure.

Follow on pity, flee trouble and debate,
 With famous folkls hald thy company,
 Be charitable and hum'le in thine estate
 For wardly honours lastls but a cry ;
 For trouble on erd tak no melancholy ;
 Be rich in patience if thou in goods be poor ;
 Who lives merry, he lives michtely,
 Without gladness avallls no treasure.

The same sentiment is expressed in another poem whose refrain runs "For to be blyth methinks is best." This stanza is of universal application :

Who with this warld does warsle and strive
 And does his days in dolour drive,
 Though he in lordship be possest,
 He livls but ane wretched life,
 For to be blyth methinks is best.

Here and elsewhere he preaches a contentment his life belied. The sentiment of the following verses is excellent, though Dunbar never attained their philosophic elevation :

If thou hast micht be gentle and free ;
 And if thou stand in povertie ;
 Of thine own will to it consent,
 And riches shall return to thee ;
 He has enough that is content.

And ye and I, my brethern all,
 That in this life has lordship small,
 Let languor not in us imprent,
 If we not climb we tak no fall ;
 He has enough that is content.

The same shrewd practical common-sense characterises the three poems on discretion in asking, discretion in giving, and discretion in taking. Two verses from the last must suffice as examples. All sorts and conditions of men are banned for their grasping greed. Clerks who take benefices with brawls, barons who extort exorbitant rents from poor tenants, merchants who defraud the excise ; then generally—

Some tak by sea and some by land,
 And never fra taking can hold their hand
 Till he be tyit up to ane tree
 And syne they gar him understand
 In taking should discretion be.

Great men for taking and oppression
 Are set full famous at the session,
 And puir takers are hangit hie
 Shamit for ever and their succession,
 In taking should discretion be.

Living at court and mixing in the high affairs of State, the post of Dunbar was, in many respects, similar to that of our modern poet laureate; yet his laudatory poems are few and unimportant. His heartiest praise is reserved for the young queen, Margaret; for the king's ear he has more of complaint than panegyric. He wrote an official laudation of London town for recital at the Lord Mayor's banquet in 1501, when the Scots embassy was sumptuously feasted. The poem contains evidence of Dunbar's clearness of vision, but it has a post-prandial exuberance that mystifies the picture of that "flower of cities all." Aberdeen is praised for the loyal welcome it accorded the queen, when, in 1511, in sickness and trouble, she first visited the granite city.

The short poem of welcome to Queen Margaret, probably sung at the marriage banquet in Edinburgh on August 8, 1503, is preserved in the British Museum. The music to which it is set is certainly one of the oldest specimens of Scotch music extant. The song, which is not familiar, opens with an alliterative couplet:

Now fair, fairest of every fair,
Princess most pleasant and preclare.

The youthful queen, who was a daughter of a prince of Lancaster and a princess of York, is felicitously addressed in the last stanza:

Welcome the Rose, both red and white,
Welcome the flower of our delight.

The long allegorical poem, "The Thistle and the Rose," is a variant on the same theme.

Dunbar was too deeply immersed in the sea of human passion to luxuriate in Nature's beauty, yet he manifests, in more than one poem, a poet's rapture in green fields and blue skies. The opening of the "Golden Targe" is a description of a May morning, which, if somewhat laboured, after the fashion of the time, is not wanting in beauty of diction. Its rhythm exhibits the poet's perfect mastery of his uncouth vehicle. This is the first verse:

Ryght as the stern of day begouth to schyne,
Quhen gone to bed war Vesper and Lucyne,
I raise, and by a roserè did me rest;
Up sprang the golden candle matutyne,
With clear depurit bemès cristallyne,
Glading the mery foulis in their nest;
Or Phœbus was in purpur cape revest,
Up raise the lark, the heavens minstral fyue,
In May intill a morrow myrthfullest.

A couplet in the second verse, where Aurora parts from Phoebus, has a fine metaphor :

Her crystal tears I saw hyng on the flowers,
Quhilk he for love all drank up with his heat.

Of his purely religious poems or hymns, the "Merle and the Nightingale," one of the most beautiful he ever penned, deserves the highest praise. By a quaint conceit, the poet pretends to interpret the luscious music of the merle, who, perched "upon a blissful branch of laurel green," pours forth his soul as an encomium on a "lusty life in love's service," and to construe the heavenly melody of the nightingale into this sentence true, "All love is lost, but upon God alone."

Then ensues a discussion—the merle, with glad notes and glorious melody, maintaining the excellence of human love; the nightingale, "with suggurit notis new," as persistently exalting the virtue of love divine. The theme is treated with great beauty and truthfulness; the merle is vanquished, but his advocacy of earthly love is sympathetic and sincere.

Many of his hymns are written for the fasts and feasts of the Catholic Church: they reflect the devotion of the godly just before the Reformation plunged the country into fierce religious controversy inimical to devotion. Of a poem, on the world's vanity, which has a wider application, this is the closing verse :

Here nocht abides, here standis nothing stable,
For this false world aye flittis to and fro,
Now day up bricht, now nycht als black as sable,
Now ebb, now flood, now friend, now cruell foe,
Now glad, now sad, now weill, now into woe,
Now clad in gold, dissolvèd now in ass, (ashes)
So does this warld transitory go,
Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas.

These quotations are indicative of the versatility of Dunbar's genius and the clearness of his perception, rather than the melody of his verse. In many cases it is impossible to conserve both the rhythm and the sense, for the higher his flights of poesy soar, the more archaic does his language become, defying all attempts to make it fairly intelligible without destroying its rich music; and it seems sacrilege to present such a master of metre in halting measures.

Some courage is required to challenge Sir Walter Scott's high estimate of Dunbar's position among Scottish poets, but he has two serious disqualifications which prevent his attaining this lofty niche in the temple of Fame. To the ecstasy, the rapture, the tender pathos

of virtuous love, the irrevocable vow of his order presented an insuperable barrier which no casuistry could remove nor any conscientious man disregard. Then he lacked that fine frenzy, that overmastering passion, nearly allied to madness, that glows and burns in poetic souls. Dunbar is never overpowered by the rush of his genius ; he polishes till nature is reflected in every line and feature, but he never thrills the heart by the intensity of passionate appeal. Any estimate of his relative position among the great poets of the world will depend on the value attached to this intensity of disposition. If clear insight, calm reflection, and cool judgment are ascribed a higher place, Dunbar has been correctly appraised by the great Wizard of the North. It is fortunately possible to appreciate his rare qualities, to watch with growing interest the evolution of his realistic historical pictures, to enjoy his racy humour and endorse his apothegms, without placing him on the exalted pedestal where the master of Scottish song stands in solitary glory.

A. S. NELSON.

ON FOULA ISLE.

WE happened to be staying at Walls, a small town on the west of the mainland of Shetland, when, one evening, loafing down at the picturesque but elementary pier, we saw a stranger boat come in. It was growing dusk, the cool, pearly dusk of Northern summer, and a caldron of burning peats in the stern of the boat threw red gleams on the dark faces of the men and women who, having moored their craft, proceeded leisurely to land themselves and their numerous parcels with much cheerful chattering.

The boat was of Shetland rig, built on the model of a Norwegian yawl, barely twenty feet in length and entirely undecked. Alike at both ends, with raking stem and stern, her single mast stepped nearly amidships ; and carrying a large dipping lug, she was strongly suggestive of an old Norse galley.

We learned that she had just come in from Foula, an island sixteen or eighteen miles away across the rough waters of the Atlantic, an island hardly three miles in length, with something over two hundred inhabitants ; more remote than Fair Isle, in that it has no telegraphic communication with the mainland, and lies out of the course of steamer traffic ; with only one practicable landing-place ; and, viewed as a whole, among the most inaccessible and romantic isles of Britain.

We heard so much about Foula and the Foulaese that we grew curious, and, a day or two later, when the little boat started for home, we were among the passengers. It is never, I believe, a passage *de luxe*, owing to the jerky, chopping motion caused by the tide flowing over the Foula banks, one of the best cod-grounds of Shetland ; but on the day we sailed a stiff breeze was blowing from the south, and the boat, excessively buoyant from her build, tossed high on the crest of the waves and sank to the trough in a manner unpleasantly suggestive of flying. Our skipper sailed cautiously to negotiate those tides, but with all his management an occasional "tide-lump" came into the little craft, which, with no decking-in to resist, was soon an inch or two deep in water at the stern, while

passengers and crew were wet to the skin in patches from the incessant spray and the more generous doses that the tide, at all-too-frequent intervals, threw at us with startling force.

In that swift, breathless run it was not easy to think of much else besides how near we were getting to the island, but as the latter emerged from the misty fog that had hidden it from view a wondering admiration woke us up from our torpor of discomfort. The sharply defined, serrated outline of four rugged peaks, ranging from 800 to 1372 feet in height, apparently rising sheer from the sea, gave us the impression of something hitherto unknown, unmatched in British waters. Huge outlying stacks and skerries revealed themselves as we neared; enormous isolated boulders fringed with white surf, and water-worn into arches, that in a tamer setting would have looked superb, but which, dominated by that magnificent battlement of teeth-like crags, looked nothing more than geological waste and refuse—the rubbish cast aside in the creation of that wonderful rampart.

The Ham Harbour, where we landed after a sail of two hours and twenty minutes—almost the shortest time possible—is a mere slit in that iron-bound, formidable coast. It is a V-shaped creek, bounded on each side by walls of rugged, grass-grown rock, on to which we had to leap from the boat, without even an intervening plank, with all the nimbleness Nature had given us; while overhead a colony of young gulls screamed, and chased, and fought each other for choice morsels of refuse, with an indifference to the newly arrived humans that showed how seldom they were disturbed. Thankful for even the slimy, insecure footing the rock afforded, after our recent experience, we clambered to the high land above by a zigzag, irregular line of steps cut in the cliff face, and crossed the planks which served for a bridge at the upper end of the chasm-like harbour.

What a sense of remoteness seized us as we looked for the first time on that “high little world”! To our left was the turbulent Atlantic, heaving and rolling in that rhythmic motion which is Nature’s poetic measure; flashing with a jewel-like sheen and luminous depth of colour: the colour that is not sapphire, nor turquoise, nor emerald, but a subtle blend of all three, suggesting vaguely to our subconsciousness that here at last was Britain’s real *Ultima Thule*; that beyond lay nothing save the mysterious, undiscovered Pole itself.

To our right lay the Ham village—one of the two of which the island consists—nestling at the foot of Hamnafeldt, a hill which, with its changeful purple shadows and wreathing mist-clouds, forms an

effective if sombre background for the cluster of straw-thatched shealings that, with the faint tints of the ripening grain and an abundance of potentilla, made that half of the island a harmony in yellow. As we stood, one solitary woman came in sight round a narrow, winding road; a woman with bare feet and short skirts, carrying a creel of peats on her back, and knitting industriously the while; a figure which served only to accentuate the loneliness.

Beyond the Hamnafeldt lies the "Hame Toon" or south village, which is inclosed in a big, dry stone ring-fence about three feet in height, with little gates here and there for entrance and exit, no two alike, each with some clever mechanical contrivance due to the ingenuity of individual brains, and which the very children remember unfailingly to shut, so important it is to keep the cattle from straying among the crops.

But strange and unusual as the island appears at even a first glance, it is something deeper that gives an absorbing interest to its people; that appeals to the imagination as can few other places within the waters that circle Britain. The Foulaese in their daily life wear clothes, and still use implements, that belong to a prehistoric age. In their fishing, their farming, their social intercourse, they speak the remnants of a language common to their forefathers, but peculiar in Britain to Orkney and Shetland. They even, in a modified form, still adhere to the "truck system," a synonym for barter, accursed and condemned by all civilised peoples.

They are not savages, however. They are not even the clownish, dense individuals that the soil of Britain in some of her agricultural corners makes a specialty of producing. *Au contraire* there is not a county in the kingdom capable of producing finer men in physique and intelligence, of their class and education, than could be taken from Foula without much selection. It is interesting to find that Low, in his "Tour" in 1774, speaks of them with sympathetic appreciation. He says: "In every respect the inhabitants seem much at their ease, are decently clothed, and are of a cheerful, inquisitive character. Indeed I met no peasantry in Shetland to equal them. Their frank, free disposition and simple, primitive manners render them a very amiable people." Most of those we talked with seemed to possess in a greater or less degree intuition, appreciation, perception—all those qualities, in fact, that make for culture; and therein lay the piquancy of contrast. They were wearing shoes of precisely the same fashion and material that shod our half-mythical ancestor, the ancient Briton; they grind their oats with querns of like quality and make that his wife used for

crushing her hunting-lord's corn ; their dwellings are among the most primitive kind to be found in Europe ; and they read and talked of Nansen, of trawling grievances, of their Viking forefathers, with a bright intelligence and cheerful self-possession, as beautiful as it is rare among the corresponding class throughout our islands.

One of the first things a Foula man makes clear to you is that he and his fellow-islanders are of Norse extraction.

"We are not Scotch," said one, emphatically. "Our forefathers were the old Vikings who came over from Norrøway," and the sonorous roll of the "r" in the latter word helped us to believe the statement.

This applies to Orkney and the Shetlands generally, but not in an equal degree, for though both groups were colonised by Norwegian freebooters during the ninth century and were held by them for some centuries following, and even continued their Norse customs and form of government long after they became geographically part of Scotland, yet now the Orkneys have become largely Scotch, and the Shetlands generally have a fair admixture of other blood ; but Foula, distant and self-contained, has married so almost exclusively with its own people, that her inhabitants are, without doubt, of the purest Norse race to be found out of Scandinavian rule.

The grandfathers and great-grandfathers of the present generation knew fragments of sagas in corrupt Norse, which antiquarian scholars of the time took down phonetically and found to be identical with portions of the poetic histories of Scandinavia. Even to-day, though the remnants of the old language have dwindled down to scattered examples, yet the Scandinavian "Ja, ja" is a more frequent form of assent than its English equivalent, "Yes." A year or two ago an indefatigable philologist visited the island to gather up the gleanings of old Norse, and found that most of the place-names, nearly every word used nautically, and many words in use about the house and farm were, undoubtedly, either pure or corrupt Norse. Scores of such examples might be given, and the frequent hearing of these unaccustomed words helps to give the impression of foreignness that is so apparent in the island.

To those living in big towns, where change is the keynote of progress, where every year some startling innovation announces that science has gone a step further into the unknown, has wrested something new for the use of civilisation, the absence of change in these islands, the usage of customs centuries old, the contentment with the

existing order of things, come as a soothing surprise, and give one a glimpse of that leisurely past

When men were less inclined to say
That Time is Gold, and overlay
With toil their pleasure.

Scotland, foremost in her manufacturing centres in adopting the latest, the best, the most efficient machinery, has yet, in this northerly corner, an island content to use for grinding corn primitive little water-mills of the pattern probably brought over from Norway forgotten ages ago. They are still called Norse Mills, and are of a construction to be met with nowhere else in Britain, save in the Orkneys and Shetland. The building is hut-like in character, built of dry stone and thatched with turf, with a tiny window, and a doorway so low that we had to bend ourselves nearly double as we entered one. The mechanism is extremely simple. The one vertical shaft which passes up through the floor of the grinding chamber suffices to carry both wheel and stone. The former has a horizontal motion, and is fixed to the lower part of the shaft in the cavity below the building through which the little stream runs. The stones are on the floor-level of the chamber and deliver the meal all round, in a space marked off by a ledge of wood.

Three of these mills are placed one above another, a few yards apart, on a tiny stream, for the common use of the Ham village, while those living in the Hame Toon have one of their own.

But it is not always convenient to carry their corn to be ground at these mills. Several families may want to grind at the same time, and then some of them naturally use what most of them possess—the quern.

We saw one or two lying about outside the houses: a flat stone underneath, a convex one above, turning on a pivot in the centre, with a socket in the side for the handle; of exactly the same construction that pictures of the Roman occupation of Britain had made us familiar with. We naturally thought they were relics from an earlier age.

"Oh, no," said the man we asked, "we use them. Look, here is the stand." And he showed us a table-like frame in the entrance to his house in which the quern was placed when in use, and on to the wooden border of which the meal fell as it was ground.

We had got accustomed to the fact that the spinning-wheel was to be found in every house without exception; even the knowledge that two hand-looms were still used in the island did not cause us much surprise; but to be told that querns—ancient British, nay, pre-historic querns—still ground corn for our fellow-countrymen at

this end of the nineteenth century, was fairly astounding. We felt like Alice in Wonderland !

The cloth made by those two hand-looms is locally called "claith" or "wadmal," is of pure wool, and of much the same quality as the "Harris" and other tweeds made throughout the Highlands. It was at one time almost the only material used by the Foula women for their clothes, but of late years the vagaries of fashion have placed it at a bound among the most expensive and *chic* of material for rough country wear, so quite naturally they sell it and buy themselves cloth of cheaper quality instead. But, in spite of the price it fetches, morally, so to speak, they rate the cloth no higher than in the old days when they used it for their own garments. On seeing a lady visitor to the island wearing a costume of this rough homespun, one of the girls remarked, with a delicious touch of that feminine depreciation common to the sex, whether in Foula or Paris :

"Eh, but she wears to the kirk the same sort o' gown that we go to the peats wi' !"

How the landscape seems dominated by "the peats" ! The pure, bracing atmosphere is scented with peat-reek ; peat cuttings blacken the surface of the Ham village ; peat stacks—little dark-brown pyramids built of peat "bricks"—stand outside every shealing door. All day long girls and women may be seen bearing loads of peat on their backs, in native-made straw creels called "kezzies," slightly leaning forward in a pose best suited to the burden, and knitting, knitting always, as if under a fairy spell. Little girls of thirteen, old dames of seventy, and all the ages between, carry peats during the summer (in winter it is the work of the lads and men, who are then home from "the fishing"), and exceedingly picturesque they look, with bare feet, short woollen skirts and bright bodices, with a white or coloured handkerchief tied over the head. But they do not think so, and it is a matter requiring the most delicate diplomacy to be allowed to take a sketch or a photograph. In vain you may tell them they look nicest, prettiest, most like a picture that way.

"Oh, no ; not like that !" one girl said, with vigorous, blushing dissent.

"But you'll let me take a photograph ? It won't keep you more than five minutes ?"

"Not in these things," she said firmly, looking with scorn at the bodice that many washings had made harmonious with the weather-worn skirt. "I'll go home and put my clothes on, and then you can take me if you like."

The Foulaese have not yet fallen under the spell of the ready-

made. Each man is his own shoemaker, tailor, basket-maker ; everything in fact that can be made by them is of home manufacture. The genus New Woman, too, is unknown. Farther back than can be remembered, the women have had equal rights with the men—in helping to provide for their families. It is an unwritten law of their social economy that while the head of the household shall be responsible for “meal, the marrow of men,” the women of the family shall provide tea and sugar by their knitting.

The scanty crops spared by the late summer, sea-winds, and blight certainly do not yield all the meal required for the year ; but every spring up to Johnsmas—midsummer is the Southern term—all the men and lads go to the haaf-fishing, which is Norse for deep-sea fishing, and of which the principal produce is cod and ling. These they bring to the one shopkeeper, split, cleaned, and ready for drying, and in return receive meal and other absolute necessities that even in the remotest regions of civilisation have become indispensable now that we have emerged from the period of skins and fig-leaves.

A Foula shealing is a busy place during the long winter evenings. A ruddy peat fire sends a glow from the centre of the floor, while blue wreaths of smoke hover hazily in the corners, and add to the festoons of “reek” that years have accumulated in the rafters ; the clear, clean light of a paraffin lamp has of late years superseded the little black “collie,” which may be roughly described as two saucers with spouts, one within the other, fed with fish oil and holding a floating wick, and which, till the last decade or two, was the only artificial light known in Foula. The spinning-wheel is dragged from its summer seclusion, and one of the women, with graceful, fascinating precision, transforms the cleaned tufts of raw wool into yarn for knitting or for the loom. The girls are knitting, as they do throughout the year whenever their hands are free, adding to the pile of wraps and hosiery that awaits the arrival of the steamer in spring, to distribute them to every corner of the kingdom—so famous have Shetland goods become.

The men of the family are occupied too ; not with the newspaper, or pipe, or fad, that usually suffices men during their hours of leisure, but with actual necessary work. One weaves straw ropes, from which another manufactures a kezzie for peat-carrying ; a pair of trousers requires the concentrated attention of a third ; while a fourth will be making himself, or other member of the family, a pair of rivlins, the Shetland name for those shoes specimens of which are labelled in museums as footgear of the ancient Briton. These rivlins are an interesting survival. They have been worn in the

Orkneys and Shetland since those islands figured in history ; they have been dug out of bogs where, antiquaries tell us, they must have lain unnumbered years ; and they are still made and worn, as archaic in shape and as useful for their purpose as when the first genius of a barbarian conceived in his superior brain the brand-new idea of making them. One piece of cow-hide—the hair side outwards—suffices for a shoe, sole and upper. It is cut into shape, damped, and fastened behind with coarse thread or twine. Small slits are cut at intervals round the top, through which a bit of fishing-line, or narrow strip of hide, is run for fastening, and the shoe is complete.

There is one other occupation, perilous and strange, by which some of the younger men augment their hard-won earnings. The island is, roughly speaking, a tableland enclosed by rugged, corrugated cliffs, which surround it like the carved sides of some mammoth drinking-cup, reminding one forcibly of the celebrated Snark country, “which consisted of chasms and crags.” The north banks are particularly grand in character, for almost a mile ranging from 700 to nearly 900 feet in height. This portion of the coast is an especial haunt of sea-birds, and used to be divided among the crofters—a certain share being apportioned to each for birds and eggs. Wild work it is in breeding-time, when the air is white with fluttering wings, and hoarse bird-screams drown the roar of the surf below ; when shag and puffin, kittiwake and cormorant, newly arrived from other climes, are each striving with a selfishness almost human for the most desirable breeding-place, *i.e.* the most inaccessible ledge.

When the breeding season has fully commenced, certain men of the island, tied to a rope fastened to a stake at the top of the cliff, are lowered on to the crags to take the eggs by scores and hundreds, for home consumption or for market when one can be found ; and traditions still linger of daring feats and appalling accidents that have happened at the Banks. Just as descendants of a line of soldiers are proud of having lost their ancestors in battle, so the men of Foula used to boast of the fact that father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had been killed at the Banks. The deaths are not now so frequent as formerly ; perhaps fewer men go than in the old days.

Our guide excitedly told us of the catastrophe that had made the deepest impression on him. It was evidently so common an incident to fall, that mere deaths of that kind were not worth noting ; but he gave us a vivid account of the one which held the elements of sensation for him by reason of its startling originality.

He showed us a shelving ledge of rock some distance below the top of the cliff.

"There," he said, impressively, "'tis just about fourteen years since, I remember seein' a man fall from that to the rocks below, somethin' more'n a hundred feet drop, and when we took him up there wasn't a bone of him broken!"

It is scarcely possible to look up from the water, or down from a cliff on Foula, without seeing some marvel of rock scenery. The erosion of the Atlantic waves during unimaginable geological periods has worn the cliffs into the most wildly fantastic forms. Great columns like castle bastions; hollows, caves, and archways; couchant lions, sleeping dogs; all are wonderful studies in water carving, that "longest" and surest of the known arts.

One of the most remarkable of these freaks of Nature is Kittiwakes' Hall, a huge archway hollowed out in a promontory of rock looking not unlike the mouth of a cornucopia, pierced in the centre by an enormous hole through which the waves come leaping in a foam of white spume and spindrift. Myriads of sea-birds breed here in early summer, and from the height above look like snowflakes, as they sit on rocky ledges or fare noisily to and fro on the supreme business of the year, in that great water-washed hall of the Atlantic where, even on the hottest day in summer, a sombre chill seems ever to dwell.

There is a still more curious rock fantasy at the end of Wester Dahl, called the Sneck of Smalie. This is a chasm or fissure, six feet wide at the top, three hundred yards long, and one hundred feet deep, which looks as if giant hands had carefully sliced it out of the cliff with sharp-cutting implements; for the sides are perfectly level and smooth, and, oddest freak of all, a thin rock-wall facing the sea-front has been left like a door to guard the entrance. The "sneck" is a small aperture in it, through which one may catch a glimpse of the sea, and so called from its supposed likeness to the "sneck" of a door.

But the most seductive spot in the island is known as the Sealer's Puddle, a name reminiscent of the days when companies of seals bred and fought, after their manner, in the numerous caves round the coast. The cliffs are here somewhat lower, and one can quite easily step down on to the slippery rock ledges of shale formation. A few yards away three piers of rock run out into the sea, forming two pools with a black jutting crag in the middle; and here the Atlantic comes boiling in, in a white, seething fury. You sit fascinated as the great breakers come creeping in, sometimes augmented with other breakers that have missed their shore, steadily increasing in volume till that moment of pause, when the wonderful curves and cruel sheen of the hollowed billow suggest the murderous beauty of a Damascus

blade—then, meeting the obstruction of hidden rocks, it swirls round the piers and dashes up ten, twenty, thirty feet, in a superb plume of pearl-white spray, delicate, fine-spun, ethereal, as if all the egrets in the world had gathered their wonderful feathers together. Falling into one of the pools below, it lashes it to a minature maelstrom and crowns it with a foaming effervescence, white and soft as the down on a sea-bird's breast, and which, gradually dissolving as the waves recede, reveals a series of beautiful greens grading from jade to malachite.

What an element of persistent perverseness runs through all natural life ! One of us wanted to take a photograph, and, with camera arranged and beautifully ready, stood in expectation, waiting for the billow that promised to send up the biggest cascade we had yet seen. Then that perversity was made manifest. There were four of us, and we watched spell-bound, hoping in each mighty splash to see the record one we awaited, but—we all noticed it—they distinctly declined in interest and volume from that minute. They became absolutely poor. Time was precious, however, and one had to be taken ; so, after waiting our last available minute, the cap was removed, the half-second of exposure did its work of magic, and the camera was hurriedly packed away. Then, to our general, unspeakable disgust, the waves gathered together and came sweeping in magnificently, sending up not only one, but a series of the grandest, most brilliant hurly-burlys we had seen that morning.

Monday came, and we had to leave Foula and all its strange charms and varied fascination ; without a glimpse of a raven, too, though we kept a sharp look-out—for this is one of the few corners in Britain where he still breeds and thieves, and is looked upon as a bird of evil who must be propitiated. There is not a lad of the most tender years in Foula who would rob a raven's nest ; no despoiled robin in England ever worked such wicked retaliation ; a raven, they will tell you, knows again the boy that robbed him, and hops after him and brings him bad luck by the bushel.

But we did see a bonxie—that beautiful, impudent bird who has only one other haunt in the kingdom, and that in Unst in Shetland. We saw our bonxie as we were climbing the Hamnafeldt as a preliminary to scaling the greater heights of the Sneug and Kaim, and were first made aware of his majestic presence by a whirr of heavy wings so close to our faces that it seemed like a great shadow passing above us.

“Put up your sticks,” exclaimed our guide, “or he will have your hats off and give you a smart knock into the bargain ”

We promptly obeyed, and our bird kept his distance, though still loth to go without finding out what business carried us so near his breeding-haunt. We sat down, and he alighted too, only a few yards away, and stared at us with apparently fully as much interest as we studied him. He was a little handicapped with having no glasses, but perhaps his wild bright eyes had the best of it after all.

His plumage is brownish black, and he is said to measure about twenty-two inches from the end of his beak to the tip of his tail, and is about fifty-two inches across the wings. He has a powerful bill, rather over two inches long, and, pirate of the air that he is, he gains his living by plundering gulls and other birds. In Foula they are strictly preserved, the eggs are forbidden to be sold, and the pairs are carefully counted each year. This season there were fifty-seven.

But all this is digression. We left by the mail boat at six o'clock, lucky not to be weather-bound as the few visitors to Foula often are, fervently hoping that the weather we had on the day we arrived would not be repeated. And it was not. For more than five hours we wobbled about in that little boat, the sun beating fiercely down, a heavy swell on, and not so much wind as would send up a child's balloon. For hours that wonderful range of precipices was before us, of which the late Professor Heddle—who made the Highlands of Scotland his special study—said that, “as a group they stand unrivalled in the British Isles.” But magnificent as they were, we began to long for the tamer scenery of Vaila Sound, on which stands the town of Walls. Things took on a dreamy unreality; we began to wonder if it was our lot to linger in the vicinity of Foula for the rest of our natural lives. At last, in desperation, the skipper gave the command for rowing, and slowly, slowly, that extraordinary sky-line became less sharp, then a shapeless blur on the horizon, and finally disappeared, mingling indistinguishably with the blue of sky and sea.

JAYE GARRY.

A CENTURY OF ENGLISH CHINA.

TO write about so difficult and recondite a subject as porcelain may seem to be rash, especially as it is one upon which many competent opinions have been given. Yet to deal profoundly with the question is not the present object, but rather to glean and present to the reader some interesting facts and entertaining anecdotes which are sprinkled here and there amidst the dry dust of technicalities.

Possibly some may be awakened who now stroll through priceless collections in a state of intellectual slumber.

To enjoy and appreciate in a limited sense, it is not necessary to understand "all about it." Thousands who yearly discuss the merits of pictures with apparent zest can lay no claim to an exhaustive knowledge of painting ; and refusing to make a beginning simply ensures that no progress will be made along a road that is replete with beauty.

It cannot be denied that mistakes are often made : even the most sapient may err ; therefore those unversed in ceramic lore may take heart, and learn to delight in what they cannot fully fathom. Marks, alas ! cannot always be trusted as unfailing guides. In a few cases suspicion may arise that they were purposely designed to be misleading. Strange coincidences may prove treacherous, and experience teaches caution ; yet moderate observation, aided by intuitive instinct, may suffice, except for unravelling involved problems.

Popular phraseology may lead the unwary to incorrect conclusions. We talk of "old china," and there is a tendency to invest a fascinating *objet d'art* with an age to which it has no claim, except in a comparative sense. The only country that can boast of great antiquity for its ceramic art is China, and perhaps Japan. Although in questions of chronology these Celestials may appear to be fanciful, when judged by more prosaic minds, there seems to be good reason for ascribing the manufacture of china in Cathay to a very early period. Mr. Julien, the translator of a book on the subject, puts it between 200 B.C. and 20 A.D., thus allowing a liberal margin ; but

granting the latter date to be anywhere near the mark suggests a very respectable age for Chinese porcelain, whilst for the genesis of pottery we are bidden to go back for another thousand years or so.

During the third and fourth centuries A.D., under the Tsin dynasty, some fine blue ware is mentioned by several writers, and, a good deal later, some greenish china, known as Celadon, was highly prized in Europe, on account of its supposed capacity for detecting poison by changing colour.

The Chinese must have done a magnificent trade: the great factory at King-te-tchin, which was destroyed in the Taiping rebellion, is said to have employed 18,000 families, and could boast of 3,000 furnaces.

In many ways our ancestors were simple folk. The word "porcelaine" was used in France, during the fifteenth century, to describe mother of pearl, and the Italian "porcellana" signified a Venus shell. This, with the transparency of the much admired ware, may have given rise to the fiction, advanced by several learned writers, that the Chinese began their operations by grinding up shells. The Latin derivation from "pocillum," a little cup, has also been suggested. But whatever may have been the exact origin of the term, the ware to which it was applied remained for many centuries the marvel and the envy of Europe; yet no successful imitation has been recorded until 1580, when a kind of porcelain was made under the patronage of Francesco, the first de Medici. Mr. Chaffers says that about thirty pieces of it are known to exist, and he accounts for many of them. One specimen is at South Kensington, and another at the British Museum. Venice is supposed to have made a like attempt. Italian ambition may have been fired by examining the present of porcelain sent to Lorenzo de Medici by the Sultan of Turkey in the preceding century.

In England, John Dwight, an Oxford graduate of much ingenuity and learning, set up works at Fulham about 1684, in the reign of Charles II., when he took out his second patent, claiming that "by his own industry, and at his own proper cost and charges, he hath invented and set up at Fulham, in our County of Middlesex, several new manufactures of earthenware" . . . "and is endeavouring to settle manufactures of the same within this our Kingdom of England."

Although Dwight speaks confidently of his "transparent porcellane," most authors refer to it as semi-china. A statuette of Flora in the British Museum has lost a hand, which affords an opportunity of examining the ware. It is white throughout.

Dwight worked successfully for a time, but with his death ended the industry that he had created. His diary, which subsequently came to light, disclosed a strange propensity for hiding sums of money in all sorts of unlikely spots. Some of his moulds and models were also thus secreted, possibly to prevent imitations.

Had he been less exclusive he might have proved the father, not only of English, but also of European china. Miss Meteyard says that he succeeded in making some imperfect pieces as early as 1640. St. Cloud china, so highly praised by Dr. Lister, could not boast of much perfection before 1695, and the date of Chicanneau's patent was 1702. It was not until 1711 that Johann Schnorr, a rich ironmaster of Erzberg rode his horse through some white clay which he resolved to use as hair-powder. The clay was analysed by Böttcher, an alchemist who had long been employed to manufacture gold for the King of Saxony. If he was not able to bring forth gold from his crucible, he discovered a secret that was money's worth. A hundred and fifty pieces of china in the Japanese Palace at Dresden are said to have been the price paid for the hire of a regiment of dragoons, without their equipments.

When Frederick II. issued an arbitrary order that all the Dresden workmen should move to Berlin, in hopes that the works there might rival the original factory, to support the new industry marriage licences were granted to the Jews, on the condition that they should buy a certain amount of this china.

In those days the strictness with which trade secrets were kept must have meant misery to the unhappy workmen. For instance, to the day of his death Böttcher lived practically a prisoner in the fortress of Meissen. The treasured clay was packed up in bags by speechless men, and those not naturally dumb were bound to silence by all kinds of promises and threats. The secret of making china was discovered nevertheless, and in about ten years kilns were alight in many parts of Germany; it is even asserted that some china was made in Venice as early as 1718.

With regard to Vienna there is a story of one du Pasquier, a Dutchman, who made friends with a Dresden workman over a game of billiards in a *café*, and eventually lured him, by specious promises of future affluence, to join him in setting up independent works in the Austrian capital.

To Dresden the honour belongs of being the first to make hard paste in Europe, and, although a certain amount oozed out concerning the methods employed, probably much still remained to baffle envious imitators.

Napoleon I. is said to have compelled Steinaur, who at the time was the head of the Dresden works, to reveal his secrets to Brongniart, who was then director of Sèvres.

George II., who took a deep interest in some works that were prospering at Chelsea, procured workmen and models from Dresden, but, as the type of china made at Chelsea differed from the foreign ware, probably the imported Germans busied themselves about surface decoration only. This was possible, for painters went from Sèvres to Dresden, whilst at the former place soft paste was in use.

Sèvres also had its little romance about the discovery of suitable clay, but not until some time after the manufacture had been established. Madame Darnet, the wife of a surgeon at St. Yrieux, near Limoges, found some white powdery clay in the course of her country rambles. It excited her curiosity, and, being a careful soul, it occurred to her that it might be used in washing, to the economy of soap. Her husband, with other aims in view, sent it to be analysed, and it turned out to be precisely what the director of Sèvres required.

A curious tradition exists concerning the first china that was made in England, possibly at Chelsea. The clay of which it was made came as ballast in ships hailing from China, and proved to be Kao-lin, the Chinese term for china clay.

In some way our Oriental friends became aware of the fact, and thenceforward were careful to prevent the exportation. It was not the first time that efforts had been made to secure the coveted materials, so it is no wonder that the pigtailed gentlemen should have been on their guard. Some merchants secured small blocks of *pe-tun-tze*, or china stone, to send home, believing that they had done a sharp thing. "Those Europeans will be clever," said the smiling Celestials, "if they contrive to make a body without bones." They considered that the strength and substance of the ware was chiefly supplied by the Kao-lin, or china clay, which they therefore compared to the bones. They could enjoy an incident which betrayed absolute ignorance of an art the secret of which they hoped at all hazards to retain.

Very naturally, a desire arises in the English mind to rest chiefly upon British enterprise, especially when perseverance has been crowned with success, and there is always a fascination in discovering the source of a new idea.

The early days of Bow and Chelsea china are enshrouded in mystery: if they were chronicled, probably a series of failures would have to be related, which would arouse sympathy and admiration for

the courage by which they were overcome. The enthusiasm with which the first successes were greeted is not surprising, if we remember that the best efforts of artistic skill had hitherto been concentrated on glazed stone and earthenware ; whilst every ship brought a few specimens from the Flowery Land, and travellers reported wonders from Saxony.

According to Mr. Tiffen, the Earl of Pembroke and Sir R. Mansell brought some Venetian workmen to England about 1618, "gentlemen workers," "the best that ever blew crystal," but their success did not fulfil anticipations.

In his history of Chelsea, Faulkener mentions some Venetians who were under the direct patronage of the Duke of Buckingham, whose house was in the neighbourhood. Perhaps some of their descendants assisted in the china works many years afterwards, as Venetians are frequently mentioned, and that they took kindly to artistic pursuits is likely.

It may be remembered for what it is worth that the anchor is the Venetian mark, and it is also that of Chelsea, but it may also be met with at Bow and Worcester. In the latter place it is sometimes supposed to be a rebus on the name of Richard Holdship, who was one of the artists and part owner in the original Worcester works.

Some writers believe that the influence of John Philip Elers had much to do with the development of the infant porcelain factory. Possibly documents may yet come to light that may enable future historians to decide when the Chelsea works were first established. At present the earliest date mentioned for Bow or Chelsea is 1730. Judging from his previous career, it may be doubted whether Elers was a man to retire into the background, or to give away the results of his experience. Had he imparted valuable knowledge he would most likely have made some claim for it.

The brothers Elers, who came to England with William of Orange, hailed originally from Nuremberg. They were very able men and of good family ; their grandfather, Admiral Elers, married a Princess of Baden. Not only were they good chemists, but they had also gained some practical experience in Germany. At first they established themselves at Bradwell, in 1690, and produced some relief mouldings. This and other novelties tickled the curiosity of the neighbouring potters, whose inquiring minds remained unsatisfied, notwithstanding various attempts to obtain the desired information. Stories were current about underground passages connecting the factory and stores at Dimsdale, about a mile off, to

give warning of the approach of strangers. Very likely such reports aroused the curiosity of minds eager for gossip, and the immense volumes of black smoke which burst forth from the Bradwell kilns created much excitement.

On one occasion Mr. Elers was mobbed by an ignorant crowd which pretended to believe that he was in league with the Evil One. Again, a number of potters rushed over from Burslem, giving as an excuse for their hasty visit that they thought the place was on fire. The owners looked upon it as a subterfuge, suspecting that the real intent was to force their way into the distant pottery across the fields, which they regarded as the home of mystery. No one was admitted to see the process in use there, lest they might adapt it to their own ends. The workmen were locked into separate rooms, and searched every night before they were dismissed. It was also said that, fearing quick-witted workmen might observe too much, the weak-minded and deficient were employed. It was thus that the owners found themselves hoist with their own petard.

A potter named Astbury feigned idiotcy, eating with his fingers, staring about vacantly, and behaving in a most inane manner. So well did he act the part of a fool that the usual precautions were neglected; then every night he went home and made notes about all he had seen and heard during the day. He thus deceived his wary employers for two years: after that time, feeling that he had acquired sufficient knowledge, he gave out that he was very ill. On his recovery Astbury appeared to be so sane that Elers thought it would be unsafe to re-engage him. Very soon the precious secrets were scattered broadcast, and in disgust Elers removed to Chelsea.

Notwithstanding the effervescence of popular feeling raised about the new kilns, salt glaze was known in Staffordshire for some years before Elers settled there. The incident that led to the discovery is given by Shaw in his history of Staffordshire. At a farm about a mile from Mr. Palmer's pottery a servant was preparing a strong solution of salt in an earthenware jar, to be used for curing pork. During his absence the liquid boiled up and ran over the sides of the jar, which, when cold, appeared to be glazed. Palmer took the hint, and thus the manufacture of glazed brown earthenware began in 1680. If so, Elers was justified in disbelieving the fiction about his factory being on fire.

On his removal to Chelsea he is said to have been connected with some glass-works. Eventually he went to Dublin and superintended a china shop there. The venture turned out well, and it

is probably through that channel that so many fine specimens reached the Sister Isle.

Another interesting fact also resulted from that move. Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth married a daughter of Paul Elers, and a grand-daughter of the pioneer to whom ceramic art in England is so much beholden indirectly, even if direct influence has yet to be proved. Thus the gifted Maria, the authoress, could boast of an artistic descent.

As the exact site of the Chelsea china factory, Faulkener mentions the corner of Justice Walk and the upper end of Lawrence Lane. He also says that Dr. Johnson went there to try his hand at mixing a china paste of his own invention, but he was unsuccessful, for his composition would not stand the necessary heat. One can imagine the pompous *savant* going down there every second day, persuaded that he was going to do great things, attended by his housekeeper, who carried his luncheon. He afterwards went to Derby, accompanied by Boswell.

A number of ingredients were introduced into the different kinds of artificial porcelain which at various times aimed at rivalling the Oriental ware. In one recipe sixteen different items were employed, including sand, marl, silica, chalk, vitreous frit, and calcined bones.

Spode is sometimes accredited with being the first to introduce bone-ash, but long before his time it was used at Chelsea, Bow, Worcester, and Caughley.

The soft paste made at Chelsea in some ways resembled the *pâte tendre* for which Sèvres was celebrated, until the hard paste was adopted there in 1768. The secret of making the latter was purchased from Pierre Hannong in 1761.

Apparently it was not only in England that Chelsea china was appreciated. The workmen of Vincennes petitioned Louis XIV. to stop the importation of English and German porcelain in 1745. The Vincennes factory was afterwards removed to Sèvres, where it became famous.

Even contemporary evidence cannot always be relied on. Mason, the painter, who worked at Chelsea, says that it was started in 1748, and that it was carried on by the Duke of Cumberland and Sir Everard Fawkner, who employed Sprimont at a salary of "a guinea a day and some extras." When Sir Everard died, in 1755, Sprimont worked single-handed, and thus remained until the works were sold to Duesbury. There must have been some mistake about the date, as there is a Goat and Bee jug marked with a triangle and "Chelsea

1745." Until this discovery was made the Goat and Bee jugs were always assigned to Bow.

Another manager is also mentioned by most writers. He also was Flemish, and seems to have been ousted under the new arrangement. Judging from an apparently hostile advertisement, offering china for sale, and disclaiming all connection with the other establishment, Gouyn and Sprimont can hardly have been in charity with each other.

Sprimont is a small town in Flanders, and also the name of a noble family living near Liège, but there seems to be no conclusive evidence that the Chelsea celebrity belonged to either. Under his guidance the business flourished. China sales were of frequent recurrence: at first they were attended by dealers—"china men" they were called—but afterwards the auction rooms became a fashionable lounge. It was Mary, wife of William of Orange, who set the fashion of collecting china, and the craze reached its climax in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Large jars in the French style were at their best in the sixties, when the showrooms in Piccadilly were open. In the Schreiber and Jones gifts at South Kensington there are some beautiful Chelsea jars.

In 1781 the Chelsea house, with the moulds and models, were bought by the owner of the Derby works, to which place the business was removed. The workmen were very liberally treated by the new owner, and many of them gladly followed. Some of the most beautiful statuettes are of Chelsea-Derby, marked with a D and anchor. The next development was Crown Derby, and afterwards Bloor Derby, which was of a more florid type.

Our English art industries, unlike their continental rivals, were not subsidised by the Government, and were thus severely affected by the fluctuations of the market and by every oscillation of public taste. However, Royal favour was substantially shown to the Chelsea works. Horace Walpole mentions a service of blue and gold china, ordered by the King as a present to the Duke of Mecklenburg, which cost £1,200.

During the forty years of prosperity that Chelsea work enjoyed it was not without rivals. "New Canton," or Bow, was the most important of these. The exact spot where the latter factory stood has been decided beyond all doubt by the discovery of some moulds, which are now to be seen in the Schreiber collection at South Kensington. These were dug up when some excavations were being made connected with improvements at Messrs. Bryant & May's match factory.

A peculiarity of the Bow patent, applied for by Messrs. Heylin and Frye in 1744, is that the paste professes to include "an earth, the produce of the Cherokee nation, called by the natives unaker." Some writers also tell us that William Cookworthy was stimulated in his researches by seeing some clay brought from Virginia by a friend.

Many useful trifles were turned out at Bow, of no great value in themselves, but of interest to the collector as relics of the once famous works ; but there are also specimens of great beauty, both in modelling and painting.

Thomas Frye was an artist of some distinction and a most industrious man. Not only did he turn his attention to the decoration of the surface, but also to the making of the ware, and his death, from consumption, at a comparatively early age, is said to have been hastened by the heat of the kilns.

He is described in his epitaph as "the inventor and first manufacturer of porcelain in England." His portrait of Frederick, Prince of Wales, first brought him into notice, but he was born of humble parentage near Dublin. In his china painting he was assisted by his two daughters, especially by Catherine, who married a china painter, and afterwards worked at Worcester. It can scarcely have been a brilliant alliance, as it is recorded that the husband was subsequently anxious to get a salary of 25s. a week.

Bow china is generally made of the soft paste, and is in that respect unlike the Oriental ware that it sought to imitate. To better simulate the Eastern import it was sometimes tinged with blue ; otherwise it had a yellow hue, and the glaze has now frequently become discoloured.

Some well-known sculptors are reputed to have modelled figures for "New Canton," and some of the statuettes closely resemble those made at Chelsea. In Mr. Tiffen's tables the parallel columns impress us with the fact that the rival houses started and flourished at about the same time, but some authorities think that, if anything, Bow was the earliest. He also gives the following useful hint when pointing out that in both places the *bosquet*, or *bocage*, was used as a background for the figures. These frequently served as a base for ormolu candelabra, and in the Bow specimens the holes at the back for receiving the fittings are always square.

One of the most celebrated specimens of Bow china may be seen in the British Museum. "Craft's Bowl" is elaborately painted with minute flowers. The memorial placed inside it gives a short sketch of the factory to which it owes its origin. Thus the humble but

enthusiastic workman has given to future ages an account of the spot that he loved so well, every trace of which has now been swept away:

"This bowl was made in the Bow China Manufactory, Stratford-le-Bow, in the County of Essex, about the year 1760, and painted there by me (Thomas Craft). My cipher is in the Bottom. It is painted in what we used to call the old Japan Taste, a taste at that time much esteemed by the Duke of Argyle, there is nearly 2 penny-weight of gold; about 15s. I had it in hand at different times about three months about 2 weeks time was bestowed upon it, it could not have been manufactured for less than 4£. There is not its similitude. I took it in a box to Kentish Town and had it burned there in Mr. Gyles kiln—cost me 3s.—it was cracked the first time of using it. Miss Nancy Sha—, a Daughter of the late Sir Patrick Blake, was christened in it. I never use it but in particular respect to my Company, and I desire my Legatee (as mentioned in my will) may do the same. Perhaps it may [be] thought that I have said too much about this trifling Toy. A reflection steals in upon my mind that this said Bowl may meet with the same fate that the manufactory where it was made has done; and like the famous Cities of Troy, Carthage, etc., and similar to Shakespeare's 'Cloud cap't Towers,' etc. The above manufactory was carried on for many years under the firm of Messrs. Crowther & Weatherley, whose names are well known all over the world. They employed 300 persons, about 90 painters (of which I was one), and about 200 turners, throwers, &c., were employed under one roof. The model of the building was taken from that of Canton in China; the whole was heated by two stoves on the outside of the building, and conveyed through Flues or Pipes that warmed the whole, sometimes to an intense heat, unbearable in Winter. It now wears a miserable aspect, being a manufactory for turpentine, and small tenements, and like Shakespeare's 'Baseless fabric of a vision,' etc. Mr. Weatherley has been dead many years. Mr. Crowther is at Morden College, Blackheath, and I am the only person of all those employed there who annually visit him.—T. CRAFT, 1790."

This good man's narrative deals with the successors of Messrs. Heylin and Frye. The goodwill, models, and moulds were bought up by the indefatigable William Duesbury, and transferred to Derby.

The site of Bow china works has been used for many purposes—chemical works, emery mills, and match factories.

The painters already trained were ready to guide young aspirants.

Zachariah Boreman, or Bowman, one of the best Chelsea artists, was William Billingsley's master when at the age of sixteen he was apprenticed for four years at Derby, earning the noble sum of five shillings a week.

Billingsley became a noted flower painter, but has sometimes been described as a "rolling stone." He certainly was the hero of many changes, though how far he was the sport of circumstances it is hard to say. After working at Derby without interruption for twenty-two years, he determined to leave, in spite of all advice and entreaties to stay: then began his roving career. His imagination was fired by accounts of Pinxton; thither he went, and remained four years. Two jars in the South Kensington Museum are specimens of his work at that time. The style is delicate and the treatment broad. He then removed to Mansfield: afterwards he tried Torksey in Lincolnshire, Wirksworth in Derby, and in 1811 found himself in Worcester, with Messrs. Flight and Barr. In all these wanderings "Beeley," as he usually signed himself, was accompanied by his son-in-law, a clever young man, George Walker, who made himself useful at Worcester by making improvements in the kilns, such as were already in use at Derby, but hitherto unknown in "the faithful city."

Most probably these two leading spirits considered themselves insufficiently appreciated, and as the result of some slight friction they left, and set up works of their own at Nantgarw, near Cardiff. The success that attended them suggested sending up samples of their work to the Board of Trade. In reply Sir Joseph Banks sent Mr. Dillwyn to inspect the new venture. The result was that they abandoned their own project and went to Mr. Dillwyn's pottery near Swansea, to which he added some new kilns for china. They had been established there for two years when Messrs. Flight and Barr wrote to the owner, warning him not to employ them. They also persuaded him that Nantgarw china would not be profitable. Finally, the two artists were dismissed, and returned to their own factory. They must have had some generous friends, for £8,000 was raised to assist them, which was chiefly spent on building kilns. The results were so satisfactory that Mr. Rose, of Coalport, who had already annexed Caughley and Coalbrookdale, resolved to absorb what might become a dangerous rival. There are some pieces of china in the South Kensington Museum marked "Nantgarw," with the letters "C. W." or "G. W." Mr. Jewitt suggests that they may be the initials of the faithful George Walker.

At Coalport "Beeley" remained until his death in 1828, after

which his constant companion went to America and did well] Nantgarw ware is fine china, and fetches a high price.

Caughley, just mentioned, was situated near Worcester. A quantity of blue and white china was painted in both places, generally copied from Oriental models. The familiar willow-pattern and the Broseley dragon, which have since found their way into nearly every household, originated at Caughley, which place also competes with Liverpool and Worcester for the credit of having been the first to introduce printing on china. At Worcester the date is supposed to have been 1756; some say that at Caughley it was earlier.

The Liverpool inventor, John Sadler, is said to have begun work in 1752, but his patent was not taken out until 1756, probably when he found the process was being copied. Dr. Wall, of Worcester, also claims to have invented printing, but the rigid secrecy which enshrouded each new departure made it difficult, even for contemporaries, to decide which was first.

A most romantic history is attached to another Liverpool factory, which was under the guidance of Mr. Richard Chaffers, a clever, highly scientific man, of an enterprising disposition. Like most pioneers, he encountered the difficulty of securing a sufficient amount of china clay. Thus, having obtained leave from the owners, he set off for a prospecting tour in Cornwall. This brought him no success, and calling his men together he paid them, and announced his speedy departure. He had not gone far when signals were made by some one on an adjacent hill. Mr. Chaffers conjectured rightly that it was one of the gang who was absent when the others were paid, but, knowing that the money had been left with the captain for him, the traveller went on. Still, renewed signals excited his curiosity: thus he waited to learn that the lonely worker, who had broken away from his mates, had alighted upon the coveted treasure. The successful prospector rode away with a light heart, but ill-luck did not desert him, for he nearly died of fever whilst returning home, in a town where he was unknown.

When once fairly established, a friendly competition was kept up between Chaffers and Wedgwood, but eventually the latter acknowledged himself to be beaten by the superior knowledge of colouring that his rival displayed.

An unforeseen disaster put an end to this hardly earned and well-merited success. One of Wedgwood's workmen determined to go to America; and when on his way through Liverpool Podmore was anxious to see Mr. Chaffers, of whom he had heard so much. A mutual liking was the result, and the American project was post

poned. Not many years after Podmore, being hopelessly ill with fever, begged to see his beloved master once more. Heedless of infection, Mr. Chaffers hastened to the bedside, caught the fever, and died of it. The factory was then given up: some of the hands went to Wedgwood's, and the more enterprising emigrated to America, where they found an excellent opening and all the materials they required.

Fourteen years before Chaffers went to Cornwall an American friend had inspired Mr. Cookworthy to start on a similar search for clay, which he found at Helston; and at the same time he brought china stone from St. Austell in 1755. Cookworthy was a skilful chemist, and obtained great notoriety for his little factory at Plymouth before he sold his patent to Champion, of Bristol. He was the first to make hard paste, the aim of so many experiments, and thus follow in the wake of the Dresden and Oriental types, that all were trying to imitate in style and substance. It is said that subsequently some Chinese ware was so admirably copied at Bristol that it was mistaken for the real thing; and some Dresden was imitated with equal success.

If those who did it used the Dresden cross-swords with a view to misleading confiding collectors it was very reprehensible, but the occasional addition of a capital B with them suggests that there may have been some other object. What that reason was no one has been able to explain, but it is only fair to add that the cross-swords were used elsewhere also. The wholesale reproduction of Oriental china does not appear to have excited much adverse criticism. Possibly the public were not then fully aware of the importance of the subject. The Bristol mark is a St. Andrew's cross. Such a digression upon the dry theme of marks may be deemed an unnecessary breach of agreement, especially as small manuals are efficient guides.

Some of the most beautiful and highly prized works of this period were biscuit plaques surrounded by a wreath of flowers modelled in full relief. There are several of them in the British Museum, exquisitely delicate, and apparently fragile; but Mr. Nightingale says that in the fire at the Alexandra Palace, when other china was reduced to a fused mass, the Bristol biscuit was quite unharmed. One of these plaques bears the arms of Edmund Burke, a personal friend of Champion's, who presented Mrs. Burke with a magnificent service of china when she accompanied her husband on the occasion of the celebrated Parliamentary election. The teapot alone was sold to a private collector for £210.

Although the Bristol factory continued to be fairly prosperous, a difficulty arose about renewing Cookworthy's patent. It was vigorously opposed by the Staffordshire potters, who contended that no man should be encouraged to keep secrets or to appropriate the right of using certain materials. At last the patent was renewed, and sold to the New Hall Potteries. Thus a compromise was effected, and Champion went out to Carolina, where he lived as a planter.

Burslem, besides being the "mother of potteries," has the distinction of being the place which first saw Wedgwood's genius, which eventually gave to the world not only several new kinds of pottery, but also the cameo and jasper ware with which his name is linked.

China was first made in Staffordshire at Longton Hall, by William Littler, in 1755. His mark is two L's reversed with three dots in the centre, something like the Sèvres mark, but in the latter case there is generally a slight incision in the ware either above or beneath the painted cipher, which may help to distinguish it. Littler was a clever workman, but he died at a great age and very poor.

It was not until about 1800 that Josiah Spode the younger began to make the porcelain for which he became famous. He directed his attention to the introduction of many new shapes, and employed some excellent foreign painters. Profuse gilding distinguishes his work, both bright and dull, and nearly every piece is distinctly marked with his name. In 1806 Spode was appointed potter to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and, though it reads like sending coal to Newcastle, he received an order for a dinner service from the Honourable East India Company, whose factory at Canton had been burnt down. It consisted of 1,300 pieces, and cost £400.

This reminds us of the Rockingham service made for William IV., and first used at the Queen's coronation, the cost of which was £5,000. There is a very handsome jar at South Kensington, and some smaller pieces, but it is said that some of the best specimens are in the possession of Earl Fitzwilliam, whose family have always generously patronised the Swinton factory. Rockingham ware is a name now applied to some fine white china which has been dipped in brown liquid glaze; it is decorated with gilding, but not painted. Cadogan teapots attained much notoriety, and once had the reputation of making excellent tea. They were made from a pattern brought from Japan by the Marquis of Rockingham, and were filled from the bottom through a spiral tube that reached to within half an inch of the top. When full the pot was turned back to its proper position. The Rockingham works were carried on by Brameld and

Bingley. The painting department was managed by Isaac Baguely, and afterwards by his son, who still continued to do a little painting until a comparatively recent date, although the factory was closed in 1848. It is much to be regretted that one of the most artistic of English art products had to be discontinued.

Most amusing are the diverse opinions given about Lowestoft china. When undoubted authorities differ so widely there is comfort for those who do not profess to be initiated into such mysteries. The dispute circled around the fact of whether the ware painted at Lowestoft was potted there or imported. On one side it was asserted that the best work was painted on an Oriental body, of which there are numerous examples, and that between these and those potted at Lowestoft there could be no mistake. On the other hand it was contended that the principal Lowestoft manufacture exactly resembled the Oriental body, but from the peculiarity of the shapes it could not be mistaken for foreign ware. That hard paste was made at Lowestoft seems to be admitted, although soft paste may have been the original product. This would seem to be borne out by an anecdote told of one of the proprietors, who, being exceedingly anxious to find out the secrets of a London factory, went there in the guise of a workman and hired himself. His next step was to bribe the caretaker, who locked him up in a part of the warehouse where the owner was in the habit of mixing his ingredients after the men had gone home. Concealed beneath an empty hogshead, the sham workman could see everything, and thus attained his object. Although this may seem to be shabby behaviour, it may have been considered as a reprisal. In the year 1756 another partner, Mr. Hewlin Luson, found some white clay upon his land, and sent it up to London to be tested, but the manufacturers there were so much afraid of competition that they bribed the workmen to spoil the ware. In the following year almost the same thing happened, but the scheming was frustrated.

History does not relate which of the London factories behaved so meanly: whichever it was, the secret thus wrenched from them was probably the method of mixing soft paste. Let us hope that it was the offenders who in their turn were done.

The new works at Lowestoft prospered, and did considerable trade in London and Holland, and, it is said, with Turkey too. In this latter branch of the work no representation of man or beast could be allowed, lest it should interfere with Mahomedan prejudices, and, being sometimes marked with a crescent, it may be mistaken for Caughley china. As a rule, Lowestoft china is supposed

to have no mark, but three parallel lines have been considered as distinctive of the Lowestoft factory.

The Brown family who were interested in the porcelain works were also connected with the herring fisheries, and ran a vessel to the Isle of Wight for some particular sand which was one of the ingredients used.

A refugee from the French Revolution, called Rose, was very glad to find congenial employment as a painter. That was in the palmy days, when from sixty to seventy hands were employed, and when there was a London warehouse in Queen Street, Cheapside. But as age gained upon him Rose found that his occupation was failing, and, being in great poverty, a subscription was started to provide him with donkeys for carrying sand—a sad ending for one who had really attained some celebrity.

Want of coal in the neighbourhood made cheap competition impossible. At a critical moment an agent in London failed, and, as a final blow, in 1803 a quantity of china was destroyed at Rotterdam when Napoleon crossed the frozen river and entered Holland.

In his history of Bristol china, Mr. Owen says, “If an hundredth portion only of the Oriental porcelain which, on some slight evidence of having a certain red trellis-work in its border, or coarsely painted roses, or English armorial bearings, that is erroneously attributed to Lowestoft, had really been made there, that factory must have been one of the most prolific and wonderful in the kingdom.” He also throws out a hint that the officers of the East India Company’s ships used to take out English delft bowls, and get them reproduced in common Chinese porcelain, and much that is now considered valuable was thus obtained.

In a desultory chat about china the endeavour has been to keep as far as possible within a century, and to deal chiefly with factories which have either been given up or merged into others. Comparatively few take a vivid interest even in the most exquisite examples of ceramic art. Fewer still may care to struggle through a number of fascinating though somewhat bulky volumes, whence many of these details have been drawn, although they may be amused with a slight historical sketch. It may enable them to realise the value of these early specimens of porcelain, even apart from their intrinsic worth, and to estimate the amount of self-restraint that was necessary in former days to be “mistress of herself though China falls.”

GERALDINE LESLIE.

INSECT AUGURY.

IN many a village in remote quarters—and often in near ones to town—there are, though the superficial visitor will have no inkling of it, augurs of the future scattered broadcast. In London the latest fashionable phase of inquiries into futurity is that of palmistry. London, however, need not disdainfully regard the far-off little solitudes where the years move slowly and things remain unchanged for generations, for, after all, the faith in the tracery of the human hand is one which should make its devotees lenient to other beliefs, in the hope of similar results.

The old-world village has various augurs and auguries. One of the most remote forms of the latter which existed in ancient Rome, for instance, is found in such places to-day, little as the believers in it know of the dignified origin and antiquity of the tradition. That is the augury of the poultry yard, the representative to-day of the sacred chickens whom the whilom mistress of the world consulted on imperial affairs. Various events are diagnosed from the behaviour of fowls in rural districts; also from farm-yard animals. But our theme is one which, to a good many readers, especially town ones, will, we think, be unfamiliar, and that is insect augury.

There is no such classical origin for this, so far as we are aware, as for the augury by birds. Yet it is a widespread belief, and how old impossible to say. You would not suppose that such tiny creatures could be so intently regarded. But, after all, there is doubtless as much in it as in peering into the future by cards or tea-leaves, with both which methods of obtaining auguries every one is, at any rate by hearsay, familiar.

There is one insect and one class of omen which it may be premised are well known enough. Of course, that is the "death-watch." Over a century and a half ago Swift, in some of his vigorous verse, endeavoured to dispute the superstition in a most superstitious age. We only therefore allude to this in order to say

two things—first, that despite Swift's laughter at the fear of this insect—

That lies in old wood, like a hare in her form,
With teeth and with claws it will bite or will scratch,
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-watch,
Because, like a watch, it always cries click.
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick—

the belief in its omen—not that it is a worm, but a small timber-boring beetle—remains as widely spread in 1899 as in Swift's day ; and, secondly, that it is by no means a mere village belief, but quite as much a London one.

As regards the beetle, there is a much less known augury deduced from a single one where none has appeared before. By beetle is meant, accurately speaking, the cockroach, that loathsome house pest originally introduced by the traffic from the West Indies. There is a very extensive opinion that the sight of a single beetle appearing in a house is a sign either of death or sickness and misfortune. So powerful is the notion that intending tenants of a house, on looking over it and seeing a solitary blackbeetle in one of the rooms, have thereupon incontinently altered their intentions and gone elsewhere. Again, in country districts it is held that to kill a beetle will be followed by rainy weather ; the origin of this it is impossible to say. Nor do some like to encounter what is known as “the bloody-nosed beetle”—a rural insect this, which, on being interfered with, exudes or discharges from the mouth a reddish fluid. This is by some deemed an unhappy augury.

Per contra, if the blackbeetle be unlucky to see on entering a new house, quite fortunate are they who hear the chirp of the cricket on such an occasion. But this belief is well known, and one of Dickens's Christmas books illustrates it. In some places the omen is yet more extensive, and the chirp of the field cricket is an equally happy sound. Not, by the way, to speak by the card, that either cricket chirps—it is a *façon de parler*—the sound is actually made by the friction of the cases of the *elytra* against each other. However, the sound of the field cricket, a shrilling noise much more sonorous than that of the house cricket, is one which the rustic, who is versed in old traditions, deduces happiest augury from, if he be going across the meadow a-wooing or to a new “place.” That killing a house cricket is a thing to be avoided, unless you wish to “kill your luck,” follows as a matter of course on these beliefs.

Among fortunate omens is that which occurs when a “ladybird” alights on the wayfarer. He will prosper in love affairs even

as he will in financial ones when the tiny spider known as the "money-spinner" drops on his hat. In each case he must be particularly careful not to dislodge the insect. There is little to choose between the popularity of these two little creatures. A number of ladybirds is, of course, a much more extensive omen than one. But as flirtations are antagonistic to prospering in true love, it would seem that in this case there is combined luck thus in love and money matters as well.

Butterflies may mean much in the way of auguries. The variegated ones, of bright colouring, are fortunate, especially if fluttering near the wayfarer. But the bronze butterfly or moth is not lucky. Of all the race, however, the most dreaded as an augury is what is commonly known as the "death's-head moth." People who are very firm of nerve in other matters have often been much agitated on finding one of these in a room. The villager does not simply augur death from the likeness to the skull in the marking of the back, but various minor misfortunes. This moth (whose scientific name, *Acherontia atropos*, is sufficiently grim) is a very large one, and, flying into cottage rooms, making *more suo* for the candle, often extinguishes it, which doubles the terror of the omen. It is worth while recalling to mind, in view of the gloomy auguries which in many places accompany this moth's appearance, the fear it excited in parts of Poland in 1824. It swarmed in the potato fields—these and jasmine plants being its favourite haunts—and at dusk into open cottage windows. The noise peculiar to the moth became to the terrified peasantry a voice of anguish, and when it flew into the light and extinguished it they anticipated war, pestilence, hunger, and death to man and beast; in fact the wildest horror, as described in contemporary accounts, overspread in that year a very wide district. Even now, however, so many decades later, and in much less impressionable rural England, the aspect of the moth and its sound are seen and heard with dread. From the yellow and brown tailed moths, too, similar, though less terrible, omens are deduced. Possibly the markings on the back of the death's-head moth, which are sufficiently startling to a nervous person or invalid when unexpectedly seen, account in some degree for the ill-omen which its appearance is deemed to be. But there is a much more puzzling augury, no origin of which we are acquainted with, nor do any of the village augurs themselves seem able to explain it, save that it is what they have heard from their predecessors. A wild bee—that means a humble bee—flying through an open window into a room would, if it occurred in London, which, save in some of the farthest suburbs, is a very unlikely occurrence, excite no sentiment

save that of astonishment or curiosity in children. But occurring in a village it immediately plunges all the occupants of that house into gloom. You ask why, and are pitied for your town ignorance. You will be told because it is a sign of death to some one in the house within a twelvemonth. If the bee flies round the room and out of the window again that does not lessen the omen. It is similar with a wild bird of any kind, about which just the same opinion is held. But either a honey bee, a wasp, a hornet, or any other insect except the moths mentioned, may thus fly into a room and no attention will be paid to the episode, except attention to avoid the sting of wasp or hornet. Why the big, buzzing humble bee should be such a token of gloom it is impossible to say, because on breezy, furze-clad common or in honeysuckle-scented lane the humble bee is regarded as a merry creature in the sunshine. Only when it enters the room does it become the presage of calamity. So, however, it is. And if you do not desire to ruffle the feelings of the inhabitants you will not argue the question.

Then, again, there are the hive bees. Unimaginative people who get their honey from the grocers', and neither have, nor desire to have, any nearer acquaintance with bees, are of the opinion that the sole associations of the latter are those of acting as moral examples of industry and making honey. Far otherwise is it in the districts "far from the madding crowd." Bees are auguries. Thus, where they swarm, the place whereon they cluster is looked at with intense interest; for if by any chance they should swarm in any portion of dead wood, be it the fence or otherwise, that is an omen, and a very sad one. Then will some one in the owner's house die within a year. If, again, they give but a scanty yield of honey, then troubles are ahead of anybody but "sovereigns and statesmen," and perhaps particularly enterprising editors. For it is an omen of European war; and during that war little if any honey will be made. (Bees, it may here be said, to thrive at their best must belong to people who are peaceable and hate both quarrels and slander—any kind of strife, either public or private, so upsets the bees' equanimity, that they do very little, whereas in the piping times of peace the supply of honey is large and of the best quality. Also bees must never be bought for cash, but procured by barter—a bushel of wheat is the traditional exchange. And the successful bee-keeper must have much regard for his morals. So now you may perchance guess why certain owners' bees do not prove a good speculation, though it may be as well not to air your theories.) Resuming the thread of our theme, there are other matters in which bees act as auguries.

For instance, if there is a wedding in the family, the coming event must be told them—in a low voice—not bawled at them jocosely. They do not like noise. Also the hives are to be decorated with red ribbon. Then the nuptials will be prosperous. In the case of a death in the family, the bees must be told it, otherwise they will desert the hive. We are not sure whether they are supposed to act thus if not informed of the wedding, but have an idea that opinions differ according to locality. In the case of the bee-owner dying, the hives should be given away. They will not make any more honey in that place.

Should they swarm in sunshine and on a hedge in full leafage, that is a particularly fortunate thing. Also if they swarm promptly and compactly; otherwise if in a dilatory, desultory, and divided fashion.

We are not sure whether a snail may be called an insect scientifically, at any rate it is one in village parlance. A harmless creature enough when there are not many flowers or vegetables which can be devoured by it; but under some circumstances a grim enough omen. We were not aware till lately that if one, as sometimes happens, crawls up a window-pane, it is a presage of death and misfortune, and that the browner the shell the more accurate the presage. Many people have been startled by, and the basis of various creepy legends about old houses has been the occasional tapping heard against the window at night, and supposed to be anything but what it is—the sound of the slowly crawling snail. But that it is an omen is probably new to a good many. In a less degree it is an unfortunate omen to find a snail in the morning on the doorstep. Perhaps that is why a good many observers complacently watch on a summer's morning "the bold thrush" as he industriously gets the snails on the dewy lawn, takes them to the gravel walk, and hammers their shells on the stones till he can swallow the succulent contents.

Ants are the subject of diverse opinion. Some behold with much trepidation the sight of a solitary one in the house, notwithstanding the many moral axioms which are founded on the ant's industry. But this really arises from the unconquerable dislike some people have to all creeping things. The entomologist cannot understand the nervous horror with which many regard the things he handles so lovingly—spiders, for example. This reminds us that yet another augury is deduced in village life from the common spider. Very many people, chiefly of towns, have the greatest antipathy to spiders. The author of the "Turkish Spy" tells us that he "would rather encounter a lion in the deserts of Arabia, provided he had but a sword in his hand, than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark."

But village people do not mind spiders, because any one of them, even the biggest, which reminds you with a shudder of the dreaded tarantula, crawling on your clothes, means very good fortune in monetary matters during the year. Also that it is a most unlucky thing to sweep down spiders' webs; which is a belief that lazy housemaids must certainly wish propagated.

The bluebottle is usually considered an unmitigated nuisance, whether in the matter of spoiling provisions or driving the studious occupant of a room to the verge of madness by buzzing round it and in the window. But should it alight on anybody's coat it is not, according to rustic tradition, to be driven. That noisy and unpopular insect presages good fortune in many ways. In this matter, however, there is a variation of opinion; for in some places it is held, and a gruesome notion in its suggestiveness it is, that a bluebottle persistently following a person walking along a road has the same ominous meaning as a shark has in following a ship—that is, death. The former augury is certainly the more pleasant. Nor do rustic nurses at all like the appearance of a bluebottle in a sick-room; while if the patient has heard the legend the consequences are often very injurious.

The first white butterfly seen in the garden, if it circles round and round and does not fly off suddenly, is a welcome sight. The dragon-fly, too, one of the most beautiful of insects, is a lucky augury when first seen. Also

The chaffer's deep and drowsy hum,
Not musical; but apt to find
A welcome in the dreamy mind,

is a sound which, in the first really summer evening, it is fortunate to hear if you have money in your pocket. This idea, by the way, may be compared with that of hearing for the first time the cuckoo, from the *right*, on May-day if you are in the same agreeable financial condition.

Should you be reposing in summer in a meadow and a grasshopper happens to jump on you, by no means drive him away; welcome and cherish him, which is best done by perfect quiescence. He is a fortunate augury in any pet scheme that you may then have in contemplation. Whether his usual merry disposition or his blithe hopping over all sorts of difficulties has any association with the notion we know not; but the popularity of the grasshopper is ancient and distinguished enough, the Greek species having been favourites with all the poets from Homer and Hesiod to Anacreon and Theocritus. So much did the Athenians admire them that they

were accustomed to fasten golden figures of them in their hair, and they were always addressed by the most endearing epithets. The sound of the grasshopper is always welcome and naturally of good omen, alluding, as it were, to summer and sunshine. Exactly in inverse ratio is it held in estimation to the eerie note of the death's-head moth, which we forgot to mention has been described by a scientific authority as "strong and sharp, resembling, some say, that of a mouse, but more plaintive and even lamentable ; which continues as long as it is held." Nobody but an entomologist would want to hold it. But no wonder the ignorant many should deem such an insect and such a sound as ill-omened, and desire to have as little acquaintance with either as possible.

Nor does the rustic who is skilled in insect auguries have any wish to loiter, despite the charm of one of the most perfect of immortal poems,

Where the beetle wheels his drowsy flight.

He does not care about having it suddenly close to his ear when going homeward along a lonely lane, any more than he does the

Sepulchral screech

From the dark wood of oak or beech

of the flame-bright owl, when on noiseless pinions she sweeps round the meadows, mouse-hunting at the same time, when

Fades the glimmering landscape on the sight.

The beetle's boom is not the merry, daylight one of the humble bee—the humble bee at large, mind you—and it is not lucky. Why? *Quien sabe?* Perhaps because it is associated with the race of beetles, and—bar entomologists—they are not popular with any class. Always excepting the gold beetle of Edgar Poe's story. Probably nobody would consider *that* anything but a good omen if the result of coming into contact with one were satisfactory.

While writing we are reminded that one kind of butterfly is a welcome visitor to any house, as being a fortunate omen both in matters of finance and affection. That may come through an open window and welcome, and if it settle on any flowers in the room it is still more fortunate. Let it stay as long as it likes, says the admiring rustic. And that is the butterfly—although we do not know his scientific name—of red wings black flecked ; but we cannot give a more admirable description than by quotation :—

And he whose wings of blood bright grain,

With broidery black and gold excel,

The mottled tortoise' polish'd shell—

which is indeed a thing of beauty.

There is a well-known insect of feeble aspect and very vague ways of flying about, which is termed popularly the daddy-long-legs. As to this we are not aware of any particular good omen from its wavering flights and floppings round the lamp or on your book or paper, or (which gives you the creeps) on the back of your neck. But it will be a very bad omen if it is killed for whatever special intention you are then thinking of carrying into effect. It must be gently taken up and put on the window-sill and there left, if you object to its society. If you do not, let it fly about and circle round the lamp, which is embarrassing, as it usually burns some part of itself and drops ghastly on the table, as do the moths.

Curious it is to see with what attention in some remote parts an airy cloud of gnats—the earliest—are watched playing overhead. If their general height is low, things, some imagine, will not be prosperous; but if high, then the general outlook is much more cheerful. A very large quantity of them, like an unusual swarm of flies, is looked upon as showing something important about to happen. Probably, however, this arises from the latter thing having preceded—whether as a mere coincidence or not is an argued question—epidemics.

The newly married couple who find a ladybird on their window-sill are as fortunate as in being greeted by the chirping of the cricket from the hearth. It is as good an omen as a black pullet being brought in on their first arrival and cackling, which is one of the best of presages. Also if across their garden's path in the morning they

See the industrious emmets race,
With forward course and eager pace,
Forth from their wintry hillock's store,
Blackening the narrow pathway pour;
And to and fro impatient run,
Exulting in the vernal sun—

they may presage a good crop from the garden.

It will, then, be seen that in most instances the nature of the insect augury depends very much on locality in the insects, different places giving quite different presages. Some of the most widely extended beliefs are those about the honey bees. In Brittany, for instance, they are even stronger than in our own realm. Possibly inquiry, conducted in the proper way of gathering folklore, which means implying not the least doubt or ridicule, would gain particulars about other insects beyond those here mentioned, for there is a good deal of ancient tradition in far-off corners, which those possessed of do not volunteer to wayfarers.

F. G. WALTERS.

WHERE TIME STANDS STILL.

I ENJOY a much appreciated privilege in this bustling modern life, that of retiring at least once a year to an old-fashioned country home, a home where there are none of the constant and bewildering changes which meet us in the great London world, and where Time for many years has, for the rare visitor, stood still.

The manor lies in a picturesque village, which nestles against a thickly wooded hillside, so that it is sheltered from upland storms, and yet high enough to overlook the valley. It is situated within easy reach of two different styles of country, between a peaceful English dairy country, and the wild bleak land which lies above the hill, and under a spur of the Wiltshire downs. The manor is more than four miles from a country station, and there is not so much as a post-office in the tiny village. Stay, an office was opened in the hamlet a mile off on the Diamond Jubilee day, and now I am told that the enterprising doctor of a distant town has also established a dispensary there.

I confess freely I do not like it, for surely I can bring stamps enough from town for my daily needs, and the cook has always a supply of stamps when needed, though how and where she got them is a mystery to me. One never wants to solve mysteries here, and that is one charm of the dear old manor, that the feverish curiosity of London is as it were tempered.

One accepts the news of the day with a benign interest, as the returned traveller, in welcome haven, watches his fellow battling with the storm. I do not appreciate this "thin end of the wedge," this masked assault, which has, however, not yet ventured to besiege the village proper. Yet hath Father Time taken sly revenge for this advance upon a favourite stronghold, since by some arrangement beyond my comprehension, and, as I said before, curiosity in this region weds not with the spirit of the place, our postman who came twice a day now invades but once its wooded precincts.

As I arrived here in the budding April weather I found everything as usual, and as I left it, which is well, as I resent the smallest change.

The owner of the house is, alas ! not always as strong as when I last saw him, but bears his over ninety years with the vigour of the English oaks on his estate. Often deprived in these days of his long drives over hill and dairy country, he still overlooks his premises on a fine day, and we sally forth to feed the chickens and the pigeons which peck about the stable yard, and the caged jackdaw whose iron beak lends excitement to our offer of bread. The pigeons are an innovation this year, but I forgive them : they are so graceful and attractive as they preen their wings, and stretch their glossy necks in the sunshine, and are in such perfect harmony with the spirit of the scene.

This April weather is stormy, but when the sun comes out how doubly fresh and tempting is the beautiful level lawn, level save for the green mound, from the summit of which waves a fine young copper beech. The lawn is bounded on one side by the handsome close-clipped yew hedge which divides it from the churchyard, and which, says the Squire, is quite an upstart, by no means so venerable as visitors would suppose. Round the corner of the yew hedge is placed the bench where the Squire has smoked his pipe this many a long year, and which faces the old mulberry and Portugal laurel trees, and stands above the two grass terraces which descend to the pond, which is bordered with water lilies. Just behind the bench, on the other side of the yew hedge, lies the grave of the old clerk who, day after day, had attended the Squire at this open-air rendezvous to discuss parish matters. It is by his own special desire that the man now sleeps close to the spot where his old master still smokes in the summer weather.

On the other side of the lawn, which stretches far beyond the house, is the walk of grey flagged stones, which dries up so speedily that there is safe walking in wet weather, and whence the visitor gazes on the range of hills with their wooded heights, which dip gradually to the eastwards. From these old trees we now hear the cuckoo, whose note is yet so clear and insistent, or the steady, monotonous coo of the wood-pigeon. The flagged pavement terminates in the old stone steps and balustrade, whence I make my way after my arrival from London to the Long Walk, a pleasant wild shrubbery which skirts the broad meadow. Midway on its course it intersects a tiny orchard, where one large gnarled old apple tree is now a mass of blossom. I sit down under the apple tree, surrounded by long grasses, inhale the sweet scent of a carpet of primroses, and the first tiny cluster of cowslips, and believe I have at last solved the problem of which season of the year is best for

my precious and fleeting fortnight at the manor. I am here at all seasons, and each seems best in its day, though on calm consideration June is the queen of seasons at the manor.

In June the wild thorns blossom, pink and white, all along the hedge up on the hill country, scenting the air, and growing as thorn trees will, in a variety of twisted shapes. I know no other country side where the thorn trees grow thick along the hedgerow as well as in the gardens. On a lovely June morning my host and I are driven along this scented avenue of trees on the open hillside, between the distant down country and the valley below. Soon we are driving down the hillside with its chalk beds towards the vale, exchanging our avenues of May blossom for meadow land, which is a veritable field of the cloth of gold, the green grass barely visible under a carpet of golden buttercups. The little cottage gardens are bright and trim with flowers, and as we drove past them last June upon the Diamond Jubilee day each cottage had its own spontaneous reminder of flag or coloured cloth in sympathy with the patriotic spirit of the people. The little local town was also gay with garlands stretched across the street, and twined about the windows. Now the scent of May reaches us, and sometimes we drive over the freshly cut grass to interview the mowers.

The Squire knows all the histories and legends of every homestead and meadow, and the exact limits of the old forest which flourished in these parts in the days when every wolf's head taken by the serf earned guerdon from the lord of the manor. His histories fill the surrounding landscape with associations of bygone days, and in the manor itself are old books which carry on these associations. Yes, June is the Queen of seasons in this old-time region, but each season has its own fascinations.

Winter is a glorious time, though best appreciated by the lovers of books and wood fires, and of cosy contemplation indoors while the storm fiend howls without. These look with pity on the unfortunates who tap the window pane, and fill the atmosphere with a distracting sense of unrest, but such folk do not disturb the peace of the manor. Then comes the bright frosty morning, when one tears oneself away from the wood fire and the books to find ample compensation in the lanes sparkling with hoar frost, the wide untouched expanse of snow, and the exhilarating atmosphere. Doubly welcome that evening is the cheery flicker of the wood fire over the oaken furniture, and the pleasure of the resumed volume.

Then there is the autumn season, which, after all, I love best, because I know it best, when the trees are turning colour; and as

there are about forty specimens of trees in the Squire's garden, the tints are unusually varied. If the air becomes a trifle heavy with this mass of foliage, and the damp feel of the autumnal atmosphere, one has only to climb the hill, past the great bank of chalk which marks the village, to those who are miles away in the valley, and up to the open land which is so much lighter and more bracing, though still sheltered by the distant down country.

As I wake the morning after my arrival, it is not only by the note of the cuckoo and the coo of the wood-pigeon that I know I am again in the familiar haven, but I hear the three old clocks which have always sounded since my time, striking one after the other, and answered after a decorous interval of silence by the old church clock hard by. The church clock never condescends to strike with its rivals, whom it evidently looks upon as upstarts, and sometimes, indeed, they attempt to strike together, producing an undignified and hurried jangle, which is quite at variance with the traditions of the house.

The last few years I have, indeed, had reminders that Time does not stand still, even in this dear place, where a thousand little ceremonies are reproduced each visit with charming fidelity, harmonising with the deep unchanging peace which broods over it all; but the reminders are the most pleasant and natural offered by old Time for our observation. The village children are charming, rosy-cheeked, and still bashful in this pearl of country villages, and many a time have the Squire and I thrown rosy apples or walnuts from the huge old tree in the kitchen garden among an excited group of them. As the store was exhausted the Squire gave the word to "scatter," and there was a wild stampede, prescribed by etiquette, but as frantic as though some village tyrant pursued them. The baby of the party was usually left behind, staring in open-eyed wonder, with an apple in its chubby fist, and refusing to comply with the law established, till dragged away by an elder sister, whose confusion was hidden in her big sun-bonnet.

But the village children, brothers and sisters, being so pleasantly alike, and always seen *en masse*, never marked the flight of Time, for the group never appeared to change. From the tall first class school girl dreaming of her first place, to the baby sister in charge, from the biggest schoolboy, who looked half inclined to consider apple-throwing beneath his dignity, and then changed his mind, to the out-of-elbows urchin of three or four, this village group always appeared the same.

But of late years we have young married people at the vicarage hard by, and the vicar's little girls come toddling over to the manor

for the daily biscuits from their great uncle, known to them also by the good old-fashioned Wiltshire term of "grandfer." The eldest is dark and slender, the youngest rosy and dimpled—there is no confusing them; and as I revisit the old place, how inexorably, but how sweetly, do they mark the flight of Time! The new life, the baby laughter, light up the old place, and presently they are running about the broad lawn or hiding among the trees. Over the dining-room mantelpiece hangs the picture of a little ancestor, a lad of seven when painted over two hundred years ago, and his bright eyes seem to follow his little descendants as each takes a biscuit from the old silver box, and drops an old-fashioned curtsey to "grandfer" before regaining her out-of-door freedom.

Outside in the old churchyard is another and as beautiful a contrast between the old-world surroundings of the manor and the young lives which flourish there, in the presence of what has been taken for the remains of an old font, its stem destroyed, but the broad edges of its stone basin rising from the grass. It is now proved to be the base of an ancient church pillar, thus firmly planted in God's acre; and from some seed, dropped by a wandering bird, a young tree has sprung up in the very midst of the pillar, and is now putting forth its fresh spring leaves. In another corner of the churchyard stands a yew tree known by experts to be at least a thousand years old. The Squire's father saw no change in it during a long lifetime, except a new growth of wood which grew up inside its huge hollow trunk, where the fresh wood now shows in strong contrast to the rest of the battered though solid tree; which dates from the Saxon Dominion.

Echoes of the great outside world break sometimes from strange places upon this little Wiltshire village. The bailiff's son was on business in Spain some years ago, and brought home with him, with other curiosities of the country, a series of coloured pictures representing Spanish bull-fights. Never were pictures more horribly and revoltingly realistic than these scenes of slaughter, the thought of which seemed an outrage among the quiet country folk, but, after all, there was a merciful lack of realisation in seeing them amid such surroundings.

In holiday time the Squire's grandchildren fill the house with mirth, and their sailor father sends news from many a distant quarter of the globe, when his whereabouts is carefully looked out in the atlas with a faint attempt to realise his surroundings, while he can picture without difficulty the daily family life of wife and children at the manor.

In the old garden itself is the historical association of the large drooping willow which overhangs the pond, and which grew from a slip of the willow which overshadows Napoleon's grave at St. Helena. Another and more warlike association meets the eye before the manor windows in the shape of two Turkish shot sent here from the Dardanelles by the Squire's son-in-law, and standing out against the dark red walls of the manor, a landmark from the hills which overlook the place.

Like many another quiet English village, this retired spot has its link with the great Western world, for here the Squire has welcomed distant kinsfolk from New York, who have enjoyed the contrast between the stillness of the old ancestral home and the life and movement of their modern city. They are heard from at rare intervals, and we know that they have never forgotten the link which binds them in association with the little Wiltshire village.

I think these signs and tokens of a wider but not a kindlier world but serve to deepen the quiet happiness of a visit to the old manor, and it is a pleasant and valued privilege to return year after year to a home where the unchanged order of things is in harmony with the unchanged greeting, so confidently looked for. Here rich and poor work out their joys and sorrows like the rest of the world. It is their portion of the great battlefield of good and evil, but it is ever for me the haven of happy leisure, the place where Time stands still, not with a purposeless stagnation, but with the wise and happy calm which braces the soul to further effort.

M. PROWER.

LONDON SEEN THROUGH FOREIGN SPECTACLES.

LONDON IN 1765.

IN the year 1765 a Frenchman, who did not give his name, visited London, and afterwards published in Paris an account of his visit.

“I reached London,” he says, “towards the close of the day . . . and at last, quite by chance, I found myself settled in an apartment in the house of the *Cuisinier Royal* in Leicester Fields: this neighbourhood is filled with small houses, which are mostly let to foreigners.” On the following day he walked down Holborn and the Strand to St. Paul’s; then crossed London Bridge, and returned to his hotel by walking through Southwark and Lambeth to Westminster, “a district full of mean houses and meaner taverns.” The localities named have not greatly altered their character since then. In another place our traveller says: “Even from the bridges it is impossible to get a view of the river, as the parapets are ten feet high . . . The reason given for all this is the inclination which the English, and the Londoners especially, have for suicide. It is true that above and below the town the banks are unprotected, and offer an excellent opportunity to those who really wish to drown themselves, but the distance is great, and, besides, those who wish to leave the world in this manner prefer doing so before the eyes of the public. The parapets, however, of the new bridge [Blackfriars] which is being built will be but of an ordinary height.” Suicidal tendencies must, indeed, have greatly declined, since the most recently erected bridges, the new Westminster and Blackfriars, have particularly low parapets!

VILE CONDITION OF LONDON STREETS.

Of the streets our author says: “They are paved in such a manner that it is barely possible to ride or walk on them in safety, and they are always extremely dirty . . . The finest streets . . . would be impassable were it not that on each side . . . footways are

made from four to five feet wide, and for communication from one to the other across the street, there are smaller footways elevated above the general surface of the roadway, and formed of large stones, selected for the purpose . . . In the finest part of the Strand, near St. Clement's Church, I noticed, during the whole of my stay in London, that the middle of the street was constantly covered with liquid stinking mud, three or four inches deep . . . The walkers are bespattered from head to foot . . . The natives, however, brave all these disagreeables, wrapped up in long blue coats, like dressing-gowns, wearing brown stockings and perukes, rough, red and frizzled."

Well, we cannot find much fault with this description, unflattering as it is, for in the last century London certainly was one of the most hideous towns to live in, and its inhabitants the most uncouth, repulsive set of "guys"!

CONCERNING OXFORD STREET

our author makes a false prognostic: "The shops of Oxford Street will disappear as the houses are sought after for private dwellings by the rich; soon will the great city extend itself to Marylebone, which is not more than a quarter of a league distant. At present it is a village, principally of taverns, inhabited by French refugees."

Our traveller sees but four houses in London which will bear comparison with the great hotels in Paris. To the inconvenience of mud, he says, must be added that of smoke, which, mingled with a perpetual fog, covers London as a pall. We, to our sorrow, know this to be true even now

But we have improved in one respect; our

OLD WATCHMEN OR CHARLEYS

have disappeared before the modern police. Concerning these watchmen our author says: "There are no troops or guard, or watch of any kind, except during the night by some old men, chosen from the dregs of the people: their only arms are a stick and a lantern; they walk about the streets crying the hour every time the clock strikes . . . and it appears to be a point of etiquette among hare-brained youngsters to maul them on leaving their parties."

Our Frenchman formed a correct estimate of the London watchman of his day; nay, it held good to the final extinction of the Charleys. In December 1826 a watchman was charged before the Lord Mayor with insubordination. On being asked who had appointed him watchman, the prisoner replied that he was in great distress and a burden to the parish, who therefore gave him the appointment to get rid of him. The Lord Mayor: "I thought so;

and what can be expected from such a system of choosing watchmen? I know that most of the men, who are thus burdens on the parish, are the vilest of wretches, and such men are appointed to guard the lives and property of others! I also know that in most cases robberies are perpetrated by the connivance of watchmen."

But in some cases our author is really

TOO GOOD-NATUREDLY CREDULOUS.

Says he: "The people of London, though proud and hasty, are good at heart, and humane, even in the lowest class. If any stoppage occurs in the streets they are always ready to lend their assistance to remove the difficulty, instead of raising a quarrel, which might end in murder, as is often the case in Paris." This is really too innocent! And our French visitor must have been very fortunate indeed never to have got into a London crowd of roughs, or of pickpockets, who create stoppages in the streets for the only purpose of pursuing their trade, and who seldom hesitate to commit violence if they cannot rob without it. Our author's belief, indeed, in London honesty is boundless. "In order that the pot-boys," he says, "may have but little trouble in collecting them [the pewter pots in which publicans send out the beer], they are placed in the open passages, and sometimes on the doorsteps of the houses. I saw them thus exposed . . . and felt quite assured against all the cunning of thieves." But more astounding is the statement that there are

NO POOR IN LONDON!

"A consequence," says our visitor, "of its rich and numerous charitable establishments and the immense sums raised by the poor-rates, which impost is one which the little householders pay most cheerfully, as they consider it a fund from which, in the event of their death, their wives and children will be supported." Fancy a little householder paying his poor-rate cheerfully! And what a mean opinion must our author have had of the spirit of the householder who calmly contemplated his family, after his death, going to the parish!

The Frenchman returns once more to our usual melancholy, "which," he says, "is no doubt owing to the fogs" and to

OUR FAT MEAT AND STRONG BEER.

"Beef is the Englishman's ordinary diet, relished in proportion to the quantity of fat, and this, mixed in their stomachs with the beer they drink, must produce a chyle, whose viscous heaviness conveys only bilious and melancholic vapours to the brain."

It certainly is satisfactory to have so scientific an explanation of the origin of our spleen.

ANOTHER FRENCH WRITER

in 1784—M. La Combe—published a book, entitled “A Picture of London,” in which, *inter alia*, he says: “The highroads thirty or forty miles round London are filled with armed highwaymen and footpads.” This was then pretty true, though the expression “filled” is somewhat of an exaggeration. The medical student of forty or fifty years ago seems to have been anticipated in 1784, for M. La Combe tells us that “the brass knockers of doors, which cost from 12s. to 15s., are stolen at night if the maid forgets to unscrew them”—a precaution which seems to have gone out of fashion. “The arrival of the mails,” our author says, “is uncertain at all times of the year . . . Persons who frequently receive letters should recommend their correspondents not to insert loose papers, nor to put the letters in covers, because the tax is sometimes treble, and always arbitrary, though in a free country. But rapacity and injustice are the deities of the English.” M. La Combe does not give us a flattering character! “An Englishman,” he says, “considers a foreigner as an enemy, whom he dares not offend openly, but whose society he fears; and he attaches himself to no one.” Perhaps it was so in 1784, but such feelings have nearly died out—at least among educated people. M. La Combe, in another part of his book, exclaims: “How are you changed, Londoners! . . . Your women are become bold, imperious, and expensive. Bankrupts and beggars, coiners, spies and informers, robbers and pickpockets abound . . . the baker mixes alum in his bread . . . the brewer puts opium and copper filings in his beer . . . the milk-woman spoils her milk with snails.”

Do more recent writers judge of us more correctly? We shall see.

LONDON WITHOUT UMBRELLAS.

I have lying before me a French book, the title of which, translated into English, runs, “Geography for Young People.” It is in its eighth edition, and written by M. Lévi, Professor of Belles-Lettres, of History and Geography, in Paris. The date of the book is 1850. The Professor in it describes London; and if his pupils ever have, or rather had, occasion to visit our capital, they must have been unable to recognise it from their teacher’s description of it. Among the many blunders he commits, there are some which are excusable in a foreigner, because they refer to matters which are often

misapprehended even by natives ; but to describe London as possessing a certain architectural feature which a mere walk through the streets with his eyes open would have shown him to have no existence at all is rather unpardonable in a professor who takes on himself to teach young people geography. But what does M. Lévi say ? He says : " In London you never see an umbrella, because all the streets are built with arcades, under which you find shelter when it rains, so that an umbrella, which to us Parisians is an indispensable article, is perfectly useless to a Londoner." M. Lévi, evidently, if ever he was in London, visited the Quadrant only, before the arcade was pulled down, and thereupon wrote his account of London. Yet he must have looked about a bit, for he tells us of splendid *cafés* to be met with in every street ; the nobility patronise them ; " one of them accidentally treads on the toes of another, a duel is the consequence, and to-morrow morning one of them will have ceased to live."

A QUEER ACCOUNT OF LONDON LIFE.

M. Lévi reminds us of the Frenchman who came over to England with the object of writing a book about us. He arrived in London one Saturday night and, being tired, at once went to bed. At breakfast next morning he asked for new bread ; the waiter told him they only had yesterday's. Out came the Frenchman's notebook, in which he wrote : " In London the bread is always baked the day before." He then asked for the day's paper, but was again told they had yesterday's only ; a memorandum went into the notebook : " The London newspapers are always published yesterday." He then thought he would present the letter of introduction he had brought with him to a private family ; so, having been directed to the house, he saw a lady near the window, reading. Not wishing to startle or disturb her, he gave a gentle, single rap. This not being answered, he had to give a few more raps, when at last a servant partly opened the door, and asked his business. He expressed his wish to see the master of the house. " Master never sees anybody to-day, but he will perhaps to-morrow," replied the servant, and shut the door in his face. Another memorandum was added to the previous ones : " In London people never see anyone to-day, but always to-morrow." Having nothing to do, he thought he would go to the theatre ; he inquired for Drury Lane, and was directed to it. The doors being shut, he lounged about the neighbourhood till they should open. As it grew later and later, and there was no sign of a *queue*, he at last addressed a passer-by, and asked him when the theatre would open. " It won't open to-day " was the reply. ' This was the last straw that

broke the camel's back ; our Frenchman hurried back to his hotel, wrote in his notebook, "In London there are theatres, but they never open to-day," took a cab, caught the night mail, and hastened to leave so barbarous a country.

This description of London life is about as correct as that recently given in Max O'Rell's "John Bull and his Womankind." What kind of people did O'Rell visit ?

AN ITALIAN WRITER ON LONDON.

I look at another book before me, written in Italian, and entitled, "Semi-serious Observations of an Exile on England." The book was published at Lugano in 1831, but the author—Giuseppe Pecchio—dates his preface from York, in 1827.

He speaks thusly of the approach to London by the Dover road : "If the sky is gloomy, the first aspect of London is no less so. The smoky look of the houses gives them the appearance of a recent fire. If to this you add the silence prevailing amidst a population of a million and a half of inhabitants, all in motion (so that you seem to behold a stage full of Chinese shadows), and the uniformity of the houses, as if you were in a city of beavers, you will easily understand that, on entering into such a beehive, pleasure gives way to astonishment. This is the old country style, but since the English have substituted blue pills for suicide, or, still better, have made a journey to Paris ; since, instead of Young's 'Night Thoughts,' they read the novels of Walter Scott, they have rendered their houses a little more pleasing in outward appearance. In the West End, especially, they have adopted a more cheerful style of architecture. But I do not by this mean to imply that the English themselves have become more lively ; they still take delight in ghosts, witchcraft, cemeteries, and similar horrors. Woe to the author who writes a novel without some apparition to make your hair stand on end."

LONDON HOUSES ARE FRAIL.

In speaking of the thinness of the walls and floors of London houses he says : "I could hear the murmur of the conversation of the tenant of the room above, and of that of the one below me ; from time to time the words 'very fine weather,' 'indeed,' 'very fine,' 'comfort,' 'comfortable,' 'great comfort,' reached my ears. In fact, the houses are ventriloquous. As already mentioned, they are all alike. In a three-storied house there are three perpendicular bedrooms, one above the other, and three parlours, equally so superposed." *We* know how much of this description is true.

"Why are the English," he asks, "not expert dancers? Because they cannot practise dancing in their slightly built houses, in which a lively caper would at once send the third floor down into the kitchen. This is the reason why the English gesticulate so little, and have their arms always glued to their sides. The rooms are so small that you cannot move about rapidly without smashing some object"; or, as we should say, you cannot swing a cat in them.

STILLNESS OF LONDON STREETS.

"Strangers are astounded," continues our author, "at the silence prevailing among the inhabitants of London. But how could a million and a half of people live together without silence? The noise of men, horses, and carriages between the Strand and the Exchange is so great that it is said that in winter there are two degrees of difference in the thermometers of the City and of the West End. I have not verified it," our author is candid enough to admit; "but, considering the great number of chimneys in the Strand, it is probable enough. From Chering [*sic*] Cross to the Exchange is the cyclopedia of the world. Anarchy seems to prevail, but it is only apparent. The rules which Gray gives (in his 'Trivia; or the Art of Walking the Streets of London') seem to me unnecessary."

THE INFLUX AND EFFLUX OF CITY MEN.

Signor Pecchio pretty well describes the movements of "City men."

"The great monster of the capital," he says, "similar to a huge giant, waking up, begins by giving signs of life at its extremities. The movement begins at the circumference, gradually extending to the centre, until about ten o'clock the uproar begins, increasing till four o'clock, which is the hour for going on 'Change. The population seems to follow the law of the tides. Up to that hour the tide rises from the periphery to the Exchange. At half-past four, when the Exchange closes, the ebb sets in, and currents of men, horses, and carriages flow from the Exchange to the periphery."

Like all foreigners, he has something to say about

THE DULNESS OF AN ENGLISH SUNDAY.

"This country, all in motion, all alive on other days of the week," he observes, "seems struck with an attack of apoplexy on the Lord's day." Foreigners pass the day at Greenwich or Richmond, where "they pay dearly for a dinner, seasoned with the bows of a waiter in silk stockings and brown livery, just like the dress of a Turin lawyer." But if you want to see how John Bull spends the day, it is not in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens you must

look for him. "If you want to see that marvellous personage, who is the wonder and laughing-stock of all Europe, who clothes all the world, wins battles on land and sea without much boasting, who works like three and drinks like six, who is the pawnbroker and usurer of all kings and all republics, whilst he is bankrupt at home, and sometimes, like Midas, dies of hunger in the midst of gold, you must look for him elsewhere. In winter you must descend into underground cellars. There, around a blazing fire, you will behold the English workman, well dressed and shod, smoking, drinking, and reading . . . For this class of readers special Sunday newspapers are published . . . It is in these taverns, and amidst the smoke of tobacco and the froth of their beer, the first condition of public opinion is born and formed. It is there the conduct of every citizen is discussed and appraised; there starts the road which leads to the Capitol or the Tarpeian Rock; there praise or blame are awarded to a Burdett issuing triumphantly from the Tower, or to a Castlereagh descending amidst curses to the tomb . . . There are no rows in these taverns . . . more decency of conduct is observed in them than in our [Italian] churches. When full of spirit and beer, the customers, instead of fighting, fall down on the pavement, like dead men."

After having so carefully observed the conduct of the British workman, our Italian friend watches him in the

SUBURBAN TEA-GARDEN,

which he visits with his family to take tea in the afternoon, or drink his nut-brown ale. "One of the handsomest," he says, "is Cumberland Gardens,¹ close to Vauxhall . . . there he sits smoking long pipes of the whitest clay, which the landlord supplies, filled with tobacco, at one penny each. Between his puffs of smoke he occasionally sends forth a truncated phrase, such as we read in 'Tristram Sandi' [*sic*] were uttered by Trion and the captain. It being Sunday, which admits of no amusement, no music or song is heard." Pretty much as it is at the present day!

Having heard what both Frenchmen and an Italian had to say about London, let us listen to what

A GERMAN AUTHORESS

has to tell us on the subject.

¹ In the early part of 1825, therefore shortly after our author wrote, the tavern was burnt to the ground, and the site taken possession of by the South London Waterworks.

Johanna Schopenhauer, in her "Travels through England and Scotland" (third edition, 1826), says: "The splendid shops, which offer the finest sights, are situate chiefly between the working City and the more aristocratic, enjoying Westminster," a statement which, as every Londoner knows, is only partially correct. "The English custom of always making way to the right greatly facilitates walking, so that there is no pushing or running against anyone." Did our author ever take a walk in Cheapside or Fleet Street? "Even Italians probably do not fear rain so much as a Londoner; to catch a wetting seems to them the most terrible misfortune; on the first falling of a few drops everyone not provided with an umbrella hastens to take refuge in a coach." How well the lady has studied the habits of Londoners! What will they say to this?

"THE POLICE

exercise a strict control over hackney-coaches. Woe to the driver who ventures to overcharge!" And again: "You may safely enter, carrying with you untold wealth, a coach at any time of the night, as long as some one at the house whence you start takes the number of the coach, and lets the driver see that it is taken."

Mrs. Schopenhauer tells us that it is customary to

GO FOR BREAKFAST TO A PASTRY-COOK'S SHOP,

and eat a few cakes hot from the pan. Truly, we did not know it. Of course, she agrees with other writers as to the smallness of the houses, every room of which you can tell from the outside; but we were not aware that, as she informs us, all the doors are exceedingly narrow and high, and that frequently the front doors look only like narrow slits in the wall.

"BEDROOMS

seldom can contain more than one bed; but English bedsteads are large enough to hold three persons. And it is a universal custom not to sleep alone; sisters, relations, and female friends share a bed without ceremony, and the mistress of the house is not ashamed to take her servant to bed with her, for English ladies are afraid of being alone in a room at night, having never been brought up to it. . . . The counterpane is fastened to the mattress, leaving but an opening for slipping in between the two."

Again, we are told, to our astonishment: "The majority of Londoners, workmen and shopkeepers, who form but one category, on the whole lead sad lives. Heavy taxes, the high prices of neces-

saries, extravagance of dress, compel them to observe a frugality of living which, in other countries, would be called poverty.

“THE SHOPKEEPER, FOR EVER TIED TO HIS SHOP

and the dark parlour behind, must deny himself every amusement. Theatres are too far off and too expensive ; the wife of a well-to-do tradesman seldom can visit one more than twice a year.

“During the week they cannot leave the shop between nine in the morning and twelve at night. The wife generally attends to it, while the husband sits in the parlour behind and keeps the accounts. True, on Sundays all the shops are closed, but so are the theatres, and as all domestics and other employés insist on having that day to themselves, the mistress has to stay at home to take care of the house.

“Merchants lead lives nearly as dull. They have to deny themselves social pleasures indulged in by the rich merchants of Hamburg or Leipsic. English ladies are more domesticated, and not accustomed to the bustle of public amusements. But their husbands, after business hours, occasionally seek for recreation in *cafés* and taverns.” How very one-sided and imperfect a view of English middle life, even as it was seventy years ago, when these remarks were written, is presented to us by them is self-evident.

ENGLISH LADIES,

according to our author, “seldom go out, and when they do they prefer a shopping excursion to every other kind of promenade. They also are fond of visiting pastry-cooks’ shops ; and, as these are open to the street, ladies may safely enter them. But that is not allowable at Mr. Birch’s in Cornhill, whose shop ladies cannot visit without being accompanied by gentlemen, the breakfast-room being at the back of the house, at the end of a long passage, and lit up all the year round (as daylight does not penetrate into it) with wax candles, by the light of which ladies and gentlemen—usually amidst solemn silence—swallow their turtle soup and small hot patties. The house supplies nothing else . . . but its former proprietor, Master Horton, by his patties and soup made a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds, and his successor seems in a fair way of doing the same.” We hope the assumption was verified !

According to Mrs. Schopenhauer,

LONDONERS ARE NOT VERY HOSPITABLE,

and “prefer entertaining a friend they invite to dinner at a coffee-

house or tavern rather than at their own homes, where the presence of ladies is a restraint upon them. Ladies are treated with great respect, but, like all personages imposing respect, they are avoided as much as possible." Our traveller must have come in contact with some very ungallant Englishmen. She describes a dinner at a private house; we are told that "there are twelve to fourteen guests, who fill the small drawing-room, the ladies sitting in armchairs, whilst the gentlemen stand about, some warming themselves by the fire, often in a not very decent manner.

AT THE DINNER-TABLE

napkins are found only in houses which have acquired foreign polish, and they are not many. The tablecloth hangs down to the floor, and every guest takes it upon his knee, and uses it as a napkin. . . . The lady of the house serves the dishes, and there is no end to her questions, put to her guests, as to the seasoning, the part of the joint, the sauce, &c. they like"—questions which are exceedingly troublesome to a foreigner who is not up to all the technical terms of English cookery. Of course, the hobnobbing and taking wine with everybody—a fashion now happily abolished—comes in for a good deal of censure, which, indeed, is richly deserved. "Conversation on any subject of interest is out of the question during dinner; were anyone to attempt it, the master would immediately interrupt him with, 'Sir, you are losing your dinner; by-and-by we will discuss these matters.' The ladies from sheer modesty speak but little; foreigners must beware from saying much, lest they be considered monstrous bold."

Whilst, after dinner, the gentlemen sit over their wine, the ladies are yawning the time away in the drawing-room until their hostess sends word down to the dining-room that tea is ready. "It is said," continues our author, "that the slow or quick attention given to this message shows who is master in the house—the husband or the wife." Long after midnight the guests drive home, "through the streets still swarming with people. All the shops are still open, and lighted up; the street-lamps, of course, are alight, and burn till the rising of the sun." Has any Londoner ever seen all the shops open and lighted up all night? Did our author have visions?

A LONDON SUNDAY,

of course, is commented on. The complaint raised quite recently by some of our bishops seems but a revival of wailings uttered long ago, for we learn from Mrs. Schopenhauer that in her time, sixty years ago, "some of the highest families in the kingdom

were called to account for desecrating the Sabbath with amateur concerts, dances, and card-playing, so that it would indeed seem there is nothing new under the sun. "The genuine Englishman," says our authoress, "divides his time on Sundays between church and the bottle; his wife spends the hours her religious duties leave her with a gossip, and abuses her neighbours and acquaintances, which is quite lawful on Sundays."

We allow Mrs. Schopenhauer to make her bow, and retire with this parting shot. Still, that lady was not singular in

ATTRIBUTING GREAT DRINKING POWERS

to Englishmen. M. Larcher, who in 1861 published a book entitled "*Les Anglais, Londres et l'Angleterre*," says therein that in good society the ladies after dinner retire into another room, after having partaken very moderately of wine, while the gentlemen are left to empty bottles of port, Madeira, claret, and champagne. "And it is," he adds, "a constant habit among the ladies to empty bottles of brandy." And he quotes from a work by General Pillet: "Towards forty years of age every well-bred English lady goes to bed intoxicated."

M. Jules Lecomte says in his

"JOURNEY OF TROUBLES TO LONDON"

("Un Voyage de Désagréments à Londres," 1854) that he accompanied a blonde English miss to the Exhibition in Hyde Park, where at one sitting she ate six shillings' worth of cake resembling a black brick ornamented with currants.

According to M. Francis Wey's account of

"THE ENGLISH AT HOME"

("Les Anglais chez Eux," 1856), at Cremorne Gardens the popular refreshment, and particularly with an Oxford theologian, is ginger beer! M. Wey probably means shandy-gaff. He agrees with M. Lecomte: the consumption of food by one English young lady would suffice for four Paris porters!

A RUSSIAN VISITOR TO LONDON,

the "Own Correspondent" of the *Northern Bee* Russian newspaper, who inspected London in 1861, asserts, in his "England and Russia," that any English miss of eighteen is capable of imbibing sundry glasses of wine "without making a face."

NO BICYCLES IN ENGLAND.

In the *Daily Graphic* of November 1, 1893, a statement appeared,

according to which a French journalist at this present day informs the world, through *Le Jour*, that in London—nay, in all England—not one cyclist is to be found, the Government having rigidly suppressed them. Well, M. Lévi has told us that there are no umbrellas in London ; now we learn that there are no cyclists [how we wish this were true !.] What curious information we get from France about ourselves !

When will travellers leave off being Munchhausens ?

C. W. HECKETHORN.

TABLE TALK.

THE THAMES A SALMON RIVER.

HOPE is not yet abandoned that the Thames may resume its old position as a salmon river, and that the resident upon its borders, like the dweller by the Tweed, may land his fish from the banks, or even, as is suggested, from the members' terrace of the House of Commons—to the notable improvement, it is to be hoped, of the House of Commons cuisine. Not until the close of the eighteenth century did the Thames Salmon Fishery lose its importance. Mr. R. B. Marston, the editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, and the author of “Walton and the Early Writers on Fish and Fishing,” himself a distinguished angler, supplies out of *Notes and Queries*, under the date of 1580, from the churchwardens' book of Wandsworth, an entry: “In this sumer the fyshers of Wandsworth tooke betweene Monday and Saturday, seven score salmons in the same fashinge to the great honor of God.” The last salmon of which we hear as caught in the Thames was landed in 1833. Since that time the pollution of the Thames has proceeded apace. We have been at last driven to measures of self-protection, and the Thames, compared to what it was a generation ago, may be regarded as almost a pure stream. Much more, however, remains to be done. An association, including the Duke of Portland, Mr. W. H. Grenfell, Sir Herbert Maxwell, and many others, has been formed with a view to restoring salmon to the river, and is said to be sanguine with regard to it. The association in question, which is not yet two years old, is prepared every year for five years to turn into the tideway a large number of two-year-old salmon smolt, and watch whether any of them arrive at Teddington, the first lock which will necessarily block their further progress.

PURIFICATION OF THE THAMES.

NOT too hopeful appears at present the prospect, and the investigations Mr. Robert Marston has recently made are not wholly or greatly encouraging. That the condition of the Thames improves now from year to year is conceded, and during much the greater part of its course, all, indeed, but a few miles, it is suited to the experiment being undertaken. The difficulty is found in the

London sewage, "which is discharged into the river," says Mr. George Thudichum, "to the extent of two hundred million gallons daily." Mr. Dibdin, late chemist to the London County Council, holds that there is not "the least chance of salmon living in the water," when the percentage of oxygen dissolved in it is below 50 per cent. For the greater part of the year the percentage of oxygen so dissolved between London Bridge and Erith is less than 20 per cent. Until, then, some means are found of purifying these reaches, the experiment seems doomed to inevitable failure. Science is already at work seeking remedies, and such I hope will in time be found. Other gain besides the restoration of salmon to the river will attend success in the purification, if thoroughly carried out. The gain to health on the part of the riverside population cannot fail to be great. It is not easy to fancy a more tempting prospect than that of restoring to something like pellucidity the stream of "Royal towered Thame."

ALTERING ASPECTS OF TOTEMISM.

TURNING to the subject of totemism, which I will not further define than by saying that a totem is a material object regarded by the savage with superstitious veneration on account of an intimate and special relationship supposed to exist between it and himself or his tribe, it has been generally held that, supposing the totem to be a living and an edible thing, the savage will not, as a rule, kill or eat it. The infliction, by an outsider, of death upon an animal or a bird which is the totem of an individual and a tribe is not unlikely to bring suffering and perhaps death to both. In some cases, indeed, a totem, or a part of it, may not be touched, perhaps not even seen. These rules, as regards the Central Australians, are relaxed. It is true that even there a man will eat sparingly of his totem, but eat of it in case of necessity he will. He has even the right to be first served. But he will not eat the best parts. As Messrs. Spencer and Gillon state, in their very interesting and valuable book "*The Native Tribes of Central Australia*," to which I have already made reference, an emu man—that is, a man whose totem is an emu—if compelled to eat of emu will not eat the fat, which is considered to be the best part; and he must be very hungry indeed before he will touch an egg. Eggs and fat are more "ekirinja," or "taboo," than the meat. May not this indicate respect for the life that has yet to spring from the egg, with which the fate of some as yet unborn member of the tribe may be bound up? These savages have, however, "clear and positive traditions of a time when they regularly killed and ate their totem,

and when they married women of the same totem as themselves," which introduces another point I am not careful at the moment to raise. These things fly, as Mr. Frazer says, in the face of our old notions of totemism, and, by their discordance with savage practices as hitherto known, establish a claim to consideration. I may not deal further with a question that brims over with interest. It appears to Mr. Frazer that the clue to totemism is now supplied, and that "the aspect of the totemic system which we have hitherto been accustomed to describe as religious deserves rather to be called magical." Anything rather than trivial are the issues raised by such subjects as totemism, though it is not my duty at present to deal with their more remote significance. It is worth while, however, at the present time to say that, although there is much resemblance between the social customs and organisations of various Australian tribes, there is also much diversity. In some tribes totems govern marriage, in others they are wholly unconcerned with it. Numerous and important as are the researches Messrs. Spencer and Gillon have made, there is much yet to be discovered.

A TRESPASS.

A HORSE chestnut, it has been definitely decided, is not a chestnut horse. That being so, I must, I suppose, concede that Urbanus Sylvan is not the same as Sylvanus Urban. The resemblance, however, in the latter case is strong, and it might not be easy to define in what essential respects the two are different. Shall I liken them to the town mouse and the country mouse? There being so near an approach to identity, I am a little surprised at finding a writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* employing, at the close of a series of "Conferences on Books and Men," the signature of Urbanus Sylvan I have indicated. That there is any close resemblance between the conferences sent to the *Cornhill* and those I am now privileged to contribute to the *Gentleman's* I do not allege. Still, for a good many years I have, under the signature Sylvanus Urban, been writing on books and men, and I am astonished to see a name employed which is so obviously suggested by that I bear. I might possibly feel pleased at a sort of imitation which might be regarded as the sincerest flattery. I don't know, however, whether the *Athenæum* was pleased when opposition periodicals similar in appearance were started in the *Parthenon* and the *Academy*. For myself I make no pretences, and claim to have received no damage. For nearly a hundred and seventy years the name Sylvanus Urban has been reserved to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and I know not how many honourable and erudite gentlemen have

worn it between John Nichols and the present representative. I think if a court of taste, such as the old Courts of Love of troubadour times, were held, Urbanus Sylvan would be held an intruder. I know of no case exactly analogous. It is not often that a name lends itself to such a perversion. The Shepherd of Ettrick for the Ettrick Shepherd would not be widely different.

“A PALADIN OF PHILANTHROPY.”

ONCE more I welcome in these pages the appearance of a volume upon last-century literature and character, by Mr. Austin Dobson. No lack is there of scholarship on the same subject ; men such as Sir Henry Craik, K.C.B., Mr. G. A. Aitken, Dr. Birkbeck Hill, Mr. Temple Scott, and Mr. Churton Collins, with many others, being still occupied in drawing attention to our eighteenth-century treasures. Mr. Dobson is, however, something more than a scholar and an expert. So saturated is he with the literature and art of the period that he, so to speak, distils it. I will not say that he seems a belated survivor from the times of Pope, and Gay, and Walpole. He makes, however, these times live afresh, and we rise from the perusal of his works with a feeling that powder is still a possible wear, that the nice conduct of a clouded cane is an art to be acquired, that tea is to be taken by the dish and not by the “potful” —the very word involves a shudder. Concerning the greater luminaries of the period Mr. Dobson has said his say, and it is but incidentally that he alludes afresh to Hogarth and Gainsborough, to Garrick, Woffington, and Clive. There remain, however, many lesser lights with whom he may deal. I am not sure, indeed, that these are not, in a sense, the most entertaining to read about, just as in France at a corresponding period it is pleasanter to hear about Gresset and Collé, Crébillon, Robbé de Beauvezet—*proh pudor!*—and the Abbé Prévost, than of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Beaumarchais.

GENERAL OGLETHORPE.

TO most of us, including those among us who boast a certain measure of acquaintance with eighteenth-century life, some of the men of whom in his latest volume Mr. Dobson writes are almost unknown. Goldsmith and Boswell, Gay and Luttrell, are dealt with, and a plea of ignorance concerning these would, of course, put one out of court. I for one, however, am willing to concede that concerning General Oglethorpe, a name applied to whom gives its title to the volume, I had only the very vaguest of ideas. A Paladin of Philanthropy Mr. Dobson calls him, and the title, flattering as it is,

seems merited. A predecessor of Howard in dealing with the atrocities committed on prisoners, Oglethorpe sought a remedy in a system of State-assisted emigration. The result of this movement was the establishment of the State of Georgia and its maintenance in defiance of all difficulties, including constant attacks from the Spaniards. Of the defence of Georgia, Whitefield, the ally of Wesley, said that it was such as "cannot be paralleled but by some instances out of the Old Testament." Oglethorpe took out as his spiritual supporters John and Charles Wesley, the latter being, in 1736, his private secretary. Not too happy was that association, Charles Wesley charging Oglethorpe not only with harshness but with malevolence. A reconciliation was, however, in time brought about. Oglethorpe is mentioned in verse by Pope in his "Imitations of Horace." Johnson dreamed of writing his life, and Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Boswell, Walpole, and Hannah More were his friends. Walpole spoke of him at the age of ninety-four, saying, "He is alert, upright, has his eyes, ears, and memory fresh" (Correspondence, viii. 237). Johnson found his conversation too desultory, and observed, "Oglethorpe, sir, never completes what he has to say" ("Life," by Boswell, ed. Hill, iii. 57). I have introduced one or two matters Mr. Dobson rightly thinks unworthy of notice. His own account is delightfully interesting and spirited. Other articles of extreme interest are the "Reminiscences" of Angelo, of fencing fame, and "Marteilhe's Memoirs."

THE DEVELOPMENT OF TIME-KEEPERS.

THE fancies of collectors are many, but I think that—after books—one of the most fascinating branches of collecting is that of old clocks and watches. The number of those interested in horology as a hobby is, I understand, like that of those interested in blue china, an increasing one, and to such I would recommend a recently published volume, "Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers,"¹ by Mr. F. J. Britten, Secretary of the British Horological Institute. The book is replete with interest. In addition to the history of time-keepers generally, as well as of specially notable examples drawn from the collections at Windsor Castle, the British Museum, South Kensington Museum, and the Guildhall, it is admirably illustrated by 400 engravings. It gives also a list, with in many cases biographical details, of 8,000 former clock- and watch-makers—an invaluable list to those interested in the subject.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ London : B. T. Batsford.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1899.

NEVER AGAIN!

THE TALE OF A TUTOR.

By NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

AUTHOR OF "THE BAYONET THAT CAME HOME," "THE GREEN FIELD," ETC.

I WAS appointed an assistant master at Tipton School. I had not performed my new duties at Tipton more than a fortnight when the unfortunate idea was suggested to me by Juffs junior. And in this way. I had just dismissed my class after morning school; I was locking my desk preparatory to going home for lunch. Already the shouts of my pupils were growing faint as they crossed the playground. "Please, sir," said a voice in a tone of delicate hesitancy.

Startled, I looked up. I thought that all had left the room. "What is it, my boy?" I said benevolently, as my eyes fell upon the round face of Juffs junior.

He did not reply at once, drawing closer to me confidentially. The eyes of Juffs junior ever stared at me for information. They were very prominent at that moment. The mouth of Juffs junior was usually open. It appeared to me just then to be absolutely gaping with candour and an awe of my magisterial self. "What is it?" I asked again, passing an arm protectingly around his shoulders. The fact is, that I was flattered by the attitude of Juffs junior.

"Please, sir," he said shrinkingly, "my dad has bought me a new bicycle."

I wished to make real friends of my pupils. Smile, if you will. "What a nice little fellow to come and tell me!" I thought to myself.

Then I commenced to develop the opportunity, and, joggling his neck playfully, I said :

"Capital! capital! You must make haste and learn to ride it."

An expression of pride spread pinkly over the face of Juffs junior. He answered in a very thin voice, looking towards the floor, "Please, sir, I *can* ride it."

I had been prepared to encourage. The answer took me aback. I removed my arm from Juffs' neck. "Oh, you can, can you?" I said.

He raised his eyes. They yearned openly for praise. But I did not speak. A thought had come indistinctly into my mind that Juffs junior was in default with several impositions.

If Juffs junior experienced a disappointment from my reticence he concealed it well. "*You* can ride, sir, can't you?" he inquired with great deference, but a distinct intention of engaging me colloquially.

"Oh, yes," I answered carelessly.

"My bike is a 'Blufton.' Please, sir, do you think 'Bluftons' are good? I thought that I would ask you, please, sir."

I gave my opinions at length. Juffs junior listened with a fluttering gaze. He enjoyed an excitement of personal interview. When I had finished he said inconsequentially, "Please, sir, I should *love* to take a ride with you."

I desired to make real friends of my pupils. "Well, we will take a ride together some day," I said heartily.

Juffs junior clapped his hands together; he gave a little dance upon his toes. "When, when?" he cried in a rapture, real or simulated.

"We will see," I answered enigmatically.

"A good long ride?" suggested Juffs junior.

"A good long ride," I agreed.

"And may Turner and Bates come too?" pleaded Juffs junior.

Turner and Bates were two more of my form. But that was the way of Juffs junior; give him an inch and he would take an ell. "We will see," I again answered enigmatically. And I made a move towards the door.

Before taking up my appointment at Tipton School, Mr. Mullins, its principal, had strongly impressed upon me in a preliminary interview the necessity that I should be under of taking a kindly interest in the boys' sports and pastimes. He did not stipulate for this upon the high grounds of philanthropy. Rather he proffered a con-

fidential explanation. It amounted to this, that he wished parents to be propitiated by every legitimate means, so that the *clientèle* of his school might be gradually increased by their goodwill. Juffs' request, then, that I should take him and some of the boys for a bicycle trip, appealed to me very strongly when I had reached the privacy of my own apartments in Dean Street. And I took down a map of the country side to turn the matter carefully over in my mind.

An initial difficulty at once presented itself to me. My professional duties had been so persistent in their demands upon my time and attention that I was still a stranger to the district around Tipton. However, I am resourceful. I sent for a guide-book and a pair of compasses. The former, I took it, would inform me of what was best worth seeing in the neighbourhood ; and the latter, when applied to the map, would give me the important detail of distance. It was not long before I had worked out what appeared to me, even in the rough, a very pretty plan. But I saw that it was capable of improvement. I determined that it should be the finished article, and only the finished article, that I would lay before Mr. Mullins for his approval. It should appeal strikingly to him, it should show him his assistant as a man of push and energy, as one who had a talent for organisation, as one who could not fail to advertise Tipton School Alas! in providing against all contingencies that might militate against triumphant success, I made no allowance for the disastrous independence of Juffs junior.

My name is John Bridge. "My *dear* Bridge, your plan appears *admirable* to me," said Mr. Mullins. "You propose to invite those pupils of your form who can bicycle to accompany you to Bearmouth. There you will most generously give them a plain tea at one of the hotels, and subsequently take them an instructive tour around the Bearmouth churches." He paused, looking reflectively at me.

I nodded my head and smiled. "If the boys wear their school badges," I said, "it should prove an excellent advertisement both here and at Bearmouth."

"*Very* true," exclaimed Mr. Mullins, adding, "but there is one little particular which I frankly confess that I do not quite understand. It is this : how do you propose to bring the boys back? If you cycle the twenty-four miles to Bearmouth, I consider that for them to cycle home afterwards would be *decidedly* too far. We must remember that they are young boys. The parents would object, more especially the mothers."

I produced my map, laying a finger upon it. "Look," I said ;

"we will cycle to Lethbridge Junction. It will only be another six miles beyond Bearmouth, and——"

Mr. Mullins interrupted me quickly. "Ah, you propose to return by train, then," he exclaimed.

"I can see no other way," I answered hesitatingly, "although it is a very roundabout journey. And we shall have to change twice."

"Somewhat expensive, too," Mr. Mullins muttered.

"As to that," I answered, "I propose to ask the parents to subscribe the cost of the boys' tickets."

Mr. Mullins shook his head negatively. "That is the only part of your plan I don't like. Parents are so close."

I was silent.

"Let me see!" he reflected. "How many of your form will go, do you suppose?"

"Perhaps twenty," I answered.

Mr. Mullins reflected. "A single from Lethbridge Junction to Tipton is two shillings and sixpence."

"Three shillings," I corrected respectfully. "But there would be a reduction for a number."

Mr. Mullins' lips moved twitteringly in calculation. "*I* will pay for the tickets," he said suddenly. "It is expensive, but the trip should be worth the money."

In the course of subsequent conversation Mr. Mullins examined the details of my scheme more closely and with an ever-growing approval. It required no urging on my part to induce him to name a day. "Start when you like," he said. "I shall be under a considerable obligation to you if you carry the affair through successfully."

It makes me wretched and shamefaced to remember how I answered him. "It *shall* be successful," I said. And so I went to work, fixing upon Thursday, July 5, as the day for our trip.

I can scarcely describe the enthusiasm of the bicyclists of my class when I invited them to accompany me to Bearmouth. For a few moments I permitted a noisy uproar of approval to dominate the order which was usually preserved in my class-room. I allowed myself the pleasure of hearing the trip described as a "prime lark." Then, having ordered and instituted an absolute silence, I made it known that the consent of parents was to be obtained in writing and brought to me upon the following morning. In this way twenty-one of my boys brought me notes which gave the requisite authority. Glance at this one, please. It was written upon pink paper:

“The Nest, Tipton: *July 2.*

“Mrs. Juffs presents her compliments to Mr. Bridge, and begs to thank him for his very kind invitation to take her son John and his little school friends to Bearmouth on their bicycles. Mrs. Juffs trusts that the weather may be fine, and that Mr. Bridge will not permit Johnnie to over-exert himself if the weather should be hot. Mrs. Juffs congratulates Mr. Bridge on the excellent idea of taking his little pupils over the churches. It should be so instructive and nice for them. Mrs. Juffs sincerely hopes that Johnnie will not be allowed to return home too late, as he is a child who requires a great deal of sleep, and with his high spirits is apt to be led into doing more than his strength will allow. Mrs. Juffs feels sure that Johnnie will enjoy himself, and be a good boy.”

And my reply! Look at it also, please. And observe by the light of subsequent events how thoroughly I gave myself away in it:

“Tipton School, Tipton: *July 3.*

“Mr. Bridge presents his compliments to Mrs. Juffs, and begs to thank her for her kind permission to allow him to take John to Bearmouth. It will be a real pleasure for Mr. Bridge, and he will take every care of Johnnie, and that his pupils do not over-exert themselves. Mr. Bridge trusts that the train which leaves Lethbridge Junction at 7.30 P.M., to arrive at Tipton at 9 P.M., will not unduly advance the hour of Johnnie’s bedtime. Mr. Bridge can promise with every confidence that his pupils shall return not later than the hour named.”

Principal, parents, and pupils: they were all enthusiastic towards the coming trip. I never thought of failure. I was only eager that Thursday should come.

A good start! What an encouragement it is, whether in play or work! I had fixed 11 A.M. as the hour of our departure from the school playground. At a quarter to eleven or earlier my boys began to arrive, also those parents who wished to see them off. It was a gay, restless scene. The boys careered here, there, and everywhere, under a gay sunshine which made the spokes of their bicycles flash fire. The parents chatted and laughed in groups. Occasionally an anxious mother would engage me in pupillary conversation. Mr. Mullins rubbed his hands together gleefully, and was ubiquitous.

A clock began to strike the hour of eleven. “I think we will start,” I suggested to Mr. Mullins.

“Do so, by all means,” he answered.

"Thompson," I shouted to a big boy, performing prodigies of balance upon his cycle, at the centre of the broad expanse of gravel.

"Yes, sir," he answered, bringing himself to my side with a curving swoop of his machine.

"We will start two and two," I said. "I shall lead the way. You will bring up the rear, and prevent straggling."

Thompson was complimented by my confidence in the authority of his large body. "All right, sir; I understand," he answered. "I'll take jolly good care there is no straggling."

Presently I had arranged the boys two and two in a long line. There was a brief pause of expectation. Then I jumped upon my machine. There was a waving of hands, an uneven chorus of "Good-byes," and we had started. Each boy was wearing upon the blue ribbon of his white straw hat the Tipton School badge—a green acorn upon a white ground.

Tipton is not a large town, but upon market-days there is a deal of traffic in it. I am a very fair bicyclist. I have ridden along the crowded Strand. As I led the way towards Tipton High Street a herd of cattle shambled around a corner towards us. There was time to strike a sprinkle of warning music from my bell, and they went surging past my side. I turned my head with a jerk. It was a moment of keen anxiety, of an intense sensation of powerlessness. There was an agitated striking of many bells, a perilous waving in and out of the line of bicycles, a flicking of brown tails, a plunging of heavy bodies after heavy bodies. Then my boys had passed safely, and I—who have ridden without fear along the crowded Strand—gave a gasp of relief.

Presently we were threading our way through many rattling carts. I resisted wild impulses to beg of the drivers that they would yield us more than a half of the roadway. Many times I looked in front and then behind. Quickly, quickly, in front and then behind. Stupid women, with baskets upon their heads, crossed to the centre of the roadway, then stopped in terror of my speaking bell. What had I been about to forget that Thursday was a market-day? I swore bitterly under my breath; my skin grew moist, then wet.

So—through Tipton town. So—with exquisite relief into the peace of the open country.

Time passed with chatter and laugh.

We had left fields of corn behind us, and were passing through the heather of an open moor. I was riding slowly, for the sun shone hotly from the blue sky. "Please, sir," said a voice behind me.

I turned my head. "What is it, Juffs?" I asked, adding what he must have known, "You need not hold up your hand, you know. You are not in school."

He lowered his hand. "Please, sir, can we go faster?" he asked.

I smiled amiably. "We *can* go faster," I answered, "but we are going quite fast enough. No! the sun is hot."

A sulkiness spread dully over the face of Juffs junior. I had corrected his grammar, I had refused his request. He resumed his place in the column.

We quitted the narrow road of the moor, and commenced to descend a long and gentle slope. "Shut up!" said a voice angrily behind me.

I turned my head. Two of my boys were yawning from side to side of the road. "What are you doing, Juffs and Bates?" I shouted.

"Nothing," they answered. But the voice that had shouted "Shut up!" explained, "Please sir, they were riding hand in hand. They nearly upset me and Ricketts. It is dangerous."

"Ride properly," I ordered sternly of Juffs and Bates.

We were coming to a village. Juffs again rode to my side. "A restless boy!" I thought to myself, as he said, "Please, sir, may Bates and I ride last?"

"No," I said curtly; "return to your place."

We had passed the village and were coming to another one. Again Juffs junior came to me with a rustle of rubber. "Please, sir, may Bates and I ride last for just a little while, *now*?"

I was very hot, and was thinking of beer. "All right! Ride last, then," I said abstractedly. Soon afterwards we entered upon the long and straggling village of Clifton.

After leaving Clifton behind us the road made a sharp bend to the left between high hedges. We must have negotiated at least three-quarters of this curve when I caught sight of a labourer who was standing hatless and in his shirt sleeves at a gap in the left-hand hedge where there was a low stile. There was time for the eyes of this man and myself to meet. Then, with a sudden dash, he leaped the stile in front of him and ran impetuously into the centre of the roadway. I must have ridden over him, but that I dismounted, or rather flung myself off my bicycle. He addressed me, passionately: "I am glad you've stopped, or I 'ad made yer if I 'ad died for it."

My boys were arriving in couplets and dismounting. I gave an apprehensive glance at the angry face of the man before me. He was mad, I imagined, but he commenced to explain vociferously,

and I turned to look for Juffs junior. He was endeavouring to hide himself behind another boy ; his face was very pale. "Come here !" I said to him ; "was it you who blew a pea into the eye of this man's wife as we passed through Clifton ?"

Juffs junior whimpered but did not reply. "It wor," said the labourer furiously. "Ain't I told yer that the boy was wearing a blue coat and a red tie? And look at 'un. The little dayvil ! He didn't think as I could run across the field and catch 'im 'ere." The labourer shook his fist savagely at Juffs.

I confiscated the pea-shooter of Juffs junior ; I bent it until it broke. I promised punishment. I apologised, and so did Juffs junior. It was not enough.

I tendered half a crown. It was accepted. Afterwards I angrily mounted my machine, saying to Juffs junior, "Ride closely by my side. When we reach Bearmouth you shall have tea in a room alone by yourself."

Juffs junior sobbed gulpingly. "P-please, sir," he pleaded, "I should like to go-o-o home."

I did not answer, but trod fiercely upon the treadles of my bicycle.

My plan had been that, after having tea at the "Black Bull," I would take my boys to see the churches of Bearmouth. It was half-past three when we arrived at the inn, where we found that tea was laid for us in the coffee-room according to the directions that I had given by letter. But it was fully four o'clock before the boys had washed themselves free of accumulated dust, and I had instituted Juffs in a small room to himself with tea and cake, and had taken my seat at the head of the long table in the coffee-room. The boys were hungry and slightly tired. I took care not to hurry them through the meal. It must have been a quarter-past five when a certain restlessness amongst them warned me that the time was now ripe for our visit to the churches. "Bates," I said, "go and tell Juffs junior that he may join us again now. We are going to see the churches."

Bates left the room. He returned quickly. "Please, sir, Juffs junior is not there," he said.

"What !" I exclaimed.

"He is not there," Bates repeated.

The eyes of the boys turned gravely upon me. "You must have made a mistake," I said. And rising to my feet, I went towards the room where I had left Juffs. Bates followed me. It was empty. "I told you so, sir," said Bates.

I looked at the table where Juffs had sat. It was strewn with crumbs of cake. He had finished his tea, then, and left the room without my permission. "An extremely troublesome boy!" I muttered. The character of Juffs junior was developing most unpleasantly.

I looked into the adjoining rooms. He was not there. I went to the courtyard of the inn. He was not there. And the stables, and the outhouses. He was not there. I began to feel anxious. I *would* not believe that he could have wandered into the streets. I turned to Bates, saying lightly, "Ah! we must have missed him as we came along the passages. Of course, by this time he will be with the other boys in the coffee-room."

We returned.

But he was not there.

I rang the coffee-room bell sharply. The landlord appeared. He had seen nothing of Juffs, but others might have done so. He would inquire.

I waited feverishly. Many voices shouted, many doors slammed, and the whole life of the inn awoke to a busy search for Juffs junior. My boys conversed in awe-struck whispers.

The landlord returned to me, ostlers and maid-servants came to me. Each and all questioned me about Juffs junior. My outward composure was vanishing under such a stimulant of verbosity. I felt that any form of action would be a relief. "Remain here till I return," I said to my boys; and I went to search for Juffs junior in the streets contiguous to the inn.

I walked very fast. Anxiety pricked me from street to street. I could not see Juffs, I could not hear of Juffs. Awhile and I was traversing streets that I had already traversed, I was meeting people of whom I had inquired whether they had by chance seen Juffs, and who now stopped me to ask whether I had found him. It was awful—awful!

I returned to the inn, but Juffs had not been found. Then an idea came to me, or rather was forced upon me by the pressure of the responsibility which I felt. And I said to my boys, "We have half an hour to spare before we must leave here if we are to catch the train at Lethbridge Junction. Take your bicycles, separate from one another, and look for Juffs. But remember on no account be away more than half an hour." They *rushed* from the room.

I waited, opening and closing the case of my watch with snaps. I paced restlessly; I looked out of windows. A boy returned, he had not seen Juffs. Another boy returned, he could not find Juffs.

The half-hour had almost expired. Boys were returning, but some were still absent. I now feared that I had made a mistake in sending them to search for Juffs. It was awful—awful! We should miss the train from Lethbridge. But it was the last. And what should I do?

At length there was only Bates absent. We waited in anxious readiness by the side of our bicycles. Suddenly a boy said to me, "Please, sir, but where is Juffs' bicycle?"

The question gave me a mental shock. I looked round. Juffs' bicycle had disappeared.

"Please, sir," said another boy simply, "perhaps Juffs has ridden on to Lethbridge."

My hands clenched. I felt with an angry pleasure the sharpness of my own nails. *That* was what Juffs had done, I felt sure.

I experienced a momentary relief, afterwards an intenser longing for the appearance of Bates, so that we might ride, ride to Lethbridge. I looked at my watch—perhaps we might yet catch the train. There was a shout from my boys, "Here comes Bates, sir."

It was six miles to Lethbridge. Should we do it? The muscles of my calves hardened and strained to the thought. My bicycle responded swiftly and more swiftly. But there were my boys. My pace was too fast for them. And I endeavoured to grip and control my feverish energy, like a rider endeavours to grip and control a runaway horse. So we hotly, and more hotly, rode to Lethbridge Junction. But too late! The train had gone. Only its smoke was thinning into air, only its passengers were surging from the station gateway.

I questioned the porters. I asked for the station-master. He appeared, and took me to the booking-clerk. No! Juffs junior had not been there, nor any boy who wore a green acorn upon a white ground. My temper gave way. "Then where the devil is he?" I hotly asked of no one in particular.

But my twenty boys were waiting open-mouthed! I must act. I went to the telegraph office, and I wired to Mr. Mullins, "Missed train from Lethbridge. We return leisurely by road." I did this, which I thought was the best. But I did not mention the disappearance of Juffs. I clung to the chance of finding him at Bearmouth as we returned through it on our way to Tipton.

It was an hour after sundown when we again entered Bearmouth. My boys rode shakily through the deepening shadows in its streets; they were growing tired. For myself, there was only one anxious thought in my mind as we approached the door of the "Black Bull"—

had Juffs junior returned? We dismounted. The landlord appeared. "What! Back again, sir?" he exclaimed. I could have groaned; he would not have asked me that question if Juffs junior had returned or been found.

"No, no!" he said in answer to eager questions. "He ain't returned. But the *Bearmouth News* has just come in, and listen to this."

He opened widely a paper which he was holding in his hand, and proceeded to read aloud a short paragraph giving the report of a murder that had recently been committed by tramps in a distant part of the county. Then he looked at me and my boys. "Could your young gentleman have been decoyed away by the same gang, sir?" he said suggestively.

I took the paper from his hand, running my eye over the paragraph. "I don't think so," I answered with a sigh of relief.

"But where can he have got to, sir?"

My boys pressed timidly around me. The landlord's questions frightened them. "It is a puzzle," I answered. "Perhaps he slipped out of the inn and returned to Tipton. In fact, he must have done that. And the best thing to be done is to follow there at once."

A murmur arose among my boys. "You'll never go all the way to Tipton to-night," said the landlord interrogatively.

I reflected hastily. I had telegraphed to Mr. Mullins that we should return. He and the parents would be anxiously awaiting our arrival. Besides, the expense of accommodating the boys! "Yes, I shall return at once," I said firmly.

The landlord began to expostulate. He desired my custom. My boys begged anxiously to be allowed to remain. The account of the murder had made an impression upon their imaginations. I reflected. If we remained at Bearmouth I should be kept in a miserable state of suspense concerning what might have become of the missing Juffs, whilst if I pushed on I should be able to deliver the boys into their parents' hands, and in all probability gain news of Juffs on the road, if he had returned to Tipton, as I now thought strongly. "Mount your machines," I said to my boys; and I led them away. The youngest was sobbing.

The day had been a hot one. A little outside of Bearmouth is a low hill. As we passed over the crown of this hill I was surprised to see how suddenly the evening had closed in. Presently I was compelled to halt my boys in order that they might light the lamps of their bicycles. A waggon creaked towards us while we were thus engaged.

I shouted to the driver. He pulled up his horses. He had come from Tipton, but he had seen nothing of Juffs.

At Racklin, the village nearest to Bearmouth on the Tipton road, and again at Birstwith beyond, I inquired whether Juffs had been seen. They had observed us pass in the morning, but no boy had afterwards returned by himself, so far as they knew.

From other places along the road I received the same answer. I began to struggle against the conclusion that whatever might have become of Juffs, he certainly had not returned along the Tipton road. It was about this period, I fancy, when my mind was miserably occupied, that instead of taking a road to the right, I took a road to the left. The night had grown intensely dark. The boys did not discover my error till the quick flashes of an approaching thunderstorm offered them glimpses of a long row of tall poplars. They did not remember to have passed these poplars in the daytime; they told me so strenuously.

We dismounted, and waited for another flash of lightning. Then I, too, saw the poplars. "Yes, we passed them in the morning, I think," I said doubtfully.

But further on the road contracted into a lane. Then I recognised that we had lost our way. It was a considerable time since we had passed through a village. Heavy drops of thunder-rain began to fall. I did that which I thought was the best. I rode hastily forward with my boys in search of shelter.

My luck was against me. The storm broke, wetting us to the skin. I was now harrowed by the thought of my twenty boys having to pass the night in their drenched clothes. "They will take severe colds," I said to myself, "or rheumatic fever." But I opined the latter, with bitterest pessimism.

My luck had been against me. For ten minutes later I caught sight of a yellow light burning brightly in the blackness. It was very small, seeming far away. I determined to quit the lane, and strike directly towards it across the fields. It might belong to a farm, or an inn, or a cottage. I felt desperate, and whether it should prove to be a farm, or an inn, or a cottage, it should open its doors, it should dry the clothes of my boys.

I handed the bicycles over a low fence which bounded the lane. We began to track our way over a sparse grass, to wheel our machines amongst scattered gorse bushes. The broad beat of the rain gathered volume as we left the lane behind us. Our lamps leaked and sputtered to its violence, whilst again and again the blackness would yield to rending fire, would disgorge the quivering

expanse of a common. By one such flash of fire I saw that we were approaching a solitary building where shone the yellow light.

The yellow light grew large and larger. I opened the gate of a small garden. We wheeled our machines along a narrow path. I knocked at a door, standing darkly between the golden glow of two windows. It opened timidly. The face of an old woman peered forth. She saw a crowd with lamps. She screamed, she thought us devils or robbers, and she would have shut and bolted the door in our faces. But I was too quick for her. I jammed it ajar with my boot ; I began to explain. Presently she listened to reason. We entered.

The cottage was small. My boys filled its "keeping" room. I selected the youngest, and following the old woman's lead, I took them upstairs to the solitary bedroom. It contained two beds. I packed each bed with three boys apiece. I did this, which I thought was the best. Afterwards I carried their wet clothes down into the keeping room. .

"We must light a fire," I said to the old woman, and she brought sticks and coal.

Soon a fire began to blaze upon the old-fashioned hearth. I fed it with coal, and more coal, for I was very anxious. "Dear heart !" exclaimed the old woman, "but he 'ull set a fire to my chimney."

The boys began to take off their coats, waistcoats, and shirts. They hung them upon the backs of chairs, they stretched them upon the tiles near to the ever-growing heat of the fire. But the chairs of the cottage were few, its floor was small. "Please, sir, where shall I hang this, and this?" they asked of me.

I rove ropes from side to side of the cottage. I shouted fiercely to those in bed above, "*Lie still, leave off fighting.*"

"Dear heart !" gasped the old woman ; but I could scarcely see her face, for the cottage was filling with steam.

The rain without the cottage had ceased to fall, but the air was heavy. It was July. Hot and hotter grew the room with its fire and my boys. Perspiration beaded upon my aching forehead. Gradually, gradually, the night passed away, the clothes began to dry. But I could not comfort myself ; I was longing for daylight to enable us to find the right road to Tipton ; I was exacerbating my soul with most anxious thoughts of Juffs junior.

At length day broke. My forehead puckered as I felt the several garments of the boys. This and this were dry. But that and that—I was doubtful, I feared. Later I gave the order to dress. We quitted the cottage, and went to our bicycles.

I grasped the handles of my machine sulkily. "Are you all ready?" I asked.

"Please, sir, my bicycle is punctured," said Ricketts.

I drew in a long, long breath. It was too true, his bicycle had been punctured by a gorse thorn. We started for Tipton at a waggon's pace.

I was tired. I grew more tired. I was anxious. I grew more anxious as we came slowly nearer and nearer to Tipton. But I was unprepared for the keen reproaches of untrustworthiness that awaited me from Mr. Mullins, for the surging crowd of clamorous parents and busybodies who met us as we entered the school. And I turned faint; my strength left me. "Juffs junior has not returned; Juffs junior has not been found," I muttered to myself; and I staggered away to my rooms in Dean Street. I took to my bed.

Later Mr. Mullins came to my bedside. He brought a letter in his hand. It had just arrived for Mrs. Juffs by the morning post. Here it is, but pen fails to describe its scrawl:

"Grassmore House, near Bearmouth:

"Thursday Evening.

"My dearest Ma,—Uncle Ben is orful kind. And him and Aunt Bella says that is a most orful shame of old Bridge to take me so far that I had to runaway here. Aunt says that I shall have lots of cream to feed me up after it. She is stunning. But I think I shall come home to-morrow.

"Your most affec. son,

"LITTLE FRISKY."

THE OLD DOCTORS.

THE lines of modern doctors have fallen in pleasant places. Their position is certainly somewhat different from what it was in the days when they were contemptuously called leeches, when their scientific investigations exposed them to persecution and death. Vesalius, the father of modern anatomy, was condemned to death by the Inquisition for dissecting a human body, but by the intervention of King Philip II., whose physician he was, the punishment was reduced to a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; on his return the ship was lost on the island of Zante, where he perished of starvation in 1564. Now, Government licenses doctors to practise vivisection! At Dijon, in 1386, a physician was fined by the bailiff fifty golden francs and imprisoned for not having completed the cures of some persons whose recovery he had undertaken. In a schedule of the offices, fees, and services, which the Lord Wharton had with the Wardenry of the city and castle of Carlisle in 1547, a trumpeter was rated at 16*d.* per day, and a surgeon only at 12*d.* Edward III. granted Counsus de Gangeland, an apothecary of London, sixpence a day for his care and attendance on him while he formerly lay sick in Scotland. A knowledge of astrology was in those days requisite for a physician; the herbs were not to be gathered except when the sun and the planets were in certain constellations, and certificates of their being so were necessary to give them reputation. Sometimes patients applied to astrologers, who were astrologers only, whether the constellations were favourable to the doctor's remedies. Then, if the man died, the astrologer ascribed the death to the inefficacy of the remedies, whilst the doctor threw the blame on the astrologer, he not having properly observed the constellations. Then the latter would exclaim that his case was extremely hard; if he made a mistake, his calculation being wrong, heaven discovered it, whilst if a physician was guilty of a blunder, the earth covered it. Even then doctors were considered like the potato plant, whose fruit is under ground. To see the doctor's carriage, whose motto should be "Live or die," or "Morituri te

salutant," attending a funeral, reminds a cynic of a cobbler taking home his work.

In England the medical profession rose in public estimation from the time when Henry VIII., with that view, incorporated several members of the profession into a body, community, and perpetual college, since called the College of Physicians. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with their opposite characteristics of vulgarity and romance, of squalor and luxury, of ignorance and grand discoveries in science, of prejudice and intelligence, were highly conducive to the formation and cultivation of individualism and originality of character; hence those two centuries abounded in "oddities" and "eccentricities," and in no section of society more than in the medical. The members of that profession could very readily and appropriately then be divided into two great schools—the Rough and the Smooth, the fierce dispensers of Brimstone and the gentle administrators of Treacle. The present century, with its levelling tendencies, opposed to all originality and so-called eccentricity in speech, custom, and costume, reducing all gentlemen in full dress to the rank of waiters, has nearly abolished the sulphury Galen; in fact, he would scarcely be tolerated now. People submit to certain foolish pretensions now, such as those of thought-reading and pin-hunting cranks, and similar mental eccentricities; but they must be administered mildly, there must be a treacly flavour about them, for—

This is an age of flatness, dull and dreary,
Society is like a washed-out chintz,
Which scandal renders somewhat foul and smeary;
And yet, without its malice, lies, and hints,
E'en fashion's children would at last grow weary
Of looking at the faded cotton prints
To which respectability subdues
Our uncontrolled imagination's hues.

Hence the medical showmen of the present day must accompany the "exhibition" of their nostrums with dulcet sounds and honeyed speeches, especially when treating those nursed in the lap of affluence; and accustomed as they are to adulation, the medico who can condescend to feed them with well-disguised flattery, or assume the tone of abject servility, has too often the credit of possessing superior skill and science. And the patients, in the words of Byron, travestied—

They swallow filthy draughts and nauseous pills,
But yet there is no end of human ills.

It was, of course, not every doctor who could, at the beginning of his career, go in for the brimstone system. Unless he was backed by very powerful patronage, or wrote a book or pamphlet which attracted attention—as Elliotson's practice rose from £500 to £5,000 a year, through his papers in the *Lancet*—or was by some lucky accident pitched into a position which by itself alone inspired the public with an overwhelming belief in his skill, the experiment of treating his patients with rudeness and indifference would have been fatal to his prospects. But let him once make a hit, either by being luckily on the spot when a king or prince was thrown off his horse, or by a successful operation, or by writing a book which "caught on," and the public were at his feet, and he could trample on them as much as he liked. But it did not follow that, after such success, he must necessarily abuse his privileges. Dr. Arbuthnot, the son of a non-juring clergyman in Scotland, came to London about the time of the Restoration, and at first earned a living by teaching mathematics, though he had studied medicine. He happened to be at Epsom on one occasion when Prince George, who was also there, was suddenly taken ill. Arbuthnot was called in, and having effected a cure, was soon afterwards appointed one of the physicians in ordinary to the Queen. And, of course, his practice was established on a solid foundation, and he carried it on with considerable professional distinction. But his success did not spoil him, for he was a man of a genial disposition, who turned neither to brimstone nor to treacle, but always maintained a dignified demeanour. He was a wit and a man of letters, and enjoyed the esteem of such men as Swift, Pope, and Gay. Before coming to London he had chosen Dorchester as a place to practise as a physician, but the salubrity of the air was opposed to his success, and he took horse for London. A friend meeting him, asked him where he was going. "To leave your confounded place, where I can neither live nor die." It was said of him that his wit and pleasantry sometimes assisted his prescriptions, and in some cases rendered them unnecessary. He died at the age of sixty from a complication of disorders, so little is the physician able to cure himself.

Sir Astley Cooper (b. 1768, d. 1841) also did not belong to the brimstone school. His surgical skill was very great, and he liked to display it. He always retained perfect self-command in the operating theatre, and during the most critical and dangerous performances on a patient he tried to keep up the latter's courage by lively and facetious remarks. When he was in the zenith of his fame, a satirical Sawbones said of him :

Nor Drury Lane nor Common Garden
 Are, to my fancy, worth a farden ;
 I hold them both small beer.
 Give me the wonderful exploits,
 And jolly jokes between the sleights,
 Of *Astley's Amphitheatre*."

When Sir Astley lived in Broad Street, City, he had every day a numerous morning levee of City patients. The room into which they were shown would hold from forty to fifty people, and often callers, after waiting for hours, were dismissed without having seen the doctor. His man Charles, with more than his master's dignity, would say to disappointed applicants when they reappeared on the following morning: "I am not sure that we shall be able to attend to you, for our list is full for the day; but if you will wait, I will see what we can do for you." During the first nine years of his practice, Sir Astley's earnings progressed thus: First year, £5. 5s.; second, £26; third, £64; fourth, £96; fifth, £100; sixth, £200; seventh, £400; eighth, £600; ninth, £1,100. Eventually his annual income rose to more than £15,000; the largest sum he ever made in one year was £21,000. A West Indian millionaire gave him his highest fee; he had successfully undergone a painful operation, and sitting up in bed he threw his nightcap at Cooper, saying, "Take that!" "Sir," replied Sir Astley, "I'll pocket the affront"; and on reaching home he found in the cap a cheque for one thousand guineas.

Dr. Matthew Baillie (b. 1761, d. 1823) was a physician who occasionally indulged in the brimstone temper, and was disinclined to attend to the details of an uninteresting case. After listening on one occasion to a long-drawn account from a lady, who ailed so little that she was going that evening to the opera, he had made his escape, when he was urged to step upstairs again that the lady might ask him whether, on her return from the opera, she might eat some oysters. "Yes, madam," said Baillie; "shells and all!"

Dr. Richard Mead (b. 1673, d. 1754) was physician to George II., and the friend of Drs. Radcliffe, Garth, and Arbuthnot, and a great patron of literary and artistic genius. In his house in Great Ormond Street he established what may be called the first academy of painting in London. His large collection of paintings and antiquities, as well as his valuable library, were sold by auction on his death in 1754. In 1740 he had a quarrel with Dr. Woodward, like himself a Gresham professor; the two men drew their swords, and Mead having obtained the advantage, he commanded Woodward to beg his life. "No, doctor," said the vanquished combatant, "that I

will not till I am your patient." But nevertheless, at last he wisely submitted. In Ward's "*Lives of the Gresham Professors*" is a view of Gresham College, with a gateway, entering from Broad Street, marked 25. Within are the figures of two persons—the one standing, the other kneeling—they represent Dr. Mead and Dr. Woodward. Dr. Mead was of a generous nature; in 1723, when the celebrated Dr. Friend was sent to the Tower, Mead kindly took his practice, and, on his release by Sir Robert Walpole, presented the escaped Jacobite with the result, £5,000.

Dr. Mead, about 1714, lived at Chelsea; about the same date there lived in the same locality Dr. Alexander Blackwell, whom we introduce here chiefly on account of his singularly unfortunate life and very tragical end. Blackwell was a native of Aberdeen, studied physic under Boerhaave at Leyden, and took the degree of M.D. On his return home he married, and for some time practised as a physician in London. But not meeting with success, he became corrector of the press for Mr. Wilkins, a printer, and some time after commenced business in the Strand on his own account, and promised to do well, when, under an antiquated and unjustly restrictive law, a suit was brought against him for setting up as a printer without his having served his apprenticeship to it. Mr. Blackwell defended the suit, but at the trial in Westminster Hall a dunderheaded jury, probably of narrow-minded tradesmen, all anxious to uphold their objectionable privileges, found a verdict against him, in consequence of which he became bankrupt, and one of his creditors kept him in prison for nearly two years. By the help of his wife, who was a clever painter and engraver, he was released. She prepared all the plates for the "*Herbal*," a work figuring most of the plants in the Physic Garden at Chelsea, close to which she lived. A copy of this book eventually fell into the hands of the Swedish Ambassador, who sent it over to his Court, where it was so much liked that Dr. Blackwell was engaged in the Swedish service, and went to reside at Stockholm. He was appointed physician to the king, who, under his treatment, had recovered from a serious illness. Dr. Blackwell had left his wife in England; she was to follow him as soon as his position was placed on a solid basis. But ere this could take place he was accused of having been engaged with natives and foreigners in plotting to overturn the constitution of the kingdom. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be broken alive on the wheel, his heart and bowels to be torn out and burnt, and his body to be quartered. He was said, under torture, to have made confession of such an attempt, but the real extent of his guilt must

always remain problematical ; that he, a person of no influence, and unconnected with any person of rank, should have aimed at overthrowing the constitution seems very improbable. It is more likely that he was made a scape-goat to strike terror into the party then opposed to the ministry. The awful sentence passed on him, however, was commuted to beheading, which fate he underwent on July 29, 1747. He must have been a man of great nerve and a humourist, for, having laid his head wrong, he remarked jocosely that this being his first experiment, no wonder he should want a little instruction !

The Dr. Woodward we mentioned above seems to have been a very irascible and objectionable individual. He so grossly insulted Sir Hans Sloane, when he was reading a paper of his own before the Royal Society in 1710, that, under the presidency of Sir Isaac Newton, he was expelled from the Society.

Among medical oddities of the rougher sort we may reckon Mounsey, a friend of Garrick, and physician to Chelsea Hospital. His way of extracting teeth was original. Round the tooth to be drawn he fastened a strong piece of catgut, to the opposite end of which he fastened a bullet, with which and a strong dose of powder he charged a pistol. On the trigger being pulled, the tooth was drawn out. Of course, it was but seldom he could prevail on any one to try the process. Once, having induced a gentleman to submit to the operation, the latter at the last moment exclaimed : " Stop ! stop ! I've changed my mind." " But I have not, and you are a fool and a coward for your pains," answered the doctor, pulling the trigger. And in another instant the tooth was extracted.

Once, before setting out on a journey, being incredulous as to the safety of cash boxes and safes, he hid a considerable quantity of gold and notes in the fireplace of his study, covering them with cinders and shavings. A month after, returning luckily sooner than he was expected, he found his housemaid preparing to entertain a few friends at tea in her master's room. She was on the point of lighting the fire, and had just applied a candle to the doctor's notes, when he entered the room, seized a pail of water which happened to be standing near, and throwing its contents over the fuel and the servant, extinguished the fire and her presence of mind at the same time. Some of the notes were injured, and the Bank of England made some difficulty about cashing them.

" When doctors disagree, &c." Do they ever agree? Yes, when, after a consultation over a mild case which has no interest for any of them, they over wine and biscuits agree that the treatment hitherto

pursued had better be continued. To discuss it further would interrupt the pleasant chat over the news of the day! But when they meet over a friendly glass at the coffee-house they go at it hammer and tongs. Dr. Buchan, the author of "*Domestic Medicine*," of which 80,000 copies were sold during the author's lifetime, and which, according to modern medical opinion, killed more patients than that—doctors like cheap medicine as little as lawyers like cheap law—Dr. Gower, the urbane and skilled physician of Middlesex Hospital, and Dr. Fordyce, a fashionable physician, whose deep potations never affected him, used to meet at the Chapter Coffee House, and hold discussions on medical topics; but they never agreed, and with boisterous laughter used to ridicule each other's theories. But they all agreed in considering the Chapter punch as a safe remedy for all ills.

Dr. Garth, the author of the "*Dispensary*," a poem directed against the Apothecaries and Anti-Dispensarians, a section of the College of Physicians, was very good-natured, but too fond of good living. One night when he lingered over the bottle at the Kit-Kat Club, though patients were longing for him, Steele reproved him for his neglect of them. "Well, it's no great matter at all," replied Garth, pulling out a list of fifteen, "for nine of them have such bad constitutions that not all the physicians in the world can save them, and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world cannot kill them." The doctor here plainly admitted the uselessness of his supposed science, as in his "*Dispensary*" he admitted drugs to be not only useless, but murderous.

High where the Fleet Ditch descends in sable streams,
To wash the sooty Naiads in the Thames,
There stands a structure¹ on a rising hill,
Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.

In Blenheim Street lived Joshua Brookes, the famous anatomist, whose lectures were attended by upwards of seven thousand pupils. His museum was almost a rival of that of John Hunter, and was liberally thrown open to visitors. One evening a coach drew up at his door, a heavy sack was taken out and deposited in the hall, and the servants, accustomed to such occurrences, since their master was in the habit of buying subjects, were about to carry it down the back stairs into the dissecting room, when a living subject thrust his head

¹ Apothecaries' Hall. A doctor, I forget his name, having obtained some mark of distinction from the Company of Apothecaries, mentioned at a party that the glorious Company of Apothecaries had conferred much honour on him. "But," said a lady, "what about the noble army of martyrs of patients?"

and neck out of one end, and begged for his life. The servants in alarm ran to fetch pistols, but the subject continued to beg for mercy in such tones as to assure them they had nothing to fear from him. He had been drunk, and did not know how he got into the sack. Dr. Brookes ordered the sack to be tied loosely round his chin, and sent him in a coach to the watch-house. How he got into the sack may easily be surmised: some body-snatchers, a tribe then very much to the fore, had no doubt found the man dead drunk in the street, and knowing the doctor to be a buyer of subjects, had taken him there, in the hope that the doctor might begin operating on the body before it recovered consciousness, so as to enable them afterwards to claim the price. In the days when there were dozens of executions in one morning at Newgate, the doctors had a good time of it, for the bodies of the malefactors were handed over to them for dissection. In fact, under the steps leading up to the front door of Surgeons' Hall, a handsome building which stood next to Newgate Prison, there was a small door, through which the corpses were introduced into the building. Surgeons' Hall was pulled down in 1809, to make room for the new Sessions House.

The doctors of the previous two centuries were mostly Sangrados, who bled and purged their patients most unmercifully; but we must say this to their credit, they did not descend to the sublime atrocity of microbes, bacilli, and all the other horrors of the microscopic mania now sending unnumbered nervous people into lunatic asylums. And so they had not, like their modern compeers, the chance of amusing themselves and paying one another professional compliments by sending glass tubes, filled with the deadly spawn, from one country to another by ship and rail. Fancy one of those tubes getting accidentally broken, or being intentionally smashed for a lark on board a passenger steamer. Why, this would speedily become a vessel laden with corpses! At least, according to modern teaching, which, *entre nous*, we have no more faith in than we have in many other medical dicta. A man is ill from over gorging or drinking, a child ails from a surfeit of sweets or from catching a disease playing with other children in the streets or at school: the doctor is called in, and instead of telling the man, "You have made a beast of yourself," or correctly indicating the cause of the child's illness, he sniffs about and says: "There is something the matter with your drains: I can smell sewer gas." And presently the sanitary inspector arrives, and orders the pulling up and renewal of the drains, and for days the house is filled with the effluvia supposed to be poisonous. How is it the whole family do not die off? Well,

scavengers who daily deal with offal and garbage of the most offensive kind, the men who work down in the sewers, enjoy robust health ; the latter only suffer when they are suddenly plunged into an excess of sewer-gas, but it is the quantity and not the quality that injures.

The excessive treachery of modern doctors, as we have just shown, is as objectionable as was the brimstone treatment of some of their predecessors. A principle with modern doctors is, never to acknowledge themselves nonplussed. The old doctors now and then confessed themselves beaten. Said an *Æsculapius*, who had been called in to prescribe for a child, after diagnosing, as the ridiculous farce of tongue-speering and pulse-squeezing is called : " This here babe has got a fever ; now, I ain't posted up in fevers, but I will send her something that will throw her into fits, and I'm a stunner on fits." And modern doctors, indeed, have no occasion to admit ignorance since the invention of the liver. When they cannot tell what is the matter with a man, or they are too urbane to reproach him with his excesses, his liver is out of order—and that is an organ which cannot possibly be examined and its condition be verified so as to prove or disprove the practitioner's assertion. I assume that nine out of ten people don't know where or what the liver is—I'm sure I don't, and don't want to ; but as Sancho Panza blessed the man who invented sleep, the doctors should bless their colleague who invented the liver ! Abernethy, of whom more hereafter, with all his eccentricity, was honest enough to confess that he never cured nor pretended to cure anyone, which only quacks did. He despised the humbug of the profession, and its arts to mislead and deceive patients. He only attempted to second nature in her efforts. He admitted that he could not remove rheumatism, that opprobrium of the faculty, and no doctor can ; a residence in a warm and ever sunny clime, or a long course of Turkish baths, can do it. Hence sings Allan Ramsay's " Gentle Shepherd "—

I sits with my feet in a brook,
And if they ax me for why,
In spite of the physic I took,
It's rheumatiz kills me, says I.¹

This was the desperate remedy taken by Caroline, queen of that brute George II., when he expected her to take her usual walk with him, though both her feet were swollen with rheumatism. She plunged them in a bath of cold water, and managed to go out with him that afternoon.

¹ In searching for material for these pages I had occasion to read the lives of a good many doctors ; half of them, I should say, died of rheumatism and gout.

I read in some publication—*London Society*, I think—in an article on medicine, that it is a sensible plan, adopted by some wise people, to pay a medical man a yearly sum to look up a household periodically and keep them in good health. This seems to me as insane a plan as can well be imagined. Fancy the physicking such a family, especially the children and servants, must all the year round undergo ! For the doctor does not like to take his money and do nothing for it ; so, if there happens to be no real illness, he must exhibit his draughts and pills, just to show that he is honestly earning his fee. The regular attendant, the family doctor, means that the family are hospitalising all the year round. Better go and live in the island of Sark. Sir Robert Inglis, in his account of the Channel Islands, says that at Sark there is no doctor, and that in the years 1816 and 1820 there was not one death on the island containing a population of five hundred persons, and that on an average of ten years the mortality is not quite one in a hundred. But let us return to the old doctors.

Dr. George Fordyce, who came in 1762 from Edinburgh to London, very speedily made himself a name by a series of public lectures on medical science, which he afterwards published in a volume entitled “*Elements of the Practice of Physic*,” which passed through many editions. Unfortunately he was given to drink, and though he never was known to be dead drunk, yet he was often in a state which rendered him unfit for professional duties. One night when he was in such a condition, he was suddenly sent for to attend a lady of title who was very ill. He went, sat down, listened to her story, and felt her pulse. He found he was not up to his work ; he lost his wits, and in a moment of forgetfulness exclaimed : “*Drunk, by Jove !*” Still, he managed to write out a mild prescription. Early next morning he received a message from his noble patient to call on her at once. Dr. Fordyce felt very uncomfortable. The lady evidently intended to upbraid him either with an improper prescription or with his disgraceful condition. But to his surprise and relief she thanked him for his prompt compliance with her pressing summons, and then confessed that he had rightly diagnosed her case, that unfortunately she occasionally indulged too freely in drink, but that she hoped he would preserve inviolable secrecy as to the condition he had found her in. Fordyce listened to her as grave as a judge, and said : “*You may depend upon me, madam ; I shall be as silent as the grave.*”

Another doctor who made his reputation by lecturing was Dr. G. Wallis, of Red Lion Square. He had originally established himself at York, where he was born, but being much attached to

theatrical amusements, and a man of wit, he had written a dramatic piece, entitled "*The Mercantile Lovers: a Satire.*" It contained a number of highly caustic remarks, either so directly levelled at certain persons of that city, or taken by them to themselves, that he lost all professional practice, and had to leave York, when he came to London, and, as already mentioned, commenced lectures on the Theory and Practice of Physic. He published various medical works, and died in 1802.

In the reign of James I. lived Dr. Edward Jorden, whom we mention on account of two curious circumstances in his life. The doctor, being on a journey, was benighted on Salisbury Plain, and not knowing which way to ride, met a shepherd, of whom he made inquiry what places were near where he could pass the night. He was told there was no house of entertainment for travellers near, but that a gentleman of the name of Jordan, and a man of great estate, lived close by. Looking on the similarity of the names as a good omen, Jorden applied at the house, where he was kindly received, and made so good an impression on his host that the latter bestowed on him his daughter with a considerable fortune.

The second circumstance was this: James, as is well known, was a firm believer in witchcraft. Now it happened that a girl in the country was said to have been bewitched by a neighbour. The King had her sent for, and placed under the care of Dr. Jorden, who very soon discovered the girl to be a cheat; in fact, she confessed as much, saying that her father, having had a quarrel with a female neighbour, had induced her (his daughter) to accuse the woman of having bewitched her and brought upon her the fits she simulated. This confession Jorden reported to the King, the doctor not being courtier enough to see what James wanted, namely, a witch to burn. But as the girl had for a short time given him the prospect of such a treat, the King, though she by her own confession was a diabolical liar—for everyone in those days knew that the charge of witchcraft involved the risk of losing life by a fiery death—James actually gave her a portion, and she was married, "and," as the account naïvely observes, "thus was cured of her inimical witchery."

Of Dr. Francis J. P. de Valangin (b. 1719, d. 1805), of the College of Physicians, London, though a native of Switzerland, it was said that to his patients he was kind and consolatory in the extreme—nothing of the rough element in him; he was, as the obituary notice of him says, the friend of mankind and an honour to his profession. About the year 1772 de Valangin purchased

ground in Pentonville, near White Conduit House, where he erected a residence on a plan laid down by himself; and as the design was not that of ordinary builders or architects it was called fanciful, chiefly because of a high brick tower rising from it, which the doctor built for an observatory. Of course the next tenant, a timber merchant, had nothing more pressing to do than immediately to pull down the features which distinguished the building from the dulness of orthodox architecture. Valangin had christened the elevation on which his house stood "Hermes Hill," after Hermes Trismegistus, the fabled discoverer of the chemist's art.

Dr. Anthony Askew, one of the celebrities of St. Bartholomew's in the last half of the last century, was as famous in literature as he was in medicine. He had a collection of Greek MSS., purchased at great expense in the East, more numerous and more valuable than that of any other private gentleman in England. His house in Queen Square was, moreover, crammed with printed books; the sale of his library in 1775, which lasted twenty days, was the great literary auction of the time.

Another famous physician of St. Bartholomew's was Dr. David Pitcairn, who died in 1809. He also was distinguished as a literary man and lover of art. His earnings were very large, for he was frequently requested by his brethren for his advice in difficult cases. His manners as a physician were simple, gentle, and dignified, and always sufficiently cheerful to inspire confidence and hope. It is said that he was occasionally affected in his speech; thus he is reported to have asked a lady for a pinch of snuff in the following terms: "Madam, permit me to immerse the summits of my digits in your pulveriferous utensil, to excite a grateful titillation of my olfactory nerves."

Of Dr. John Radcliffe, the physician of the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne, many strange anecdotes are told, for he was a man of rough Abernethy manners, even with kings. When called in to see King William at Kensington, finding his legs dropsically swollen, he said: "I would not have your two legs, your Majesty, not for your three kingdoms." The remark gave great offence. But on another occasion he was even more brusque. "Your juices," he said to the King, "are all vitiated, your whole mass of blood corrupted, and the nutriment mostly turned to water. If your Majesty will forbear making long visits to the Earl of Bradford" (where the King was wont to drink very hard), "I'll engage to make you live three or four years longer, but beyond that time no physic can protract your Majesty's existence." On one occasion, when he

was sent for from the tavern, to which he resorted but too often, by Queen Anne, he flatly refused to leave his bottle. "Tell her Majesty," he bellowed, "that it's nothing but the vapours." He advised a hypochondriacal lady, who complained of nervous singing in the head, to "curl her hair with a ballad." He cured a gentleman of a quinsy by making his own two servants eat a hasty-pudding for a wager, which caused the patient to break out into such a fit of laughter as to burst the quinsy. Sir Godfrey Kneller and Radcliffe were at one time neighbours in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and the painter having beautiful pleasure-grounds, a door was opened for the accommodation of his neighbour. But in consequence of damage done to his flower beds Sir Godfrey threatened to close the door, to which Radcliffe replied, he might do anything with it but paint it. "Did Dr. Radcliffe say so?" cried Sir Godfrey. "Go and tell him, with my compliments, that I can take anything from him but his physic." In spite of his cynicism and rudeness, he made a very large income, on the average twenty guineas a day, and when he was told that the £5,000 he had invested in South Sea stock was lost, he could with placid *sang froid* say: "Well, it is only going up another 5,000 stairs." But though he so heavily taxed his patients, he was very much opposed to paying his debts, especially such as he owed to tradespeople. A paviour, whom he had employed and constantly put off paying, at last waited for him at his (the doctor's) door, and, when his carriage drove up, roughly asked for his money. "Why, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you expect to get paid for such a bad piece of work? You have spoiled my pavement, and covered it with earth to hide your bad work!" "Doctor," replied the paviour, "mine is not the only bad work the earth hides." "You dog, you," cried the doctor, "you must be a wit, and want the money. Come in." And he paid him. Curiously enough, the man who left the splendid library, known by his name, to Oxford, at one time, on being asked where his library was, pointed to a few phials, a skeleton, and a herbal, in one corner of his apartment, and said, "Sir, there is my library!" He was a Tory in politics, and it was said that he kept Lady Holt alive out of pure political animosity to the Whig Chief Justice Holt, because she led her lord such a life.

Of a more genial disposition, though no less original character, was Dr. John Cookley Lettsom. He was born in a small island near Tortola, called Little Van Dyke, which belonged to his father. A view of it may be seen in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, December Supplement, 1815. When only six years of age he was sent to

England for his education, being entrusted to the care of a Mr. Fothergill, then a famous preacher among the Quakers. His father dying before he came of age, that gentleman became his guardian, and with a view to his future profession sent him to Dr. Sutcliffe. For two years he attended St. Thomas's Hospital, and then returned to his native place in the West Indies to take possession of any property that might remain ; but on his arrival he found himself £500 worse than nothing, his elder brother, then dead, having run through an ample fortune, leaving to his younger brother only a number of negro slaves, whom he at once emancipated. He entered on the medical profession, and in five months made the astonishing sum of £2,000, with which he returned to Europe, visited the medical schools of Paris and Edinburgh, took his degree of M.D. at Leyden in 1769, and was admitted a licentiate of the College of Physicians of London in the same year. His rise in his profession was rapid ; in 1783 he earned £3,600 ; in 1784, £3,900 ; in 1785, £4,015 ; in 1786, £4,500 ; and in some years his income reached £12,000. But he was at the same time giving away hundreds, nay thousands, in gratuitous advice, and the poorer order of the clergy and struggling literary men received not only gratuitous advice, but substantial aid. He was one of the original projectors and supporters of the General Dispensary, of the Finsbury and Surrey Dispensaries, of the Margate Sea Bathing Infirmary, as well as of many other charitable institutions. In 1779 he purchased some land on the east side of Grove Hill, Camberwell, where he erected the villa which for years was associated with his name, and where he entertained some of the most eminent *literati* of his time. The house contained a library of near ten thousand volumes, and a museum full of natural and artistic curiosities. The grounds were most tastefully laid out and adorned with choice trees, shrubs, and flowers. The avenue of elms, still retaining the name of Camberwell Grove, formed part of the small estate and the approach to the house. It is sad to relate that Dr. Lettsom's excessive devotion to science and literature impaired his resources, and compelled him eventually to quit Grove Hill. He died in 1815, aged seventy-one years. He being in the habit of signing his prescriptions "J. Lettsom," some wag, putting forth the lines as the doctor's own composition, wrote thus :—

When patients comes to I,
 I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em ;
 Then, if they choose to die,
 What's that to I ? I lets 'em.

Everyone has heard, and has a story to tell, of Dr. John Abernethy

(b. 1764, d. 1831), so we do not know whether in telling our stories of him we shall be able to tell the reader anything new; but as he was a medical eccentricity we cannot omit him from our portrait gallery. But let us premise that if we call him eccentric we refer to his manners only, in which he did not take after his chief instructor, Sir Charles Blick, who was a fashionable physician of the extra-courteous school. In scientific knowledge Abernethy greatly excelled all his colleagues, though he got less fame by that than by his oddities. When he had made up his mind to marry he wrote off-hand to a lady a note of proposal, saying that he was too busy to attend in person, but he would give her a fortnight for consideration. His irritable temper at times rendered him very disagreeable with patients and medical men who consulted him. When the latter did so, he would walk up and down the room with his hands in his pockets and whistle all the time, and end by telling the doctor to go home and read his (Abernethy's) book. On being asked by a colleague whether a certain plan he suggested would answer, the only reply he could obtain was: "Ay, ay, put a little salt on a bird's tail, and you will be sure to catch him." He could hardly be induced to give advice in cases which appeared to depend on improper diet. A farmer of immense bulk came from a distance to consult him, and having given an account of his daily meals, which showed an immense amount of animal food, Abernethy said: "Go away, sir, I won't attempt to prescribe for such a hog." A loquacious lady he silenced by telling her to put out her tongue; she having done so, "Now keep it there till I have done talking," said Abernethy. A lady having brought her daughter, he refused to prescribe for her, but told the mother to let the girl take exercise. Having received his guinea he gave the shilling to the mother and said: "Buy the girl a skipping rope as you go along." When the late Duke of York consulted him, he stood whistling with his hands in his pockets, and the Duke said: "I suppose you know who I am?" "Suppose I do," was the uncourtly reply, "what of that?" To a gentleman who consulted him for an ulcerated throat, and wanted him to look at it, he said: "How dare you suppose that I would allow you to blow your stinking foul breath in my face?" But sometimes he met a Tartar. A gentleman, who could not succeed in getting the doctor to listen to his case, suddenly locked the door, put the key into his pocket, and took out a loaded pistol. Abernethy, alarmed, asked if he meant to murder him. No, he only wanted him to listen to his case, and meant to keep him a prisoner till he did. The patient and the surgeon afterwards became great friends. The Duke of Wellington having

insisted on seeing him out of his usual hours, and abruptly entering his room, was asked by the doctor how he got in. "By that door," was the reply. "Then," said Abernethy, "I recommend you to make your exit by the same way." He refused to attend George IV. until he had delivered his lecture at the hospital, in consequence of which he lost a royal appointment. To a lady who complained that on holding her arm over her head she felt pain, he said: "Then what a fool you must be to hold it up!" He was fond of calling people fools. A countess consulted him, and he offered her some pills, when she said she could never take a pill. "Not take a pill! what a fool you must be!" was the courteous reply.

Abernethy usually cut patients short by saying: "I have heard enough: you have heard of my book?" "Yes." "Then go home and read it." This book gives admirable rules for dieting and general living, though few persons would be willing to comply with them rigidly; he himself did not. When someone told him that he seemed to live like most other people, he replied: "Yes, but then I have such a devil of an appetite." One day a lawyer suffering from dyspepsia, brought on by want of exercise and good living, went to consult Abernethy. As he came out of the consulting room he met another lawyer, a friend of his. "What the devil brought you here?" said one, and the other echoed the question, and the reply of each was the same. "What has he prescribed for you?" asked the newcomer. The prescription was produced, and read as follows: "Read my book, p. 72, J. Abernethy." The first lawyer agreed to wait for his friend whilst he went to consult the doctor. In about a quarter of an hour he came out, well pleased apparently with his interview. "Well, what is your prescription?" inquired lawyer number one. Number two produced a slip of paper, on which was written: "Read my book, p. 72, J. Abernethy." That was what each got for his guinea. But Abernethy deserves praise for three utterances, viz. that mind is a miraculous energy added to matter, and not the result of certain modes of organisation, as modern scientists maintain; that an operation is a reproach to surgery, and that a patient should be cured without recourse to it; and that vivisection experiments are morally wrong and physiologically unsafe, because unreliable.

That Dr. Abernethy, with his uncouth manners and vulgar repartee, should have been so successful in his profession is a marvel; certainly few people of the present day would tolerate such rudeness as his. Possibly in former days the doctor's distinctive dress had a secret influence of its own. The gold-headed cane, the elaborate

shirt-frill, the massive snuff-box, tapped so argumentatively in consultation, the pompous manner and overbearing assurance, no doubt exercised a spell with which we are unacquainted now.

Abernethy had imitators, but they had been pupils of his. Tommy Wormald, or "Old Tommy," as the students called him, was Abernethy over again in voice, style, appearance, and humour. To an insurance company he reported on a bad life proposed to them: "Done for." When an apothecary wanted to put him off with a single guinea at a consultation on a rich man's case, he said: "A guinea is a lean fee, and the patient is a fat patient. I always have fat fees from fat patients. Pay me two guineas instantly; our patient is a fat patient." Some rich but mean people would drive to St. Bartholomew's to get advice gratis as out-patients. To this Tommy meant to put a stop. Seeing a lady dressed in silk, he thus addressed her before a roomful of people: "Madam, this charity is for the poor, destitute invalids; I refuse to pay attention to destitute invalids who wear rich silk dresses." The lady quickly disappeared. Will no Old Tommy arise at the present day and put an end to the abuse, which is as rampant as ever?

Doctors are not agreed as to what constitutes medical science. By an empiric a quack is meant. Now, an empiric goes by observation only, without rational grounds; yet Sir Charles Bell asserted that physiology was a science of observation rather than of experiment, which is the rational ground the quack is said to disregard. Who is right? Without attempting to answer the question, which would lead us too far, we must rest satisfied with the fact that the profession and the public have agreed to stigmatise certain individuals as quacks who, with or without any medical training, pretend to cure diseases by charms, manipulations, or nostrums, which have no scientific or rational basis. Quacks have existed at all times, for mankind, especially suffering mankind, has ever been credulous. Henry VIII. endeavoured to put down those of his own times by establishing censors in physic, but the public would not be enlightened, and so the quacks flourished. In 1387 one Roger Clerk, of Wandsworth, pretending to be a physician, got twelve pence in part payment from one Roger atte Haccke, in Ironmonger Lane, for undertaking the cure of his wife, who was ill. He put a charm, consisting of a piece of parchment, round her neck, but it did her no good, whereupon Roger brought him before the chamber at Guildhall for his deceit and falsehood, and Roger Clerk was sentenced to be led through the middle of the city with trumpets and pipes, he riding on a horse without a saddle, the said parchment and a whet-

stone¹ for his lies being hung about his neck, a urinal also being hung before him, and another on his back. In the reign of Edward VI. one Grig, a poulterer in Surrey, was set in the pillory at Croydon, and again in the Borough, for cheating people out of their money by pretending to cure them by charms or by only looking at the patient.

Was Valentine Greatrakes, whom Charles II. invited to his court, a quack? If he was, he was a harmless one, since he gave no physic, but only pretended to cure by magnetic stroking. Our modern magnetisers are not so modest; they have added much hocus-pocus to Valentine's simple process.

From among the medical oddities of the latter part of the last century we must not omit Dr. Von Butchell, who lived in Mount Street, and pretended to cure every disease. He applied for the post of dentist to George III., but when the King's consent was obtained he said he did not care for the custom of royalty. When his wife died, he had her embalmed and kept in his parlour, where he allowed his patients to see the body, so that the modern showman who exhibited the dead body of his wife at Olympia was, after all, only a copyist. But whilst the doctor was half-mad, the world was altogether mad; for his exhibiting the corpse of his wife was not considered as eccentric as his letting his beard grow, which then was held to be the height of madness. And there seems to have been method in *his* madness, for he sold the hairs out of his beard at a guinea each to ladies who wished to have fine children. He used to ride about the West End on a pony painted with spots by the doctor himself. There is an engraving extant of him, showing him astride on it. The horse was afterwards, in consequence of a dispute with the stable-keeper who had charge of it, sold at Tattersall's, where, as a curiosity, it fetched a good price. There was a wonderful inscription on the outside of his house, extending over the front of the next, and his neighbour rebuilding his frontage half the inscription was obliterated. Butchell was also a great advertiser, and his advertisements even now afford amusing reading. He never would visit a patient, though as much as £500 was offered him for a visit—patients had to go to his house. "I go to none," he said in his advertisements. Many persons used to visit him, not for getting advice, but simply to converse with such an original. He was twice married; his first wife he dressed in black, and his second

¹ Early in English history we find the whetstone as the symbol of a liar. Why? Does lying imply a sharpened wit, as a whetstone sharpens a blade? The custom is referred to in *Hudibras*, II. i. 57-60.

in white, never allowing a change of colour. He was one of the earliest teetotalers. The profits he and some of his contemporaries made on their quack draughts and pills led, in 1783, to the imposition of the tax on "patent medicines."

But to come down to more recent times, in 1700 one John Pechey, living at the Angel and Crown, in Basing Lane, an Oxford graduate and member of the College of Physicians, London, advertised that all sick people might, for sixpence, have a faithful account of their diseases and plain directions for their cure, and that he was prepared to visit any sick person in London for 2s. 6d., and that if he were called by any person as he passed by, he would require but one shilling for his advice. A physician who in our day advertised like this would be deprived of his diploma. In 1734 one Joshua Ward became a celebrity even among quacks, by his pills, which he extensively advertised, and which were patronised by the Queen herself. There was a rhyming quack, Dr. Hill, who also wrote a farce and wanted Garrick to produce it, till the latter published the following distich on him :

For farces and physic his equal there scarce is,
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is.

A Dr. Hannes, a contemporary of Dr. Radcliffe, ordered his servant to stop a number of coaches between Whitehall and the Royal Exchange, and to inquire at each whether it belonged to Dr. Hannes, as he was called to a patient. Entering Garraway's Coffee House, the servant put the same question. Dr. Radcliffe happening to be there, he asked who wanted Dr. Hannes. The servant named several lords who all wanted him. "No, no, friend," said Radcliffe ; "Dr. Hannes wants the lords."

Quacks were never more flourishing than they are now, and they always will be, for the public like mysterious remedies, and are anxious to recommend them and to force them on their friends. In nothing is a little knowledge more dangerous than in medicine ; mothers and nurses especially, who have acquired some smattering of it from their conversations with doctors, may do a lot of mischief. To them are due nearly all so-called diseases of children—as if children must necessarily have diseases—a superstition which is shared by some doctors, who also encourage the reading of their books. The reading of those books has physically the same effect on the body that the reading or hearing of ghost stories has morally on the mind : the reader or hearer everywhere feels dis-ease, and sees ghosts ; *ergo* beware of medical books and goblin stories—both

are unwholesome. Modern invalids are fortunate in escaping the tortures inflicted on patients in earlier days. Edmund Verney thus writes concerning his father, Sir Ralph Verney of Claydon House, in 1686: "He hath been blooded, vomited, blistered, cupt and scarified and hath three physicians with him, besides apothecary and chirurgian." And then he wonders that "he still continues very weak." The marvel was that he survived it all. Had not Molière a few years before the above date said: "You must not say that a man died of such and such a disease, but of so many physicians, surgeons and apothecaries."

The most pungent and most witty definition of the doctor's character probably is that given, I think, by Talleyrand. When Napoleon, in a fit of despondency, said that he would forsake war and turn physician, the sarcastic courtier said *sotto voce*: "*Toujours assassin ?*"

C. W. HECKETHORN.

SOME LITERARY LANDMARKS OF A NORTHERN HEIGHT.

MOST people, we suppose, would concede that there is no more pleasurable section of suburban London than Hampstead. Not only does it lie high above the mists which ascend from the valley of the Thames, but it constitutes a sort of portal to some of the most charming scenery to be found within a radius of ten miles from the Royal Exchange. "That man is little to be envied," wrote Dr. Johnson, "whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." That student of our literature, it may be said, is little to be envied who does not venerate the name of Hampstead, or who has never thought it worth his while to undertake a pilgrimage thither. With the single exceptions, perhaps, of Kensington and Twickenham, no suburb is richer than Hampstead in the memories of the past. They stand "like mountain ranges, over past in memory's distance fair." There the ancient Celt, stained with woad, chased the game and the beasts of the forest. Thither in pursuit of four-footed beasts went more audacious votaries of the chase from London, to which*they sometimes never returned. There in their affairs of honour duellists' swords clashed and shots were exchanged, and some received their passport to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns. There murder most foul has sometimes done its deadly work in some of the most secluded haunts, and suicide has desecrated the nooks sacred to talking age and whispering lovers. There, in the early Georgian era, Fashion at the behest of Folly fixed her halls, to which the gay of either sex went down gaily in the sunshine and came back trembling for very fear of footpads and highwaymen in the moonlight. There have resided many an one who—

Moulds a mighty state's decrees,
And shapes the whisper of the throne.

Thither have retired honourable men and true, men who have borne the heat and burden of the day in the battle of life, to seek seclusion, and to snatch a brief interval of repose before going farther and returning no more. Above all, the *literati*—the bright particular stars of the literary firmament—have walked, talked, studied, dreamed, wept, and meditated in this spot. They have drawn inspiration from its air, its scenery, its sober dignity and repose; and when the entire locality was in the truest sense, “a thing of beauty,” unpolluted by the presence of the modern builder, Keats reclined on its grassy sward like a sick child on the bosom of its mother, and meditated his radiant vision of “Endymion,” and gave it to the world to be a joy for ever.

We propose in this article to recall some of the literary memories of this favoured haunt of the Muses, and we warn our readers in the commencement that we mean to stick to our text. Other memories we know full well there are of which this suburb can boast. But those memories do not lie within our province. We are concerned only with the literary memories. In that happy age predicted, we believe, among others by that forgotten philosopher, William Godwin, when every illumined spirit unencumbered by his coating of clay shall glance like a meteor through infinity of space and maintain a personal intercourse with the inhabitants of other worlds, articles such as this will be rendered nugatory. Until the advent of that golden age, however, we may do worse than recall by such means as will avail us some of the literary memories of Hampstead. The chief difficulty is where to begin. Suppose we begin with Joanna Baillie, the poetess, who resided with her sister in the neighbourhood of Hampstead Heath from 1806 till 1851. Who now reads the poetry and the dramas of Joanna? Who, we wonder, now dips into the “Plays on the Passions,” or the “Fugitive Verses”? How many persons know anything of Joanna’s masterpiece, “De Montfort: a Tragedy,” which was reviewed as the work of a man by Samuel Rogers, and procured for the authoress the friendship of Sir Walter Scott? See what a perishable thing is fame. Miss Baillie and her sister were visited in their rural retreat at Hampstead by many friends who were eminent in science, letters, art, and society, and were on very intimate terms with Mrs. Barbauld, who lived not far off. Sir Walter Scott used to look forward to his visit to Joanna as one of the pleasures of life, and even Francis Jeffrey, the once powerful oracle of the *Edinburgh Review*, whose sarcastic pen was the terror of aspiring poets and poetesses when the century was young, could say in writing under

date of April 28, 1840: "I forgot to tell you that we have been twice out to Hampstead, to hunt up Joanna Baillie, and found her the other day as fresh, natural, and amiable as ever, and as little like a tragic muse." In 1842 Jeffrey saw his friend again, and could describe her even then as "marvellous in health and spirits and youthful freshness and simplicity of feeling, and not a bit deaf, blind, or torpid." The kindness and courtesy of the old school distinguished both the sisters until death came to end the span of life they had measured here. Joanna, the elder of this sweet and gentle pair, died at her residence, Bolton House, on Windmill Hill, on February 23, 1851. The other sister died ten years later. Both were interred in the tomb of their mother, near the east end of the churchyard.

"In the spring of 1801," says Mrs. Fletcher in her interesting autobiography, "I was taken by Dr. and Mrs. Baillie to Hampstead to see the gifted Joanna. I found her on a Sunday morning reading the Bible to her mother, a very aged lady, who was quite blind. Joanna's manners and accent were very Scottish, very kind, simple, and unaffected, but less frank than those of her sister. She seemed almost studiously to avoid literary conversation."¹

Just on the edge of the Heath, below Wild-Wood, stands a farmhouse, sometimes the resort of that extraordinary genius, William Blake. In the summer months this cottage was rented by Linnell, who numbered Blake among his friends, and often invited him to sojourn with him, when he was tired of London scenes and of London people.

It was in the Vale of Health that Leigh Hunt pitched his moving tent, and at various times between 1816 and 1820 entertained Shelley, Keats, Hazlitt, and Haydon. Keats was then living with a very intimate friend, Charles Brown, a Russian merchant, at Wentworth Place, Downshire Hill, having previously occupied apartments with his brother Thomas at the adjoining house.² This house was kept by a lady whose name has been preserved by none of the poet's biographers; it is known only that he was deeply in love with her daughter, for whom he cherished the fondest affection until he quitted Hampstead for ever in 1820. The scenery in and around Hampstead inspired some of Keats' finest melodies, melodies which will never pass into nothingness, but still will keep. At Hampstead

¹ *Autob.* p. 80. See also some pleasing glimpses of Joanna Baillie at Hampstead in the *Life of Tucknor*, i. 413.

² Lord Houghton's *Life of Keats*.

he composed "Endymion," "Lamia," "Isabella," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Hyperion." Leigh Hunt, in his "Autobiography," asserts that "Endymion" was suggested to Keats on a beautiful day, as he stood by the gate which led from the battery on Hampstead Heath into a field by Caen Wood.¹ It was in a lane near Highgate, leading from Millfield Lane to Caen Wood, that Keats, with Hunt, first met Samuel Taylor Coleridge in the summer of 1817. "There is death in that hand," observed Coleridge, as he relaxed his hold on the hand of the "loose, slack, well-dressed youth." And so there was, as subsequent events proved.

Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), in his very instructive and entertaining biography of Keats, tells us how the "Ode to a Nightingale" came to be written. "In the spring of 1819," he writes, "the admirable 'Ode to a Nightingale' was suggested by the continual song of the bird that had built its nest close to the house, which often threw Keats into a sort of trance of tranquil pleasure. One morning he took his chair from the breakfast-table, placed it on the grass-plot under a plane tree, and sate there for two or three hours with some scraps of paper in his hands. Shortly afterwards Mr. Brown saw him thrusting them away as waste paper behind some books, and had some difficulty in putting together and arranging the stanzas of the ode."

While Leigh Hunt continued to reside at Hampstead, Shelley often found his way thither. "Shelley often came there to see me," says Hunt, "sometimes to stop for several days. He delighted in the natural broken ground, and in the fresh air of the place, especially when the wind set in from the north-west, which used to give him an intoxication of animal spirits. Here also he swam his paper boats on the ponds and delighted to play with my children, especially with my eldest boy, the seriousness of whose imagination, and the susceptibility of a 'grim' impression, highly delighted him. He would play at 'frightful creatures' with him, from which the other would 'snatch a fearful joy,' only begging him occasionally 'not to do the horn,' which was a way that Shelley had of screwing up his hair in front to imitate a weapon of that sort."

Samuel Richardson, in writing his novel of "Clarissa Harlowe," mentions the house called "The Upper Flask." This house stands near Heath Street, and in the earlier years of the eighteenth century was frequented by the celebrities of "great Anna's" time, notably Pope and Steele. In the long days of summer the members of the Kit-cat Club used to assemble there and sip their ale under the old

¹ *Autob.* ii. 195.

mulberry tree which still flourishes. In Sir Richard Blackman's poem, "The Kit-cats," are the following lines :—

Or when, Apollo-like, thou'rt pleased to lead
Thy sons to feast on Hampstead's airy head—
Hampstead that, towering in superior sky,
Now with Parnassus does in honour vie.

After undergoing many changes, and after having been occupied by many tenants, "The Upper Flask," in 1771, came into the possession of George Steevens, the well-known Shakespearian commentator, who resided in it till his death in 1800. His splendid edition of Shakespeare's plays, in twenty octavo volumes, was published in 1773. Howitt says that to this work Steevens devoted solely, and exclusively of all other attentions, a period of eighteen months, and during that time he left his house every morning at one o'clock with the Hampstead patrol, and proceeding to London, without any consideration of the weather or of the season, called up the compositor and woke all his devils :—

Then late from Hampstead journeying to his bed,
Aurora oft for Cephalus mistook ;
What time he brushed the dew with hasty pace
To meet the printer's devils face to face.

This was at the chambers of his friend Reed, where he was permitted to enter with a sheet of the Shakespearian letterpress ready for correction. Every book was at hand which he wished to consult, and while laying his head on the pillow he could refer at any time to Reed. This nocturnal toil naturally accelerated the printing of Steevens' work. While the printers were sleeping, the editor was working. In twenty months he completed his five editions of Shakespeare's works.

In that lively and entertaining record, the "Life of Nollekens," by Smith, the topographer, it is said that in the closing years of the last century the gardens of "Shakespeare Steevens," as the commentator was popularly denominated, had acquired quite a widespread notoriety. Smith, who personally inspected these grounds, describes them as "beautiful beyond description."¹ Smith adds that Steevens possessed remarkably fine calves, which he generally covered with white cotton stockings, and he would frequently pique himself upon having walked from his house at Hampstead half over London and back without receiving a speck upon them. An aged inhabitant of Hampstead told Smith that no creature on earth was ever more

¹ *Life of Nollekens*, i. 73.

afraid of death than Steevens ; and that on the day of his decease he came into the kitchen where she and her husband were sitting at dinner, and snatched at their pudding, which he ate most ravenously, defying death at the same time in language of the most terrific character.

A house on the right-hand side of Church Row, proceeding in the direction of the parish church, was the residence of Mrs. Anna Letitia Barbauld, who in the days of our grandfathers was greatly to the fore in the world of letters. Mrs. Barbauld wrote poetry and prose with equal facility. Mrs. Barbauld and her husband came to reside at Hampstead in 1876, on their return from a Continental tour. Mr. Barbauld combined his ministry at a neighbouring Unitarian chapel with the preparation of a few pupils for the public schools ; his wife threw herself into literary pursuits. She wrote pamphlets on several questions that were then agitating the mind of the English public, and contributed as many as fourteen papers to that popular juvenile book, the "Evenings at Home," which she prepared for the press in conjunction with her brother, Dr. Aikin. These make up the sum total of Mrs. Barbauld's literary activities during her residence at Hampstead, which she quitted in 1802 for the "village," as it was then styled, of Stoke Newington, not far distant. Howitt relates that in 1787 the Barbaulds received a young Spaniard into their household. The stranger began to smoke cigars, which at that time were quite a novelty. "He is quite a man of one or two and twenty, and rather looks like a Dutchman than a Spaniard. Did you ever see *segurs*—tobacco leaf rolled up of the length of one's fingers, which they light and smoke without a pipe ? He uses them. 'And how does Mr. Barbauld bear that ?' you say. O ! the Don keeps it snug in his own room." That Mrs. Barbauld did not allow her literary proclivities to absorb "all mundane considerations" is evident from the following note which Wedgwood once received from her : "Mrs. Barbauld's compliments to Mr. Wedgwood ; begs the things she bought may be sent to No. 8 Caroline Street, Bedford Square, to-morrow morning, by seven ; if, however, that hour is too early, they may be sent this afternoon. They must be packed fit for Hampstead.—Caroline Street, March 30, 1787."¹ The house which the Barbaulds quitted in Church Row was subsequently occupied by Mrs. and Miss Aikin. This was between 1822 and 1830. In the latter year Mrs. Aikin died, and Miss Aikin removed to number 18 on the opposite side of the street, remaining there till 1844, when she removed to London. Finally she returned

¹ *Wedgwood Papers, Mayer MSS.*

to Hampstead, and took up her abode with relatives in John Street. Miss Aikin was the author of many works, the best of them being, perhaps, her biographical memoir of Addison, which was so severely handled by Lord Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review*. Miss Aikin had not been quite exact in certain statements of fact, and this provoked a severe flagellation from the Whig oracle. Though Miss Aikin felt this keenly at the time, it was hardly worth it, for Lord Macaulay conferred a certain kind of immortality on her performances, and it may safely be predicted that as long as the brilliant essayist's fame lasts, her name will never cease to be remembered. Miss Aikin died at Hampstead in January 1864, and lies buried at the east end of the tomb of Joanna Baillie in the churchyard.

It is somewhat interesting to find that Bishop Butler once resided at Hampstead. Park, the historian of Hampstead, asserts that this celebrated prelate occupied a house—no longer in existence—which it was traditionally believed was the habitation of Sir Harry Vane. Butler, it is said, lived in this house, the site of which is now occupied by the Soldiers' Orphan Asylum, for several years, and ornamented the windows with a considerable quantity of stained glass, which was long preserved there. These windows, it is further stated, consisted of a large series of scriptural subjects in squares, some of which were very finely executed. Among them were several figures of the apostles, with their names subscribed in Latin in small oblong squares. Local tradition asserted that these were actually presented to the Protestant prelate by the Pope. This, of course, is nothing more than a piece of idle gossip; yet it is really strange how the imputation of Popery clung round the memory of this great divine. Merely because he incautiously permitted a crucifix to hang in his private chapel, and spoke with faint commendation of a few harmless Popish practices, he was assailed after death with most unseemly acrimony as a wolf in sheep's clothing.

As we are observing no particular order in our remarks, but merely wandering from place to place, we select next Sir Charles Sedley. We are quite sensible of the fact that the name of this bard is not a pleasant one to ears esteemed polite, and that his works are not generally included in the category of those which rigid moralists prescribe for the perusal of the young. Sir Charles was not an angel of light, but we are not sure that he polluted Hampstead with his presence. His residence was a cottage on Haverstock Hill, which stood on the right-hand side of the road, in a garden opposite to a public-house known as "The Load of Hay," which was demolished in the spring of 1867. Sedley's character, like all the men of fashion under the

Restoration, was that of a debauchee, but then, like many debauchees, he was not altogether irreclaimable. "Only throw plenty of mud and some of it is sure to stick," says the old proverb, and a great deal of mud has been thrown at Sedley, and much more has stuck to him than should. People who condemn him *in toto* too often forget that he was a satirical wit, poet, and comedian rolled into one. Many of his brother bards excelled him in the art of what Sir Richard Steele has described as—

That prevailing gentle art
Which can with a resistless charm impart
The basest wishes to the chastest heart.

But he repented of all this before he died, and as Steele says, he would rather have had it said of him that he prayed—

Oh, thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's lips with fire !

The next occupant of Sedley's cottage was Dicky Steele. Doubts have been frequently expressed respecting Steele's residence at Hampstead, but there can be no doubt that he lived there for some time, since in a letter of his to Pope, dated June 1, 1712, the following passage occurs: "I am at a solitude, a house between Hampstead and London, where Sir Charles Sedley died." Creditors no doubt compelled this rollicking wit of Anna's time to retreat to Hampstead, where he passed the summer days of 1712. There he dashed off many of those clever papers which he contributed to the *Spectator*, which all the "town" was reading and assigning to every person but the right one. Thence he journeyed home night after night to enjoy the society of his darling Prue, that excellent wife towards the elucidation of whose character Mr. Aitken, in his standard biography of Sir Richard Steele, has done so much. Doubtless Captain Steele found his sojourn at Hampstead by no means an unpleasant one, seeing that it is certain that Pope and other members of the Kit-cat Club, which during the summer months was held at the "Upper Flask" on Hampstead Heath, used to call on him, and take him in their carriages to the place of rendezvous !

Not long after the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, Gay went to Hampstead for the benefit of the country air and the chalybeate waters. There, too, went Gay's friend, the witty Dr. Arbuthnot, when he was suffering from dropsy, in 1734. As the doctor's cheerful temperament would not permit him to live the life of a recluse in Hampstead, we are not surprised to find Pope saying in one of his letters to Martha Blount: "I saw Arbuthnot, who was very cheerful. I passed a whole day with him at Hampstead. He is in the 'Long Room' "

half the morning, and has parties at cards every night. Mrs. Lepell and Mrs. Saggioni, and his sons and his two daughters are all with him."

Another Georgian celebrity who combined the practice of medicine with that of poetical composition, and found his way to Hampstead, was Mark Akenside, the author of the "Pleasures of the Imagination." Akenside was introduced to Hampstead by his friend and fellow-student, the Honourable Jeremiah Dyson, clerk to the House of Commons, but Dyson's efforts were entirely frustrated by the poet's vanity and overweening love of ostentation. His overbearing conduct and intolerance of opposition, combined with his imprudence in money matters, were the means of ruining his practice, and had it not been for the generosity of his friend Dyson, would probably have reduced him to utter beggary.

It would have been singular indeed if Hampstead, the resort of the literary men of the early Georgian era, had never enjoyed the presence of one of the brightest stars of the literary firmament, Dr. Samuel Johnson. Reference to Boswell's "Life" of the sage shows us that he lived there in 1748, when he was friendless and almost unknown. His dictionary had not yet been projected, nor had the Universities of Oxford and Dublin recognised his merits by honouring him with a doctor's degree. The time of figs was not yet. Much suffering he was still to endure, but the clouds that had so long overshadowed his life were fast breaking; the night of adversity was spent, the day of prosperity was at hand. "In January 1749," says Boswell, "Johnson published 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' being the tenth Satire of 'Juvenal Imitated.' He, I believe, composed it in the preceding year. Mrs. Johnson, for the sake of the country air, had lodgings in Hampstead, to which he resorted occasionally; and there the greater part, if not the whole of the 'Imitation,' was written. The fervid rapidity with which it was composed is scarcely credible. I have heard him say that he composed seventy lines of it in one day, without putting one of them upon paper till they were finished." It is stated by Park that the house at which Dr. Johnson was accustomed to reside on his visits to Hampstead was the last house in Frognal, but every trace of it has long since disappeared.

Legion have been the readers, we doubt not, of that acute little book "Sandford and Merton," but very few, we suspect, could tell much off-hand respecting its author. "Sandford and Merton" first made its appearance, or, to adopt a fashionable euphemism, was first ushered into the world of letters, so far back as 1783. Day's latest critic, Mr. Leslie Stephen, is of opinion that "Sandford and Merton"

is still among the best children's books in the language, in spite of all its quaint didacticism, because it succeeds in forcibly expressing his high sense of manliness, independence, and sterling qualities of character. Mr. Stephen thinks, and we are in full agreement with him, that the influence of Rousseau's "Émile" may be traced in the pages of "Sandford and Merton," but Day's sturdy British morality modified the somewhat questionable doctrines which the French philosopher enunciated. Day was a man who was blessed with an unusual amount of this world's goods, and, unlike so many wealthy people, he regarded his riches only as a trust for the good of others. To this end he strove throughout life to be a real benefactor to humanity. In 1778 he married and took a small house at Hampstead, in order that he might evade the troublesome calls of friends and what is commonly designated society. Among their first callers, however, were Richard Lovel Edgeworth and his spouse. "My wife," says Edgeworth, "and I went to see the new married couple at Hampstead. It was the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow, and, to our great surprise, we found Mrs. Day walking with her husband on the Heath, wrapped up in a furze cloak, and her feet well fortified with thick shoes. We had always heard that Mrs. Day was particularly delicate; but now she gloried in rude health, or rather was proud of having followed her husband's advice about her health—advice which in this respect was undoubtedly excellent." Edgeworth says that he never saw a woman so devoted to her husband's wishes. But it must not be supposed that Mistress Day was really only a white slave. "There was still a never-failing flow of discussion between them. From the deepest political investigation to the most frivolous circumstance of daily life, Mr. Day found something to descant upon; and Mrs. Day was nothing loth to support, upon every subject, an opinion of her own; thus combining, in an unusual manner, independence of sentiment and the most complete matrimonial obedience. In all this there may be something at which even a friend might smile, but in the whole of their conduct there was nothing which the most malignant enemy could condemn." Day, it is said, remained some time at Hampstead, as he was not eager to saddle himself and his wife with the whole burden of housekeeping. He considered that in living in inconvenient apartments, unknown and free from visitors, he should accustom his wife to seek happiness within a very circumscribed area.

Space would quite fail us were we to enumerate all the literary celebrities who have made Hampstead their residence. George

Crabbe the poet, Eliza Meteyard the biographer, Mrs. Craik the novelist, Neuberger the friend of Carlyle and Emerson, can here only be named. It is time to draw this article to a close, but before doing so we should not omit to mention that Hampstead constantly enjoyed the presence of the late Lord Tennyson, whose mother long resided at Rose Mount, a house which stood in Flask Walk. Mr. Baines, in his interesting work "The Records of Hampstead," asserts that many old inhabitants can still recall to mind the tall form and flowing locks of the poet-laureate, as he accompanied his mother on Sunday to the parish church, or as he wandered about the town and the adjoining heath.

W. C. SYDNEY.

“ *THE WHITE MOTH.* ”

FAR away up in the recesses of the River Crouch there is a quaint little collection of cottages and small houses, and at as remote distance from them as is compatible with keeping the buildings within the bounds of the parish, is a characteristic Essex village church, weather-beaten, ivy-grown, sadly out of repair inside and outside, yet fully as interesting as are nearly all the churches in the Eastern counties. Hard by the church is the vicarage ; which, like its great support, may be said to exist on sufferance, accordingly as one gazes upon its dilapidations or upon what remains of its structure.

Almost on the banks of the river—which, by the way, is a tidal stream, and allows of the passage of coasting vessels up to 100 or 200 tons burden—is the principal inn of the place ; and to this inn a few summers ago a friend and myself betook ourselves, preparatory to joining a five-ton yacht for a three weeks' cruising holiday. Apart from ourselves the ship's company consisted of one man, who was our skipper, steward, and crew all complete. On shore he was the proprietor of the inn.

In justice to his sailing capacities it is only fair to say that he had spent at least one-third of his life afloat, either on the river or the open sea. He was a bushy man, stout withal ; his face was red when it was not purple, and no amount of weather affected the stiffness of his beard. He had two eyes when he was quiet ; none when he laughed ! As a matter of fact he never laughed, he gurgled ! He had but one pace, a shuffle ; he never left off smoking—even at meal-times he ate, grunted, gurgled, and smoked all at the same time.

His principal shore diet was gin and kippers, and the diet had told even upon the constitution of a sailor. His yarns were immense, and he swelled with pride as the romance proceeded ; as he spoke he held grimly with both hands to his seat, and it was also necessary for the preservation of his mental balance that both legs should be elevated on the cabin table, or upon some such high support ; his head sunk upon his breast as the yarn progressed, and he snored peacefully before he reached its conclusion.

And yet there was good in him withal, but 'twas smothered deep within his breast, and few there were who could extract it.

Upon the second evening of our holiday we boarded the yacht. The skipper was affected by a long stay on land, and hid himself forrard. My friend was dreamy. The setting sun threw a broad path of glistening radiance across the wider part of the water, a summer breeze was playing restfully with the tide, and gently chastising the topmost branches of the trees on shore, the leaves were trembling with excitement, and the breeze passed on to whisper to the woods beyond the secrets of their scattered offspring. On the flats the lapwings were plaintively calling to their mates; along the shingly beach the sandpiper was hurrying, calling tremulously to his companions but never staying for reply; the gulls were lazily circling round, occasionally dipping into the water with hasty dives as they spied their food upon the surface, and shrieking with delight when their object was obtained. The curlews were passing over in their flight, complaining as is their wont in one long note of the ever weariness of their doings. A patch of blue smoke here and there colouring the landscape added to the peacefulness of the scene. Then, as the twilight deepened, the moon appeared, and softly usurped the doings of the sun. The whistling wings of duck and widgeon were heard in place of the sea-birds' cries; and twinkling lights from the cottage windows showed where the blue smoke had been. A creeping shadow and another moving light told us of the passing schooner, moving to her moorings.

It was a night for little conversation; pleasure enough to listen to the quiet sounds that came along and across the water, intensifying the charming stillness of our surroundings. Presently we heard, at a little distance, the grinding of a boat's keel over the shingle, followed by the regular monotones of the oars in the rowlocks; so muffled were the sounds, that we scarcely realised that the boat was nearly upon us. We gazed at the boat dreamily and half inquisitively, and to our astonishment saw the light figure of a girl swaying gently with the movement of the oars. The features were those of an angel, and plainly visible in the moonlight; but the blank, piteous expression of her face, as she gazed up into the night, was almost appalling. Soon she glided into the shadows, and as she drew away from us began to sing. A musical, tuneful voice, so low as to be barely audible, was wafted back to us—"By the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond, we shall never meet again."

On and on went the singing until the song was finished. Again the boat passed near to us, and we could just distinguish the silent,

swaying figure, as it drifted away to the shore. Again we heard the grinding of the keel ; but, straining our vision to the uttermost, we could see nothing. We knew, however, the way by which she had gone, from hearing some startled lapwings rising complainingly from the flats, and later the joyous greeting of a dog told us of her arrival at home.

For a long time after her departure we neither of us spoke, but we presently began to conjecture, and to talk as to what could be the meaning of this weird little woman's wanderings. The picture in the moonlight had fascinated both of us, but my friend was particularly impressed by it, and to a degree that was very unusual with him.

We spent our days cruising about in the river and adjoining creeks, but this first night had changed all our plans, and evening after evening we came back to the neighbourhood of our old moorings.

And often were we rewarded and entranced by the same vision more or less near to us ; but as the moon waned, we saw less and less of our pretty moth. Thus had we ourselves christened her, but by the name of "The White Moth" was she also known by the few who were accustomed to her presence in the river. Strange to say, the mass of the inhabitants of the scattered district knew nothing of her wanderings.

Bit by bit we dragged forth from our unwilling skipper the history of our evening vision. An old story, daughter of a worn-out yeoman stock, she lived with her mother, retired from the world on the pittance the land had left to them. She had the grace of a princess, an inherited yeoman pride, and all the innocence of a child. But the solitude had fretted her, and had made her long for a something more than she knew. When temptation came she fell, and fled away, but only to return when she was neglected.

.
A yacht with an owner, rich, blasé, and cunning, but not too blasé to neglect the temptation of such natural beauty and charms as the old yeoman's daughter offered.

.
Poor "White Moth," she remembered those evenings by the river, the promises that had beguiled her, the love that had been proffered. She had forgotten Paris, London, Nice, but she had still dreams of Scotland and of the days that had been near by her old home, and of the trips at dusk up those quiet Essex waters ; and the dreams made up not all that was left to her, for the words then spoken still

seemed to ring true, and the sea-birds as of yore re-echoed her thoughts.

Could we never see her in the day-time ; the skipper said "no," but he was an Essex man, and he looked a lie when he told it. Then we began to spend parts of our days ashore, but we never met our pretty moth ashore : the daylight was not for her, but still we sought, and wondered. We had often noticed, at a distance, wandering about with an old lady, a poor, foolish looking, delicate lad, whom we had heard of as "Poor Billy." In a half countryman's, half sailor's suit had we often seen him walking along the shores of the river and over the meadows, and nearly always with the same old lady. One day he passed us close at hand, and we could think of nothing but our pretty moth. Once more we questioned the skipper, and he said we had seen "Poor Billy," most folk knew him whereabouts.

We both began to get hipped, and my friend became quite melancholy. One day he departed for a ramble alone, and he came back to the yacht with a most woe-begone countenance.

He had seen our pretty one, and he had seen "Poor Billy," and he had had a great and stormy interview with the old lady.

Soon after this our trip ended, and we returned to town. Somehow, I was not quite the same man after it, and my friend was so constantly in an absent-minded condition, and so often away from his chambers, that I became troubled as to his doings, and felt very anxious about his health. This anxiety was not lessened when one day I saw him entering the house of a well-known physician upon mental diseases ; and later, again tracked him to the same house. I loyally kept my suspicions to myself.

When upon a subsequent date I found that he was constantly visiting a well-known sanatorium in which were confined better class patients suffering from mental conditions, I knew not what to think of him, and gradually we became separated.

More than five years had passed by when I received an invitation from him to join him on his yacht, at the old place on the Essex river. I gladly responded to the invitation, and will now describe our first evening on those seductive, soothing waters.

Our meal was over, and I was smoking the pipe of peace on the decks. The moon was beaming over the tide just as it did on those summer evenings a few short years ago. The stillness was as acute. Across the water came again the thud of the rowlocks, then

appeared the boat ; in the bows, and handling the oars, I saw my friend, his face gleaming with proud happiness ; and in the stern I saw the same beautiful features with which our pretty moth had originally entranced us.

Across the ripples came the old, sweet voice, but there were no tears in the voice now ; and when the song was ended, two little baby hands joined in the applause, and the mother's face was still that of an angel ; but the looks that gleamed from it were those of a bright intelligence, full of love and trust.

Anon came a schooner drifting to her moorings, and the crew were singing merrily as their craft drifted home to port. The sea-birds were still restless in their haunts, but their cries were not plaintive but joyous ; even the quacking wild duck on the mere were jubilant ; and the breeze, as it whisked the leaves across the creek, no longer sighed to them, but left them rapturously telling a message of happiness which was duly dispersed to the woods beyond, which bent gaily to the attack and sent forth a message through their branches, which was passed on to the whole country side.

And on the little fo'castle of the yacht sat the skipper, now permanent commander of the smartest little craft on the river.

"Poor Billy" had gone, he said, and the little lady had died of a decline ; and his beard was stiffer than ever, and he gurgled ominously when I looked argumentative.

For a few moments I felt lonely and sad, but the boat was returning, and so were my spirits.

In the battle of life, in the struggle for existence, weary moments must sometimes make us pause and sigh ; then is the time when some happier days will chasten our disquietude. Miserable indeed must his existence be if no light memory of the past can dispel a present gloom.

W. T. FREEMAN.

THE FATHER OF GYMNASTICS.

THE father of gymnastics (*Turnwater*) is the name by which Friedrich Ludwig Jahn is known to all Germans. The paternity must be interpreted in an esoteric sense, or unequivocally denied; indeed, to some it would seem that Jahn might be affiliated on gymnastics as fitly as gymnastics on Jahn. But whatever his relationship to this particular art may have been, he has, quite apart from it, abundant claims to biographical notice. Playing an active part in the deliverance of Germany from French domination, his strong character was exhibited in a picturesque career. A figure at once bizarre and winsome, he has gained the best of all chances of immortality by fascinating the imagination of his countrymen. Their gratitude, too, is enlisted in the perpetuation of his memory. He was a patriot when patriotism was dangerous, and upheld the doctrine of German unity when it was an odious heresy. Gymnastics with him was a means of hardening the body; but the accrued strength was to be used in the service of the State. Hence it is that not only is every *Turnhalle* in Germany, England, or the United States, a monument in his honour; but in the reliefs with which the Council Chamber at Berlin is adorned he finds a place by Arndt and Fichte, by Gneisenau and Scharnhorst.

The dismemberment of Germany in 1778, the year in which Jahn was born, and the consequent absence of national sentiment, are illustrated by the situation of his birthplace. Lanz, a village in West Prießnitz, was near the border between Prussia and Mecklenburg; whilst to cross the Elbe, which flowed a few miles to the west, was to enter the kingdom of Hanover. In this village the future father of gymnastics first saw the light, being, in Scotch phrase, a manse bairn. So many notable men have sprung from the parsonage that the Reformation has been deemed a social gain, if only as bringing with it a married, in the place of a celibate, clergy. Be that as it may, Jahn was the son of a village pastor, to whom he owed a vigorous frame and a lively intellect.

The boy's formal education began when his mother taught him to

read from Luther's Bible. Some treatise by Samuel Pufendorf, the "famous civilian," was the second book put into his hands—this, doubtless, as a tribulation and to curb the spirit. In his childhood he never even heard of fairy tales. "Strong imagery and picturesque incident" were not set before him in any printed page ; but his fancy had enough to nourish it in the stories told by the smugglers of the frontier, or by Frederick the Great's old soldiers, Ziethen's hussars, or the troopers of Seydlitz. From his father he got some small book learning in history and Latin ; whilst, out of doors, he rode and swam, made journeys with the market carts, or watched the apes climb in the ducal park of Ludwigslust. When he entered the grammar school at Salzwedel, he gave the natural evidence of an irregular training. Moreover, a sturdy independence, the secret and the revelation of genius, rendered him uneasy under discipline and slow to conciliate friendship. He left Salzwedel after three years of perpetual conflict with masters and schoolfellows. Nor was his connection with the school of the Gray Monastery at Berlin, whither he next proceeded, more fortunate ; he vanished from it suddenly, and was thought to be drowned. Then for a year he lived in his father's house, or soothed his restlessness by long wanderings on foot, a habit which grew inveterate. In 1796 he became a student of the University of Halle.

The academic world that Jahn entered was not in its golden age. Notwithstanding Rousseau, in social and in other matters we are alchemists seeking gold, not impoverished successors of those who had it in abundance. At the close of the eighteenth century the German student was, as in some sort he is to-day, a fragment of mediævalism embedded in the structure of a new civilization. He had renounced, it is true, the worst vices of his predecessors ; he was not so staunch in the belief that hard drinking was meritorious and cruelty a wholesome tonic for the sufferer. The system of pennialism, under which the boy fresh from school was subjected to the boundless tyranny of his seniors, had become extinct, or was represented only by some shadowy form of control. The brawls of the *Renommist* (hector, bully) no longer made the streets unsafe. The hateful affectation of the *petit-mâitre*, with his perfumery and pomades, had fluttered back to France. Moreover, in dress the student had adopted to some extent the fashion of his day, and did not now ruffle it in slashed doublet, trunk-hose, and feathered barret. Like those of the same social rank he wore a coloured coat with metal buttons, an embroidered waistcoat and a three-cornered hat ; but he added, as distinctive of his order, leathern breeches, jack-boots, and fencing-gloves. The sword, once his chief ornament, was

banished from the streets with the end of the Seven Years' War. But whatever changes his manners or costume had undergone, he kept his traditional hatred of restraint. For him laws existed only to be transgressed, and with their executors, the beadles of the university or the watchmen of the town, he waged perpetual warfare. Though *Faustrecht* (club-law) had long been abolished among the nobles, students could still settle their quarrels without appeal to courts. Duels were numerous, and often had grave results. No disciplinary measures of fines or imprisonment could intimidate the scholars when their independence was threatened. And if the authorities, exasperated by serious disorder or outrage upon citizens, ventured on some heroic exercise of their powers, as a last resource, there was the *Auszug* (march out), the whole body of students going forth, like the plebeians of old to the Mons Sacer, and airing their grievances on the nearest hills. Migrations of this kind took place at Göttingen in 1790, and at Jena in 1792 ; on both which occasions the seceders were ultimately escorted back by a repentant senate and a submissive municipality to a renewed enjoyment of academic freedom.

Such was the society into which Jahn, poor and ill equipped, was introduced upon his matriculation at Halle. By his father's desire he began to study theology, but presently applied himself to philology and history, fields of learning which in his day were little cultivated. Of the requirements in the theological examinations, "the theories of original sin, Kennicott's various readings, and the ten persecutions of the Christians," he was wont to speak afterwards with unmeasured contempt. His attainments in the subjects of his own choice were extensive, though fragmentary. The fruits of his studies were exhibited at various stages of his life ; they would probably have been more plentiful had the period of his adolescence been more tranquil. The spirit of revolt manifested at school was untamed, and he was soon at war with most of his comrades and all his rulers. The quarrel had reference to those curious students' clubs, which, carrying youthful affections and prejudices into mature life, have exerted so deep an influence on the political as well as the social history of Germany.

In Bologna and Paris, the earliest great universities, professors and scholars were marked off into distinct, self-governed *nations* according to the countries from which they came and without regard to the studies in which they were engaged. This organisation was copied in Germany by the University of Prague, founded in 1348 on the model of Paris ; and was thence transmitted to Vienna and to Leipzig. Classification by place of origin yielded, however, to

the more rational distribution into faculties ; until, in the fifteenth century, the *Bursenwesen* (system of bursaries) restored the local bond as a principle of association. Bursaries, in the German sense, were originally foundations for the benefit of poor scholars belonging to a specified district ; and the tie of a common birthland was strengthened by the fact that those on the same foundation shared the same abode. But bursary houses, at first well-ordered institutions each under its own rector, assumed a new character when they became mere hostelries in which all students were forced to live and which were carried on for the profit of the managers. The Reformation, operative in so many spheres, swept them away ; nor has the collegiate system since been revived in Germany in any permanent form. The instinct of association led next to a reproduction of the old *nations*, but with certain inevitable changes. As universities had multiplied, they had grown less international. Hence, the new nations rested on much narrower ideas of compatriotism, and drew their members from a single province or some smaller territorial division. At the outset they received the countenance of the authorities ; but, about the middle of the seventeenth century, were prohibited, along with those abuses of pennialism which they were believed to foster. Nevertheless, in secret they continued to exist, under the name of *Landsmannschaften*. Side by side with them sprang up the *Orden* (orders), which borrowed ceremonies from the Freemasons and Rosicrucians, and veiled their proceedings in mystery. The orders were based on personal sympathies, laying less emphasis on the local tie or abandoning it altogether. The bond of fraternity which knit the associates together was indicated, as a rule, by the designation of the society ; they called themselves Amicists, Constantists, Unitists, or bore some other such barbarous title.

At Halle in 1796 the *Landsmannschaften*, known there and then as *Kränzchen* (circles), had ceased to be clandestine, and enjoyed the tacit or open sanction of the professors ; the orders, on the other hand, were unfavourably regarded. The smile of authority was as damning in Jahn's eyes as its frown was commendatory. Embracing ardently the cause of the orders, he, like Sacheverell to the dissenters, hung out "a bloody flag and banner of defiance" to all the circles, to Pomeranians and Silesians, to Westphalians and the men of the Mark. He and his friends sought, it would appear, to found a new order, or to unite all existing orders in one vast organization. In pursuance of this object he visited, as he related in old age, no less than ten German universities. At Halle, his position in the face of the hostile groups became so precarious that in 1799

he secluded himself in a cave (still shown) below the Gibichenstein. Here for a whole summer he remained, defending himself against his assailants with stones which he gathered from the rocky bed of the Saale. Here, as he tells us, in his vacant hours he pursued his studies or formed plans for the future. Here germinated the lofty thoughts which guided his later actions. But his meditations were recorded long after the siege, and *ce qu'on dit de soi est toujours poésie*. His energies, one suspects, were exhausted by his more martial activities.

After four unquiet years at Halle, Jahn was forced to seek shelter elsewhere. Removing to Greifswald he gave himself, it must be confessed not wholly, to the study of the Scandinavian languages. Among his new professors was the celebrated Ernst Moritz Arndt, the poet of the War of Liberation. But Arndt went to Sweden, and Jahn, having again embroiled himself with his rulers, left Greifswald *per consilium abeundi*; in English, was rusticated. Six weeks after his admission he had arranged a burlesque of certain ancient observances; his final condemnation was for ill-using a comrade. The buoyancy of youth may excuse its waywardness, and the vagaries of undergraduates are seldom of great moment. Jahn's career at two seats of learning is, at least, a suggestive commentary on his own precept: "Years spent at a university are to the scholar as the years of travel are to the journeyman. He must not coop himself up and nurse the stove, but must ripen in the air and light of publicity." It is satisfactory to learn that the levity of his conduct was in some measure redeemed by serious occupations. Three years before his departure from Greifswald he had published a little octavo pamphlet on the furtherance of patriotism in Prussia; and not long after it he issued his contributions to the enrichment of the High German vocabulary, a work of much labour and some utility, which attracted considerable attention to its author, although it appeared in the fateful year of Jena.

When that year opened, Jahn was at Göttingen, working at his books or hearing lectures read, with some hope of establishing himself as a university teacher there. The follies of youth lay behind him, and he had set his face toward the goal of a definite vocation and an assured subsistence. The summer was spent in Jena, where the studious life continued. Then the old itch of rambling seized him, and he started off in mid-autumn to scour the Harz on foot. He had explored the mountains as far as Goslar, when he learnt that war with France was imminent and that the Prussian forces were mustering in Thuringen. In a mind like his, alert, eager, and

impassioned, the news was as a spark to tinder. Love of country jumped with love of action. "My thoughts," he says, "flew at once from the lecture-room to the camp; I cast the pen down, to seize the sword." Deaf to prudence and to counsellors, he resolved to brave the hazard of war. Through wind and rain he tramped for five days, until, by devious routes and ways foul and deep, he reached Nordhausen. In the passport obtained there he described himself as "an unemployed scholar of Göttingen," travelling in Saxony in the interest of his studies; his true intention was to take service under Prince Louis Ferdinand, who commanded the Prussian advance guard. But in spite of the most strenuous efforts he was too late; for the Prince had fallen at Saalfeld. Jahn, seeking next the headquarters of the main army, arrived at Jena late on the very day of the battle, 14th October 1806, the anniversary of Hochkirch. He saw the closing scenes of the great disaster, the last, desperate struggles of Hohenlohe's left wing. His part was not in the combat, but in the flight. Entangled in a throng of broken infantry, he was borne along as by an irresistible stream. The greater part of the fugitives, and with them Jahn, turned northward, making for Magdeburg. At Artern, reached in the night, were three thousand privates without a single officer; most of them had thrown their arms away, concerned only for speed. A few hours of rest, then with the daylight they fled onward, though no enemy pursued, by way of Sangerhausen to Mansfeld.

The next day (16th) Jahn, without companions, left the line of safe retreat to diverge to Halle, which he entered as a French attack began. He witnessed the taking of the town, himself exposed to a shower of bullets. Wandering by Magdeburg and down the Elbe, across the broads to Anklam, thence along the Baltic coast, he came at last to Lübeck, where he again found the French at work, though the fighting was over. "The first night," he relates, "I hid myself under the dead; on the second I stole away to Danish territory, and saw things that gave me some idea of Attila. Before Lübeck lay the triple host of the French, some eighty thousand strong. The dark night was illumined by terrible flames, as if by a full moon. Villages, garden-houses, barns, were ablaze. Mahogany and ebony furniture supplied fuel for the watchfires; the stacks of pine logs the victors scorned. There was an uproar heard for miles around. Drunken men fired their guns at random. All was wantonness and destruction. Danish villages were plundered in the darkness; the few Danes could not prevent it. Hundreds of Frenchmen, led on by their officers, perpetrated deeds of horror to the accompaniment of music." Jahn returned to Jena, filled with a hatred of France never extinguished or

even mitigated—a hatred embracing men and morals, language and institutions, and blind to that singular charm of the French genius which has endeared the race even to its rivals. He lived at Jena, his Göttingen plans abandoned, until peace was concluded by the negotiations at Tilsit.

Seldom has a great monarchy been so prostrate as Prussia now seemed. The proud State for which Frederick the Great had won the respect of Europe owed its continued existence to the intercessions of its Russian ally and the indulgence of its French conqueror. Not only had its growth been checked, but it had been robbed of its fairest provinces ; and the Elbe became the boundary for those who claimed the Rhine. Jahn saw the abasement of his country without despairing of its recovery. He speaks of himself as the prophet of “the three sacred revelations to humanity Nature, Reason, and History.” The everlasting order of things as revealed in these three books would prevail ; and by that order national units were prescribed, not the cosmopolitanism of French philosophers. As a German he would strive for German independence. And he did work manfully with deed and word for the redemption of his fatherland. For two years he was, in effect, a political agent, in the service, though not in the pay, of the Prussian Government. As such he traversed Germany in all directions, meeting with strange adventures and learning to know not only every layer of German society, but also, a more difficult matter, every shade of German dialect. To this period of his life belongs the story told by all his biographers of the escorting of an Englishman with despatches through hostile territory to Hamburg. The somewhat romantic narrative is based on his memoirs, dictated in old age and clearly vitiated by illusions of memory. Mythical as much of it is, and not worth repeating, a little coincidence in connection with it may be recorded. Jahn met his Englishman at Perleberg in West Priegnitz, near his own native place. It was at Perleberg that the diplomatist Benjamin Bathurst (not Lord Bathurst, as the German writers say) disappeared so mysteriously in 1809, leaving no trace, though inquiry into his fate was long pursued.

On the 23rd of December in this same year 1809, Jahn was a spectator at a memorable scene. Frederick William the Third, with his consort Queen Louisa, returned to his capital amid general acclamation. The event was significant of much to Prussia. The Austrians had been vanquished, and the hope of a great German league against France had been shattered ; but between the Elbe and the Niemen, in the narrowed limits of Prussia, the spirit of

resistance was kindling anew. King and people were gaining confidence in their destiny. Jahn shared the enthusiasm of the moment. "At this ceremony," he writes, "a star of hope dawned on my horizon; *nach langen Irrjahren und Irrfahrten* (after long years of roving and wild journeys) I seemed to have reached home." He had come to Berlin a few days before the Royal entrance, bringing with him the manuscript of his *Deutsches Volksthum*, which, in its influence on the history of the time, deserves to rank with Fichte's Addresses to the German Nation. Both authors looked to the regeneration of the German people for the rehabilitation of the German State; the two works, differing widely in literary merit and appealing to different classes of readers, were inspired by the same feelings. Fichte's appeared the year before, Jahn's the year after, the King's return. But the latter was only a reminiscence of an earlier work which had been lost during the campaign of Jena—"salvage from a wreck," as the writer calls it. It shows him as a reflective man, not learned but now grown conversant with many books.

Volksthum is a term invented by the author, which, like *turnen* and some other words first used by him, has taken root in German and indeed put forth offshoots. It may be explained roughly as an equivalent of the foreign word *nation*. The subject of the book, then, is the German nation and that German nationality which, to the despondent, seemed threatened with extinction by the encroachments of French materialism on the domain of German idealism. The fundamental proposition laid down is that men are not as wax or dough, to be kneaded into masses, or a single mass, at the will of some master craftsman. The barriers which separate nation from nation are natural; they consist of natural qualities, and are marked by diversities of speech, literature, thought, and sentiment. None but a Tamerlane could conceive a world inhabited by one people, speaking one language, and obedient to the precepts of one religion. Wars are vain when they attack nationality; and the mightiest empires, if they are made up of heterogeneous parts, will succumb to the smallest pressure from without. The weakness of Germany lies in the imperfect development of the national instinct. A German State is often an aggregate of petty communities united only by the linking of their names in the title of the prince. But every State should be an organism: every province should be to the State as the members are to the body. If this relation is not cultivated, uniform administration is impossible, and local patriotism undermines the basis of national pride. The remedies available for making good defects and strengthening Germany are indicated by passing in review the

various political and social institutions of the country. The monarchy, the courts of law, school and church, fire insurance and the franchise, public holidays and funerals, books written or still to be written, first love and the Landwehr, these are a few of the matters dealt with, in a style always bright and vivid, but loose, discursive, and larded with quotations, references and naïve philology. Instead of following the argument in detail, let us set down at random a few of his suggestions, interesting in themselves or casting side-lights on the customs of the time. Universities should no longer sell their degrees ; Greifswald had to suffer much for letting a shoemaker have the doctor's hat. Lending libraries ought to be supervised by public officers ; unripe books being more dangerous than unripe potatoes, and bad books worse than rotten meat. Royal orders ought not to be proclaimed from the pulpit, still less sales by auction or the coming of the cattle-doctor. Obituary sermons are to be reprehended, unless a jury has determined the merits of the deceased. Girls may fitly learn to shoot, but not to fence. Healthy men who can keep wives and do not, must lose their civil rights. Germany should look to Prussia, a state wholly German, for its salvation, not to the composite Austria ; the House of Habsburg had failed through seeking to win upward against the stream, instead of founding a realm along the lower reaches of the Danube. Jahn foresaw a new birth in and through Prussia of the old, majestic German Empire. His anticipations have been realised ; he belonged, indeed, to the wise school of prophets who contribute to the fulfilment of their own predictions.

His share included, besides the book in which the prophecy is contained, that development of gymnastics with which his name is now chiefly associated. In *turnen* there was nothing novel except the name. The exercises which it covered were, for the most part, already in use at Schnepfenthal, Dessau, and other places of education ; Jahn systematised them. Their tendency was, like that of all other gymnastics, to make the body strong and supple ; Jahn saw that strong and supple bodies would soon be needed. Shared by all classes and practised in all parts of Germany, they would unite the people with an invisible bond ; and national union was the very key-note of Jahn's labours. His merit was not invention, but foresight. The success which he achieved had a beginning modest enough. On coming to Berlin he had engaged himself as a school-master. Gathering his boys about him he led them out to field and wood, encouraging them to pursue their simple sports. The number of his young followers grew, and severer exercises displaced the games. In the spring of 1811 the first *Turnplatz* (exercise ground)

was opened in the Hasenheide, whither gathered soon all the energy of Berlin, not boys only, but those also of riper growth. Jahn, himself robust and active to a marvellous degree, was not merely the gymnasiarch, he was the actual trainer and, in a wide sense, the instructor of his pupils. Like an athletic Socrates he talked to all comers, convicting them of weakness mistaken for strength, and letting fall upon occasion some fiery patriotic word. The movement gained many adherents, although much was written, and more was talked, in its disparagement. French journals denounced it; not a few Germans saw in it a spurious revival of old-world Germany. But the king and his most sagacious minister Stein approved, and the work was steadily prosecuted. In the second spring after its inception its fruits were shown, and Jahn was able to strike a real blow for his country, having at his side some of those whom he had hardened that they too might strike vigorously in the same cause.

As the year 1812 was drawing to a close there was hardly a district in Prussia which had not heard the clatter of French sabres. The grand army of Napoleon had passed through on the way to Russia. In the first days of the new year the few survivors, ragged, hollow-eyed, and hollow-cheeked, began to struggle homeward. The opportunity of Germany was come. Frederick William's famous summons to his people (February 3, 1813) was the prelude of the struggle which ended at Waterloo. It was, on the face of it, a simple appeal for volunteers, and was followed by the formation of various bodies of irregular troops to supplement the regular army. Among others, Major von Lützow, an experienced cavalry officer, received a commission to organise a volunteer corps which should act independently on the flanks and rear of the enemy. It was to consist chiefly of "foreigners," that is, non-Prussian Germans; the men were to clothe themselves and provide their own horses, for the State could give nothing but a scanty wage and weapons to those who had none. Lützow took up his quarters at Breslau, in the Golden Sceptre Inn, which, in spite of its regal pretensions, was in general a quiet, somewhat shabby hostelry for travellers of the humbler sort. It now became a scene of life, bustle, and military pomp, the rendezvous of recruits from all parts of Germany. Jahn came among the first, and with him his friend Frederick Friesen, "in body and soul without blemish" (it is the language of friendship), "a Siegfried's form of high gifts and graces," who perished in the war. Lützow's two brothers joined him, as did his brother-in-law, the Graf zu Dohna. Captain von Fischer, a comic Ulysses, seventy years of age; the girlish Beuth, in fantastic outfit; Lange,

the translator of Herodotus ; the poet Körner from Vienna, with many others of note, enrolled themselves in the corps. But its members were drawn from all classes ; they included peasant lads and apprentices from the towns, discharged soldiers and university students, convicts even, it was whispered, who had escaped from gaols. Coming first to Breslau the volunteers were drafted off, those for the infantry to Zobten at the foot of the beautiful Zobtenberg, those for the cavalry to Rogau, some two miles nearer to Breslau. At these two centres such training as was possible was carried on to convert the mixed crowd into an orderly force. Jahn's personal influence was so great that he was at once made an officer, although his technical qualifications must have been small.

Before any active operations began the raw and medley company revealed an ominous weakness in a want of confidence in its leaders. It was at Zobten among the infantry that the focus of discontent was located. There, in an upper room of the Stag Tavern, the more turbulent spirits assembled daily to discuss the conduct of the enterprise. The mode of nominating officers, in particular, was attacked with a vehemence inflamed, in many cases, by jealousy. At length it was resolved to make a formal remonstrance at headquarters, and to that end a deputation repaired to Breslau. Here we get a characteristic glimpse of Jahn, who was chosen, or himself offered, to receive and answer the delegates. The reception took place in one of the large rooms of the Sceptre, amid a litter of martial accoutrements. An eye-witness has described Jahn's appearance and management of the meeting. The famous bald circle on his head, on which all contemporary narratives lay a perhaps discourteous stress, shone like the tonsure of a foppish monk, whilst a fringe of grey hair hung flabbily round it. His beard was of russet hue. Wearing the black uniform of the corps, with the velvet collar and cuffs and silver lace which marked an officer of it, he stationed himself on one side of the chamber. The visitors sat or stood along the other sides as the restricted space allowed, and discharged their grievances. Then Jahn, holding in his hand a dagger, with which he spitted from time to time the scraps of paper that lay before him, delivered a long address. He enlarged on the military institutions and practices of various nations, but passed repeatedly, being as nimble of mind as of body, to topics of more general interest. For several hours, we are assured, he held the attention of his hearers by his ready tongue and curious lore, until with a bold, abrupt turn he brought his discourse to an end. Not a word had he uttered in defence of the leaders ; but the deputies withdrew, richer, it may be, in the

knowledge of history, and pacified by the few soothing generalities with which he dismissed them on their way.

The fortunes of Lützow's corps—are they not written in many chronicles? Though Körner's war songs for its use, and his untimely death in its ranks, covered it with a haze of romance, its achievements, we can now see clearly, disappointed its founders. No blame, however, for its partial failure rests on Jahn, with whom solely our business is. At the head of the third battalion, which he had himself formed, he was present at the skirmish of Mölln and at the glorious action on the Göhrde. In both engagements he bore himself bravely, and in the former earned the Iron Cross. But the work for which his experience fitted him was not that of a leader in the field, and he had little sympathy with his brother officers, most of them soldiers by profession, with limited views and petty ambitions. He left the corps shortly before it ceased to be an independent body; but it was to devote himself to the further elaboration of the gymnastic exercises. The well-known book in which his scheme of physical training is expounded was published in the year after Waterloo.

The internal effects in Germany of the great war there concluded were of a remarkable character. High hopes had been built up which were found to be baseless. To the Germans Napoleon had appeared as some Eastern tyrant to a free Greek community on his borders. Liberty to them had meant deliverance from the oppressor, and their imaginations had pictured that liberty as unbounded, and big with infinite possibilities of social happiness. To find that their rulers had narrower views and knew of no freedom except that which was protected and limited by the power of the throne, to learn that dynastic rights were more sacred than any other human rights, and were, in particular, an insuperable obstacle to the union of Germany, this was a disillusion bitter indeed to sanguine enthusiasts. The greater world is mirrored in the less: the discontent of the patriots was faithfully reflected among the students, and students have in Germany a political importance to Englishmen inconceivable. Jahn's *Turner* above all became an object of suspicion, "as if the gymnast's dress were soon to be crowned with the red cap, and the gymnasium turned into a fortress for the enemies of State and Throne." Fresh students' clubs had now sprung up, called *Burschenschaften*, which sought to express the national yearning for unity. *Burschenschaften* and *Turner* were closely connected, and alike abhorrent to the royal ministers. At a great meeting of the new associations on the Wartburg certain books, the un-German

sentiments in which were offensive to the students, were burned. Eighteen months later the dramatist Kotzebue, who had denounced *turnen*, was assassinated by the student Sand, a leading personage at the Wartburg festival. Here was evidence enough of a wide-spread conspiracy of gymnasts against the Crown. And if the rank and file were mutinous, could the chief be loyal? In the night of July 13, 1819, Jahn was arrested in his house at Berlin, where he was watching by the bed of a dying child, on the charge of secret and treasonable correspondence with the enemies of the State. Such was the reward of his varied labours.

The rest of his life is soon told. For six years he remained in confinement, first at Spandau, then at Küstrin, lastly at Colberg, losing during this time wife and child. At last, in March 1825, he was acquitted; but thenceforth he was not allowed to live in Berlin, or within a radius of thirty miles of it, or in any university town. Wherever he might choose his abode he was to be under police supervision. Frederick William the Fourth, ascending the throne in 1840, relieved Jahn from this surveillance, and gave him the Iron Cross which he had earned at Mölln. The old gymnast lived twelve years to wear it, but from the day of his arrest at Berlin he was a broken-hearted man.

Whilst he was in his full vigour, he had proved himself to be endowed with great qualities, energy in action, independence of thought, charm and influence of character. In what he wrote, beside much that is wild and fantastic, there is much of real insight and of lambent humour. To some it will seem that his view of nationality is unsound; that a nation is not a closed circle, but capable of indefinite expansion, and that its vitality is measured by its power of absorbing what is alien. It should be remembered, however, that his conception was determined by the circumstances and wants of his country at a particular time; and that, true or false, it contributed to the creation of the new German Empire. That is why his countrymen cherish his memory. On the Hasenheide at Berlin, where his first exercise-ground was, his mighty figure is set up in bronze. The pedestal of the statue is built of stones sent from every part of the world where the German tongue is spoken. It is intended to symbolize German unity, rather than to commemorate Jahn's early feats below the Gibichenstein, by the rocky bed of the Saale.

W. GOWLAND FIELD.

A CUMBERLAND PARISH.

IF an Englishman of Queen Anne's reign could revisit his old haunts, he would be astonished beyond measure at the change which has come over the entire face of the country, owing to the disappearance of wide-spreading commons and common fields, and the appearance in their stead of a multitude of inclosures, surrounded by quickset hedges, and interspersed with thriving plantations of forest trees. In no county, perhaps, would the alteration be so marked as in Cumberland, where so great a portion of every parish consisted of heather-clad moor and undrained moss. The parish of Hayton, which forms the subject of this paper, lies but a few miles eastward of Carlisle, but, at the date above mentioned, an apology for a road which traversed the intervening space ran, for the greater part of the distance, over a desolate and wind-swept heath. When Sir Frederick Eden wrote his account of "The State of the Poor" in 1794, the old order of things was passing away. He does not particularly mention Hayton, but selects as typical of the existing condition of affairs one or two parishes immediately adjacent to it. Of Warwick he writes: "Almost the whole of the cultivated land has been inclosed within the last fifty years. It formerly, although divided, lay in long slips or narrow 'dales,' separated from each other by 'ranes' or narrow ridges of land which are left unploughed. In this manner a great deal and perhaps the whole of the cultivated lands in Cumberland was anciently disposed." Of Castle Carrock, which had a population of 232 souls and one-third only of its area under tillage, he says: "The greatest part of this parish remains in 'dales' or 'doles,' which are slips of cultivated land belonging to different proprietors and separated from each other by ridges of grass land. About 100 acres may have been inclosed within the last fifty years." And again, when describing Cumrew, a parish with two-thirds of its area under tillage and 146 inhabitants, he writes: "The land is cultivated in the old Cumberland manner. The grass ridges in the fields are from 20 to 40 feet wide, and some of them 1,000 feet in

length. Grazing cattle often injure the crops. Great flocks of sheep are kept on the common in summer and brought down into the low grounds in winter."

The parish of Hayton comprises upwards of 7,800 acres, and contains the two manors of Hayton and Talkin. For civil purposes it is divided into four townships or "quarters," viz.: Hayton, Fenton-cum-Faugh, Talkin, and Little Corby, but the last is an insignificant one, and contains only 360 acres. In an account of Church Stock for 1697 contained in the parish register the names of the townships are Hayton, How, Fenton-cum-Faugh, and Head's Nook. The Hayton register begins in 1620. The book is of paper instead of parchment, and has been very badly kept. The covers are gone, and the book itself is nearly broken through the middle. The beginning and end are so dog's-eared that little can be made of them. The baptisms come first, and the first five or six leaves of them are undecipherable through these causes. The entries at first are made entirely in Latin, but about the year 1640 the Latin begins to get mixed with English, and this continues for about ten years until the English finally prevails.¹

There is a transcript of the parish register preserved in the diocesan registry at Carlisle, but it does not commence until 1665. The following is a specimen of the older entries: "James Grait de Edmond Castle sepult fuit quarto die Junii 1628." In the year 1705 occurs a partly illegible entry long regarded as the baptismal register of Old Robert Bowman of Brigwood Foot, who died in 1823, and was reputed and believed himself to be in his 118th year! It is related by the superstitious that on the very day on which the patriarch departed this life, Friday, the 13th of June—ill omened date!—the oldest tree in Cumberland, an oak growing on the edge of Wragmire moss in Inglewood forest, and mentioned in a record six hundred years back, fell from natural decay. The Rev. H. Whitehead, late vicar of Brampton, has conclusively shown that the entry in question is not a baptismal register at all, for it does not occur in the transcript at Carlisle, but it is a note which should read thus: "Robert Bowman of Brigwood Foot (registered) the birth of a child." Whether that child was the reputed centenarian remains a mystery.

Another curious note states that "Jane Curry was declared excommunicated Decem. the 10th 1732 by Hugh Brown curate of Hayton." Poor Jane! What could she have been doing? In those lax days it must indeed have been a heinous offence to deserve such a punishment. The register also contains a contract by the church-

¹ *The Old Hayton Register*, by the Rev. Canon Dixon.
VOL. CCLXXXVII. NO. 2024.

wardens in 1773 "for letting the poor for a year" to Thomas Wharton of the Faugh, for £12. 10s. 0d. and one shilling and two pence per week for each pauper. Street House was at that period the poor-house of the parish.

The Miscellany Accounts of the diocese of Carlisle, written in the year 1703 by Bishop Nicolson, have been edited by Chancellor Ferguson for the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archæological Society. They afford the general reader much amusement, not to say merriment, though of course they were not intended so to do; but the good bishop, when unfolding his tale of woe, adopts a quaint and racy style which is irresistibly ludicrous. The collection of "terriers" or surveys of glebe land in 1704, which is comprised in the same volume, is interesting on account of the great number of ancient field names which it contains and the references that it makes to modes of land measurement which have since become obsolete. In the parish of Dufton on the border of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and presumably elsewhere, the arable land was estimated not only by the acre but by the "day's ploughing," a term comparable to the German *Tage-work*, which means a day's work or acre of land. In the same parish "a grassing" seems to have been a definite share of pasture land, for the parson had twenty-four grassings in a pasture ground called "Flasquo," eighteen grassings in a pasture ground called "Dufton Pike," and sixteen grassings in a pasture ground called "Dufton Wood." At Addingham there were appurtenant to the glebe four "beast-gates" in a common pasture field—that is, the right to turn out four beasts upon the common, and the terrier of Denton parish mentions "a yoking of arable land," which was probably another term for a day's ploughing; and we also find in the same document reference to "a day's work of meadow"—that is to say, as much ground as a man could mow in a working day.

When Bishop Nicolson visited Hayton in the year 1703 he took exception to the practice, then general throughout the diocese, of using the choir of the church as a village school. He described the reading desk as "abominable, and as great a reproach to the curate as to the parishioners," and expressed an opinion that the stipend of the former should be increased. But in order to understand the almost incredible state of neglect into which the Church in Cumberland had fallen at that period, it is necessary to read what he says about some of the parishes in the immediate neighbourhood of Hayton :

At Stapleton, the choir is most intolerably scandalous, no glass in the windows, no ascent to anything that looks like an altar, no flooring, no seats. The choir the more inexcusable, because the parson had about 4 years ago contributions for

its repair both from the Bishop and the Chapter. The parishioners follow the example of their parson, and have the body of the church in as nasty a pickle as the choir. The roof is so miserably shattered and broken, that it cannot be safe sitting under it in stormy weather. Not one pane of glass in any of the windows, no reading desk, nor did they ever hear that they had a bell. The font is abominable, the seats most scurvily low, and, in a word, everything very wretched. They happened to bring a corpse to be buried, according to the custom of the place without any service, whilst we were there. I desired my chaplain to officiate, but he could find only some few scraps of a common-prayer book, and an insufferably torn Bible of the old translation. There was no surplice to be found; nor did ever any such thing, as far as any present could remember, belong to the church. One of them told us that sometimes on an Easter day the parson had brought a surplice with him, and had administered the sacrament in it, but even that ordinance amongst the rest was most commonly celebrated without one. Here is a sorry parsonage house, which with the glebe, worth about £4 or £5, has always been in a farmer's hand. The way twixt this and Brampton is not passable in an ill winter, and therefore they ought to have a resident Rector.

Speaking of Irthington, he says :

The choir is here miserably spoiled on the floor by the school boys, and so vilely out of repair in the roof, that it is hazardous coming in it. The vicarage house lies in scandalous ruins. It fell in the time of the present vicar, who is the wretched and beggarly father of 10 poor children, seven whereof are with him. One girl he has at service, one a boy, prentice to a glover at Brampton, and another to a blacksmith. He has a glebe worth £7 and owns the whole living to be better than £25 per annum.

At Ainstable the register book begins at 1611, but is imperfect and indeed very scandalous, as everything must be that is left to the disposal of the careless vicar. His vicarage house is extremely ruinous, and he chiefly resides at a little alehouse kept by the side of the road to Brampton either by his wife or daughter.

At Scaleby there was neither parsonage house, surplice, nor prayer book, and at Warwick a colony of pigeons occupied the interior of the church, and the children were taught in the choir by a poor cripple, who received no fixed salary but only one shilling a quarter and his food. In the west of the county things were no better. At Canonby the choir was "black and shameful," and the curate, "honest Mr. G.," assured the bishop that "the sea air was a great cause of such general scurf and sootiness on their walls." The curate had neither house nor glebe. Once upon a time the churchyard was believed to belong to him, but somebody else had seized even that and the surplice fees ! At Deerham the north door was rotten and unhinged, but a boy was sent in through the unglazed west window to admit the bishop to the church. The vicarage was described as "very mean and cottage like," and the curate as "an honest poor man and father of a growing number of children." At Kirkandrews-on-Eden the church was quite demolished, but a long row of clay buildings served as a parsonage. At Bowness the rector

had removed all his goods to a place near Appleby, and his curate had retired into Lancashire, so that the inhabitants did not know when there would be a service, while at Kirkbride the parson had "gone abroad," and no key was to be found. However, the bishop put the lock back with his finger, and then discovered the reason why he was denied entrance.

I never yet, he says, saw a church and chancel (out of Scotland) in so scandalous and nasty a condition. Everything to the highest degree imaginable out of order, the roof of the choir coming down, the communion table rotten, and the reading desk so inconvenient that it was impossible to kneel in it, the pulpit inaccessible, no seat nor pavement in the choir. So ill an example in a rich parson, who is in effect the lord of the manor as well as the rector of the parish, cannot but beget a proportionable slovenliness in the parishioners, who have their seats tattered, the floor all in holes, no surplice, no common-prayer book, a very few fragments of an old Bible. The font has been a beautiful one, but to bring it to a resemblance with the rest, one of its square sides is half broken off. In short the whole looked more like a pigstye than the House of God!

The following is the terrier of glebe land belonging to Hayton which was delivered to Bishop Nicolson at his primary visitation in 1704 :

Imprimis, there is a mansion house and a barn, with one yard or little garth on the east end, adjoining to the church-yard, and another yard or garth lying on the west side of the church-yard, adjoining to John Newton's toft. Item, there are two acres of land on the south side of the church-yard called "the Priest Croft," (George Thompson's land lying both on the east and west side of it,) half an acre of land lying betwixt George Thompson's croft and Thomas Brown's croft, two acres of ground called "the Bushdale" and "the Bottoms" lying at a place called Fenton-Street-side and the Long lands, two acres called "the Little close" and "the Long lands" lying betwixt a place called the How Street and West Gate houses. There is no other endowment belonging to the said parish church but five pounds paid by Sir Henry Fletcher or his proctors at Easter and St. Andrew's day by equal portions.

Five pounds a year seems a miserable pittance for a parish clergyman, but this is by no means a solitary instance of such slender remuneration, for Pennant, writing in 1772, mentions that not very long previously the stipend of a Cumberland clergyman usually consisted of five pounds a year, a "goose grass" or right of commoning his goose, a "whittle-gate"—that is to say, the privilege of using his "whittle" or knife for a week at a time at any table in the parish—and a "hardened sark" or shirt of coarse linen.¹

Previous to the commutation, the dean and chapter of Carlisle, as patrons and impropiators of Hayton, were in the habit of granting leases for twenty-one years of the rectorial or great tithes, reserving

to themselves the annual rent of seventeen eskeps of good haver-meal, and the lessee covenanted to pay the perpetual curate £5 a year and to repair the chancel. It was also the custom for the same body to grant leases of the small or vicarial tithes, and for the lessee of the latter to give the inhabitants forty-eight quarts of ale, to be drunk in the churchyard, twelve on the feast of St. Andrew, twelve at Candlemas, and twenty-four on Easter Sunday, and that was considered a sort of receipt for the "White Book," or vicarial dues.

On June 16, 1704, the first Earl of Carlisle conveyed all the commons and waste grounds of the manor of Hayton to John Brown, Robert Bushby, John Knight, Isaac Hall, Joseph Coxon, Thomas Collin, John Gill, Humphrey Beauchamp, Christopher Dixon, and James Mulcaster, all yeomen of Hayton, for the purpose of inclosure and division amongst the commoners generally, and the result of their labour is shown by a tattered old tithe map, dated 1710, and adorned with the armorial bearings of Sir Henry Fletcher, Bart., the then lessee of the tithes. According to the table inscribed upon the margin of this map, the area of the "infields," or anciently inclosed lands, within the manor of Hayton was 1,478 acres, and the area of the common, which had until recently been uninclosed, was 3,178 acres. Of the latter 2,125 acres, forming the "High Moor," and consisting of poor land, had been appropriated to "grassing" or grazing purposes, and the remaining 1,053 acres, forming the "Low Moor" and consisting of more fertile land, had been allotted as follows : to the districts known as "The Shaws" and Little Corby 85 acres ; to Hayton quarter, which contained 45 tofts or dwellings, 440 acres, being an allotment of 9 acres to each toft ; and to Fenton quarter, which contained 43 tofts, 528 acres, being an allotment of 11 acres to each toft, but in every case quantity for quality was allowed.

The old tithe map, which was the work of Thomas Bowey, deserves a few words of description, first because it is unique, there being no equally old map of the locality in existence, and secondly because it is rapidly succumbing to the ravages of time, *edax rerum*.

The boundary of Hayton manor is marked by a yellow line. The river Gelt forms the boundary from Low Gelt Bridge to Greenwell, the only intermediate points marked being Cowed Crag and Lad Crag. The latter is the precipice which bears upon its face the inscription ARAT. CIV. ET. AMIC. LEGIONE. SEX. JULIUS., cut by the hand of some Roman soldier who was here employed in quarrying the red sandstone of the river bank. From Greenwell the boundary turns and passes Hind's Shield, Ratten Gapp, Steppings, and Grey Stone, all bordering on Castle Carrock Grounds and Green Pits,

Dubdamm Moss, North Shields, Long Moss, and Lazon Castle, all abutting on Carlatton Grounds. Then the rivulet Cairn or Carn forms the boundary, then the division hedge between Hayton and Corby Commons, which passes through Allen Wood, where the paper mill now stands, to "Irthing Gate," near Little Corby. Again the boundary passes a house called Greenholm, which is situated somewhat nearer to the Irthing than the present farm-house of that name; then it runs close to the Keeper's house at Wood Foot—that is to say, Brigwood Foot—and on past Gelt House, which lay somewhat outside it, and Jenkin's House, where Geltside farmhouse stands, and finally reaches Low Gelt Bridge, from which it started. The "ancient land" is surrounded by a red line, and at its extreme limits are situate Close Head, Faugh, Head's Nook, Corry House, Edmond Castle, and Gillhead Dike. Every new share of divided common, and the name of the person to whom it had been allotted, is shown on this map.

This inclosure, it will be observed, did not affect that portion of the parish which lay in the manor of Talkin and comprised a large tract of "fell" or mountain common.

It is interesting to compare the above description of the limits of the manor of Hayton with that contained in an Inquisition of Queen Elizabeth's reign, quoted in Hutchinson's "History of Cumberland." From the earlier description it appears that Grey Stone was a monolith or standing stone. The mound called Lazon Castle, like the partly artificial "Castle Hill" in Hayton village, may have been either the site of a mediæval "peel," or else a stronghold of the aboriginal inhabitants. In the "Long Moss," which lies at the foot of Lazon Castle, two skeletons have been found wrapped in what appeared to be blankets, and in "Dixon's Flat," near Edmond Castle, the tomb of some still more ancient inhabitant has been discovered, formed of rough slabs of red stone.

Cumberland parishes do not seem as a rule to have possessed those great common fields which form a characteristic feature on some of the old county maps, as, for example, on the beautiful survey of Oxfordshire made by Richard Davis of Lewknor in 1793. As the population of Hayton was very scattered, it may have possessed many common fields of comparatively small extent. The localities named "The Acres" and "The Dales" near How Mill Station seem to mark the position of one of them, but it was in that part of the parish of Hayton which lies detached in Newby Holm, and especially a portion of it known as "Long Willey (Willow) Riggs," that the most fertile of the common fields was situate. The alluvial lands of the Irthing valley have probably been cultivated or used as meadow

ground from time out of mind. The evidence of the old title deeds points unequivocally to the existence here of an open field cultivated on the run-rig system. Nearly every "statesman" or yeoman in Hayton village possessed his three roods of arable land in Long Willey Riggs, or some little plot in the same low-lying locality, such for instance as "one thin *cavel* (lot) of land in Hayton Holm" or "one acre called *Piper Dale* or *Saugh Buss* (Willow Bush) in Hayton Holm," or "one rigg adjoining Hayton Meadows." But towards the end of the last century the old common field was fast disappearing, owing to the dales having been bought up, exchanged, thrown together into blocks, and surrounded by hedges, for we read of "three dales in Newby Holm, one of them in *Muckle Pickle Dales*, and the other two in *High Leases Dales*, since enfranchised by Lord Carlisle, divided, exchanged, and inclosed"; or again, of "eleven parcels in Hayton Holm containing 6 acres, except a piece part of a close formerly called *Bishop Ford Yoking*, but now inclosed in a field called *Span Close*, containing 3 roods."

And at the commencement of the present century the Edmond Castle Estate map shows one of the last of the dales, the property of another proprietor, lying isolated in the middle of an inclosure which continued to bear the old name of "Long Willey Riggs."

Most people of the present generation have never so much as heard of a common field or a dale of land, and how quickly the very memory of old customs passes away is shown by the following incident. Pennant, in the course of a tour made in 1772, observed in Northumberland some very regular terraces cut on the face of a hill. In some places there were three, in others five flights, placed one above the other. He was told that such tiers of terraces were not uncommon in those parts, and that they were called *baulks*. This well-known term ought to have suggested to him that they were the remains of an old common field, for people used often to plough a hill-side into terraces, because it did not require clearing and draining like the low-lying land, or because they wished to reserve the latter for meadow ground. But he nevertheless informs us that Wallis, the county historian, thought these terraces were places constructed for the militia to stand upon in time of war, and so show themselves to advantage when placed rank above rank, and that Gordon, who described several which he had seen in Scotland, considered that they were formed by the Romans for "itinerary encampments."

If we turn to the Hayton terrier of 1777 we find that the circumstances of the curate have much improved. Two grants of

£200 apiece had been made by the governors of Queen Anne's Bounty in 1751 and 1757, and with a part of this money the glebe had been consolidated by the purchase of strips belonging to another proprietor which lay mixed with it—"the barn, oven-house, stable, calf-house, cow-house, together with 12 acres of the above-mentioned inclosures (the lands being intermixed deal by deal with the ancient glebe), being a messuage and tenement at Hayton, were purchased with the sum of £200 by the governors of Queen Anne's Bounty, and now with the glebe are of the yearly value of twenty pounds."

We may note, by the way, that a "tenement," which we are too apt to consider nowadays as a compact holding, consisted then of a number of scattered riggs or strips of land lying in various portions of the common field. The lands belonging to parson and parishioner alike were mingled in what appears to be inextricable confusion.

The following extract from a terrier of Orton parish in Cumberland well illustrates this condition of things.

Item. In the *west field* in the croft, eleven riggs with a head-rigg, by estimation three acres. In the *Low crofts* or *east roods*, four riggs with a raine between them, and a piece of meadow on the north end of them, by estimation one acre. In the *west roods*, four riggs, by estimation one acre, lying north and south with one single rigg of John Robinson between them. At the *croft head*, two large riggs, by estimation one acre, lying north and south. At the *Parson's thorn*, two long riggs, by estimation one acre, lying north and south. In the *Shaws* three riggs, with a piece of meadow at the low end of them, lying north and south, by estimation one acre. In the *Organ Butts* two small riggs, by estimation half an acre, lying east and west. In *Sheep coats* two riggs, with a broad raine between them and a piece of meadow at the low end of them, by estimation one acre, lying north and south. At the *Parson's Lees* eight riggs, lying north and south, with a day-work of meadow at the north end, by estimation two acres. *Underbricks*, a butt lying north and south, common of pasture for all the Parsons' cattle with four days work of turf upon the moors of Orton.

The names of the parishioners whose strips abut upon the four sides of each of the above-mentioned church plots are added in every case with wearisome reiteration.

The population of Hayton is dispersed in a number of scattered hamlets, and their names have been strung into rhyme by a local poet—

Of Hayton's hamlets would you ken
The names? I'll note them with my pen :—
Hayton, Fenton, Faugh, and How,
Headsnook, Mossnook, Cairnbridge Know,
Greenwell, Talkin, with its Tarn,
Rivers Irthing, Gelt, and Carn.
But stay ! I've Little Corby missed,
Add that, and you'll complete the list.

In former times, however, there was yet another hamlet at Edmond Castle. A conveyance of 1693 describes a piece of land as lying "within the townfields, territories, and townshire of Edmond Castle," and, unless those words are to be considered mere legal verbiage, they seem to imply that the hamlet in question had once formed a separate township, with a common field of its own. According to local tradition Edmond Castle was originally a "peel" or Border tower built by the Grahams, at a period when the surrounding country was lying common, and named after one of its occupants Edmond Castle—that is, Edmond's Castle, for the Cumbrian folk have a way of dropping the final 's of the possessive case. We have another example of the same habit in the appellation "Toppin Castle," applied to a neighbouring farmhouse, and evidently derived from the name of a former proprietor. Of the old hamlet no traces remain, though the names of its inhabitants stand recorded in the parish register. Some rough notes written in pencil, entitled "R. Brown's Reminiscences of old Edmond Castle," contain all we know or are ever likely to know about the vanished village.

On the east was Charley Tom's, facing the south, and on the site of the arbutus near the mount. Below it John Graham's house and barn, formerly James Graham's of Fenton, since called "Willie's House," where smugglers gathered. British brandy sold at fourteen pence per quart—eight or ten smugglers with their horses at a time talked Scotch, and his brother Willie farmed it.

A barn on the green belonging to Dixon lower down, Dixon's house behind. Reed's at the corner looking towards the sycamores. The houses were all thatched. Reed's buildings were occupied by Nixon. When R. Brown and others were pulling down the buildings, and taking down the oven house, they found a keg of spirits, British brandy from the Isle of Man, in the wall at the back side of the oven. Mr. Wills, Sir James Graham, and Richard Graham of Stone House, came to see it. It was Sir James's birthday, when they had been treated with a present. Smugglers had been in the habit of coming over by Brigwood Foot on Fridays. Simpson, the superintendent officer, lived at Roul Holm, and came to Brigwood Foot ellers to ask the smuggler for his permit. He put his hand into his breast and pulled out a double-barrelled pistol, and said that was all the permit he had got. Simpson on that fell back into a dub (pool of water). At that time Robert Bowman (not old Robin) lived at Brigwood Foot, and used to sit at the top of the hill, with a cocked hat, in a seat called "Robin's Seat." A fat man with six or eight hounds.

Brampton Park was then stocked with deer, which of a storm (in time of snow) came into the Castle Field and Nitchel Hills, seeking food, and people set their dogs on them, and sometimes killed and ate them and made use of their skins for breeches, &c.

The Scotch would come over to Brigwood Foot, and sometimes take a swine or fat beast. To Weygill Hill also, and, on one occasion, Heavyside, afterwards called "doughty Heavyside," killed one of the Scotch with a stone and banished the troop.

People went to watch the ducks at Pottle Ford at night, to shoot them, and

were frightened by the ghosts. A girl who came from Low Gelt Bridge was frightened there, and died in consequence.

At the foot of the Slack Gates were strong clay walls, the remains of a house, where lived a strong man called Dixon, like a giant of a man, who could have lifted a great tree, top on and altogether. Boys would ride on the branches, and he shouted : "The wind's strong but Jock's stronger !"

Mr. Wills, who is mentioned in this marvellous narrative, was a great nephew of Bishop Gibson, and held the living of Hayton from 1756 until 1804. He was also curate of Cumwhitton. Hayton Church was rebuilt during his incumbency, and thirteen years later Thomas Graham, of Edmond Castle, obtained a faculty to enlarge the building by the erection of a raised aisle or pew, "for the sole and exclusive right of himself and family to sit, stand, kneel, pray, and hear divine service and sermons in the said pew, and to be interred in the said vault." The faculty is granted by William Paley, the Bishop's vicar general, who resided at Head's Nook in Hayton parish, and there wrote his "Evidences of Christianity."

The parsonage at that period was a "thatched dwelling-house, built and repaired by the lessee of the white tithes," and stood on the site of the modern villa called "Norman House." Charley Tom, surnamed "the duke" by Mr. Wills, had a son who was also known as "Charley Tom," a type of nickname peculiar to the Border, where the same Christian name and surname were common to many, and so it became necessary to distinguish the individual by an appellation formed by combining the Christian name of his father, or some other relation, with his own. Many examples occur in the introductory chapter of Nicolson and Burn's history of the county, such as "Hutchin's Andrew," "Braid Jock's Johnie," and "Alie's Willie's Johnie," and among the borderers brought to trial by "Belted Will" and executed were William Grame *alias* "Ould Will's Willie" of Blackhouse and John Graime *alias* "Lang Willie's John."

The Scotch continued to make desultory raids upon the English long after the union of the two kingdoms. Some high eminences on the north side of the village of Hayton bear the name of the "Watch Hills," because from their tops the inhabitants were wont to keep an anxious look-out for the approach of marauders from over the Border. Right across the parish runs an ancient track called "Thief Street," along which the Scotch "cattle lifters" were in the habit of driving their prey from Cumberland. Thief Street could formerly be traced from Ring-gate, on the road to Castle Carrock, across Blackbush to Towtop, but the construction of the deep railway cutting at that place destroyed all vestiges of it. From Towtop to Low Gelt Bridge it survives as an occupation road, and from the last-named point to the

Middle Farm near Brampton some indications of its route are still to be seen.

Brigwood Foot is so called because it is situate at the extremity of the ancient chase of Brigwood. Brampton Park, of which Robin Bowman was keeper, has long since been inclosed, but the name of "Park Barn" serves to keep its memory alive.

Before we take leave of our subject it may not be uninteresting to notice the former condition of the poorer classes in Cumberland. The wages paid in the district towards the close of the last century were as follows : For threshing, hedging, ditching, or digging peat, 8*d.* to 10*d.* a day ; weeding, 6*d.* a day ; reaping in harvest time, 10*d.* to 1*s.* and food ; mowing, from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* Women worked in the fields, and earned from 4*d.* to 6*d.* for hoeing turnips, weeding corn, and haymaking, and 10*d.* in harvest time. Their usual employment, when not otherwise engaged, was spinning lint or flax. All the coarser kind of linen was made at home, and was found to wear better than that made by a professional manufacturer ; but a woman was obliged to work very hard at her wheel in order to earn 4*d.* a day by this means. Altogether the Cumberland labourer could reckon on earning some eighteen guineas a year. His wife and children could easily obtain wood or peat sufficient for the fire, and his master usually allowed him to plant a few potatoes on the farm. His breakfast consisted of "hasty pudding," made with oatmeal and water, and eaten with milk or butter. He could obtain three pints of skim milk for a halfpenny. At dinner the diet was more varied. Potatoes, eaten with a little butter or bacon, formed the standard dish, and were followed by barley bread and milk. On Sunday, and sometimes on a week-day, especially at harvest time, boiled "butcher's meat" and a flour pudding formed the labourer's midday meal. For supper he usually had milk, boiled with oatmeal, and eaten with barley bread.

The daily cost of living on the above scale is thus summed up by Eden : Breakfast, hasty pudding and milk, one penny ; dinner, potatoes, one farthing—butter or bacon, one halfpenny—milk and bread, one halfpenny ; supper, boiled milk and bread, three farthings ; total, threepence. And even that sum was more than a poor person usually spent for his daily bread.

THE FATAL DOWRY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

PHILIP MASSINGER was born in Salisbury, or perhaps at Wilton, in the year 1584; and was certainly baptised on November 24 in that year at the church of St. Thomas, Salisbury. Of his mother not so much as the name is known, but he was *Sarisburyensis, generosi filii*, a native of Salisbury, and the son of a gentleman. His father, Arthur Massinger, held a high and honourable position in the great house of Wilton; nor, in a day in which great nobles were served by petty nobles and by younger brothers, was there any indignity in being a “servant” of a family so puissant as was the noble house of Herbert. Arthur Massinger studied at St. Alban’s Hall, Oxford, and was member for Weymouth. We find him negotiating a marriage with the daughter of Lord Burleigh, and sent as an emissary from the Earl of Pembroke to the great Queen. To no mean man would such employments have been entrusted, and Arthur Massinger was doubtless a man of worship and of mark. His chief patron was Henry, second Earl of Pembroke, husband of Sidney’s sister, the earl who died January 19, 1601. The records of Philip Massinger’s life are very meagre, and of his youthful existence but few facts are known; but it appears certain that on May 14, 1602, he, following the precedent set by his father, was entered of St. Alban’s Hall, Oxford.

Anthony à Wood states that the young man’s expenses at the university were borne by the second Earl of Pembroke; and this biographer adds that the young Massinger, as was indeed only natural when we consider the career that he chose—or was perhaps forced into—“gave his mind more to poetry and romances than to logic or philosophy.”

Langbaine asserts that, during his residence at Oxford, Massinger “applied himself closely to his studies, and that his whole support was drawn from his father”; and it is scarcely likely that Arthur Massinger was so poor as to need the help of the earl to educate an only son. Next comes another fact—the fact, namely, that

Massinger's career at the university closed abruptly in 1606, when he left Oxford—we do not really know why—without having taken a degree. The earl had passed away in January 1601; and Massinger's father died in 1606. It may, therefore, be that the son was compelled to cease his studies because his father, who seems to have left little or nothing, was no longer alive to pay expenses. It appears evident that Massinger received no help from William, third Earl of Pembroke, or from any other noble patron; and it is sadly probable that, when the future dramatist quitted Oxford, he must have been reduced to a condition of almost absolute penury. He himself states that he had to enrol himself amongst "divers whose necessitous fortunes made literature their profession"; and the theatre, already ennobled by Shakespeare, at that glorious period offered a career to genius; and genius has often been compelled into the way of life in which it has mastered success. The drama was then recruited from poor scholars as well as from finer gentlemen. Poverty, as well as distinctive fitness and liking, impelled men to work for the fascinating theatre which then so strongly swayed men's minds. Young Massinger was swept away by the strong current which bore with it the intellect and the ambition of a very vital day of mental and moral activity.

It is conjectured, with high probability, that Massinger had been brought up as page to the "most admired" Countess of Pembroke at Wilton. This noble mansion is very near to Salisbury; and the dramatist himself states that he "was born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family" of Herbert. It is impossible to imagine a nobler training for a noble youth, who was born to show, through the drama of Elizabeth's time, the fine manners, the courtesy, the courage of the knightly nobles of that splendid day. Of course the poet must have been my lady's page before he became a student at Oxford; and he probably received a finer education, in the true meaning of that word, in the stately halls of Wilton than he could in St. Alban's Hall. To live as page to such a lady must have been a liberal education, and a splendid preparation for a dramatist who was afterwards to create the chivalrous Charalois, and many other knightly gallants and noble lovers.

Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother, must have been, to young Massinger, the ideal of noble womanhood; and we find in the dedications to "*The Bondman*," 1624, and to "*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*," 1633, ample evidence of his reverence for the great house which this immortal lady so magnificently adorned. We possess fifteen plays, written, with some aid, by Massinger, and know of the

existence of eighteen others which are irrevocably lost. This loss occurred through the criminal carelessness of one John Warburton, F.R.S., F.S.A., Somerset Herald, and an ex-exciseman, who had collected fifty-five genuine unpublished dramas, of the best period, which he gave into the custody of his cook, who used them for coverings for pastry, or for lighting the kitchen fire. This abominable holocaust of such priceless material occurred in the middle of last century.

Warburton, a mean, illiterate man, deserves almost more obloquy than does the infamous Gastrell, who destroyed New Place, and cut down Shakespeare's mulberry-tree.

It is a melancholy thought that Massinger seems to have been often, if not always, in money difficulties. The biographers cite several instances of afflicting poverty,¹ and quote Massinger himself, who states that "without the aid of Sir Francis Foljambe and Sir Thomas Bland," he "had hardly subsisted"; adding that he "stood much engaged to the noble Society of the Inner Temple for their so frequent bounties."

Massinger wrote, partly in conjunction with others, about the same number of plays that Shakespeare wrote, but he was probably less thrifty, and he had no Southampton to friend. He may have been paid lower prices than Shakespeare received; and there is no evidence to show that he had any property in the wardrobe, or any interest in any theatre. We know, however, very few details of his life; but we may certainly assume that he was a very popular dramatist, though he had mighty rivals to contend with. It does not seem that he was an actor; and a poet who relied solely upon the payment for his dramas must have been but poorly remunerated.

¹ Malone unearched from Dulwich College the following letter:—

"To our most loving friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow, esquire,—These, You understand our unfortunate extremitie, and I doe not thincke you so void of Christianitie but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as wee now request of you, rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is x*l*. more to be receaved of you for the play. We desire you to lend us v*l*. of that, which shall be allowed to you, without which we cannot be bayled, nor I play any more till this be dispatch'd. It will lose you xx*l*. ere the end of this next weeke, besides the hindrance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humani*ty*, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friende in time of neede. Wee have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witness your love as our promises.

"NAT. FIELD."

Application supported by Rob. Daborne:

"I have ever found you a true, loving friend to mee, and in soe small a suite, it beinge honest, I hope you will not fail us.

"PHILIP MASSINGER."

It is clear that Massinger was a man acquainted with the miseries of poverty, and with the depression of sorrow; but he may have been gifted with *la patience angélique du génie*. In his day, Bankside was the part of London in which poets and playwrights mostly lived; and in Bankside Massinger died suddenly in March 1638-39—"He went to bed in good health, and was found dead in the morning"—and so his toils and his sorrows ceased; but his name lives yet, and will live. Are not we, in 1899, trying to get some glimpse of his life, some insight into his work? He was buried in St. Saviour's, that fine cathedral church which Sir Arthur Blomfield has just so learnedly and so reverently restored; and the monthly account of the church records: "1638, March 18th, Philip Massinger, stranger, in the church."

He was laid in the same grave or tomb in which, in 1625, John Fletcher was interred. Massinger belongs to the second crop of the Elizabethan and Jacobian dramatists. Born in 1584, he was twenty years younger than Shakespeare, who was born in 1564. Massinger was younger, by the same space of time, than Marlowe—also born 1564; and was ten years the junior of Ben Jonson. In 1584-85 Shakespeare had just arrived in London, and was probably thinking of being an actor, if not yet intending to become a dramatist. Of Shakespeare we know, happily, somewhat more than we know of Massinger; for whose character we can only search his works, while we know almost nothing of his personality. Dramas declare the talent of their writers, but give only a hint and a glimpse of the essential notes of their personality. Massinger must have begun to write plays very early in the seventeenth century, and he was born into a nation which had been inspired by unexampled genius to love and understand the drama, while he had illustrious predecessors to supply the model and to point the way. "All but God is changing day by day," and when we compare the drama of the days of Elizabeth with the drama of the days of Victoria, we find how vital the change in that form of art is; nor can it be said that the drama, in its own active essence, or as a form of literature, has changed for the better. In other branches of literature we may be superior; but in the drama we lag miserably behind the work of Elizabeth's heroic and objective day. The national temper and ideal was then pitched at a higher level.

Several years elapsed between Massinger's arrival in London and the publication of "The Virgin Martyr," the first of his plays that procured him an assured and recognised position on the London stage. It seems likely that the young aspirant to dramatic honours

had to serve for some time as a theatre poet hack, altering and adding to plays as might suit the judgment or caprices of the actors; and Massinger may have served his apprenticeship to this kind of work before he had acquired influence enough to secure the production of a drama of his own. We know that he worked in collaboration with Fletcher, Middleton, Dekker, Rowley, Field; and one probable reason for such partnerships was that men could work more rapidly when working together, and could therefore more quickly earn money. After 1613 Massinger worked mainly with Fletcher; and he seems to have been chiefly connected with the "King's Company" of players. Massinger would appear always to have been chased by dire poverty, and quick production of plays would, no doubt, be a necessary condition of his existence. His reputation stood higher than the reward for his work. Some of his pieces seem to have been thrown off under great and undue pressure of haste. His misfortunes were, doubtless, shared by other contemporary dramatists, who were restricted to mere payment for writing plays; but Shakespeare, full of faculty and insight into facts, was able to obtain an income as dramatist, actor, and theatre proprietor.

In imagination we can still enter London with Philip Massinger in the early years of the seventeenth century. It is the picturesque old London as the city existed before the Great Fire. Houses are mostly half-timbered, the brown beams crossing the rubble which originally was white. Gables point upwards, after the manner of steeples soaring towards the sky. The traffic is generally conducted on horseback, and the young nobles and gallants all ride, escorted by mounted attendants. Bobadil and the Copper Captain, with fierce mustachios and long rapiers, clank along the ways, and are to be found generally near the taverns of well-known vintners. Doll Tearsheet is being haled to prison, and Pistol may feel that, if he dared, he would like to rescue her. Sir John, we know, received the news of her arrest with anger and indignation. We have to strain imagination backwards in order to realise a city without omnibuses, cabs, vans, or waggons. It must have been a silent city, and no shriek of the railway engine was then ever heard in the air. The silent highway, the then silver Thames, was traversed by rowing boats, by a few small sailing craft engaged in commerce, and by the stately gilded barges of the nobles which glided along, impelled by many flashing oars, and gay with pennant, brave in liveries, musical with trumpets. The strand or shore of the bright river, especially on the northern bank, was stately with the palaces, partly

castellated, or partly of the order of princely mansions, which were the sumptuous residences of the great historical families of powerful nobles ; and these mansions were set in lordly gardens.

The Tower, of course, existed, though the White Tower had not then undergone the alterations of Sir Christopher Wren ; and the Thames was spanned by the picturesque old London Bridge, covered with quaint houses, standing upon narrow arches, through which the tide, coming from the sea, flowed impetuously and dangerously. Pepys tells us what work it was, even in his later day, to "shoot the bridge" ; and the passage was certainly not easier in the London of Shakespeare. The old St. Paul's conveyed not a hint of coming Sir Christopher. The city was not far from trees and fields, and cattle grazed very near to Charing Cross. Corn lands abutted on pasture lands ; and it is pleasant to us to find Westmynster existing then. Massinger, in consequence of his misfortune there, came no doubt from Oxford to London, and would probably enter it from the north. Conscious of uncommon talent, stirred by ambition and impelled by poverty, he would be almost irresistibly driven to think of the theatre, then a new institution, but greatly flourishing, for a means of livelihood, and for a worthy object of art effort. In that day there was no journalism, there were no reviews or magazines ; and a book was too serious an undertaking to be thought of by a young and unknown man. Bacon, Sidney, and such highly-placed literary men might risk books ; but for Massinger, and for his like, there was no way but the theatre. As young barristers studying the law now attend trials to learn the practice of their business, so the literary aspirant of Massinger's time would sedulously attend the theatres to study the drama.

Hope is high in the gifted and the young, and Massinger may have thought, as he witnessed the performances, that he, too, could do somewhat in the drama ; and his first desire probably was to collaborate with some playwright not quite of the first mark or rank. His own "*Virgin Martyr*" was yet to come. He died in Bankside, and we may well believe that he settled early in that then busy haunt of the Muses. He may have seen many first representations, though "*Hamlet*" came before his time ; and he may, or must have seen all, or nearly all, of Shakespeare's plays ; and then criticism was oral, and professional dramatic criticism had not been invented. It was the full tide of the tavern life, and mighty wits indulged in mental combats. Massinger may have taken part in the sittings at the "*Triple Tun*," the "*Dog*," or the "*Mermaid*." It is certain that he must have seen and known Shakespeare ; it is clear that that

gentle genius would be courteous, and probably helpful to the promising aspirant. Oh, that Massinger had left a record of that wild, gay, theatre and tavern life! He must have seen and known Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and all the great and little dramatists. He had a seeing eye, and graphic power: no work of his would now be more sought after than a picture of that passing day, so great and strong, and yet gone now so far out of human ken. It must have been a free, wild life of excitement, revel, noble aims, and glorious triumphs; and playwright, actor, noble, may then have led a fuller life of interest and activity than we can realise in these tamer days.

It was, possibly, a somewhat loose life—but careless, free, and gay; and was certainly stimulating, if, perhaps, too exciting for perfect mental health and calm. Authors and actors may have known frequent alternations between temporary prosperity and poverty; and may have spent too many hot and fevered night hours in that turbulent loud tavern life, of which Ben Jonson was monarch and was despot. What talk on the evening of a day on which a new piece—say by Shakespeare—was first played! They would debate how Shakespeare wrote, how Burbage acted; and would prophesy triumph or predict failure. There would be jealousies, no doubt; but there would also be warm and generous admiration coming from men that knew the craft, and could estimate the merit of dramatist and of player. The wine would, in contempt of question, be good; and the wit would certainly be brilliant. As the art revellers issued from the flaring tavern into the still, bright, cool morning of another day, some of the younger men might think of those *buona-robas* of whom they had the best at commandment. No long runs then, and all was art; and all this wild, mad life Massinger saw and knew and shared in—and yet, like the rest, has left no record and drawn no picture of it. The Elizabethans cannot have foreseen the interest that we take in their life and ways.

William, third Earl of Pembroke, was one of the most brilliant figures amongst the knights and nobles of the Courts of Elizabeth and James. He came to the title in 1601 and died 1630, being succeeded by his brother Philip, Earl of Montgomery, afterwards Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. Their sister, Lady Sophia Herbert, married Lord Caernarvon, who fell commanding the royal cavalry in the fight at Newbury. As the Earl lay dying on the field of battle he was asked if he had any request to prefer to the King, and replied: "I will not die with a suit in my mouth but to the King of kings." "*The Bondman*," published in 1624, was dedicated to the Earl of Montgomery. The play was allowed by Sir Henry

Herbert, and was first performed at the "Cockpit," in Drury Lane, on December 3, 1623. Massinger addresses the Earl of Montgomery: "However I could never arrive at the happiness to be made known to your Lordship, yet a desire, born with me, to make a tender of all duties and service to the noble family of the Herberts, descended to me as an inheritance from my dead father, Arthur Massinger. Many years he happily spent in the service of your honourable house, and died a servant to it, leaving his son to be ever most glad and ready to be at the command of all such as derive themselves from his most honoured master, your Lordship's most noble father. The consideration of this encouraged me (having no other means to present my humblest service to your honour) to shroud this trifle under the wings of your noble protection; and, I hope, out of the clemency of your heroic disposition, it will find, though not perhaps a welcome entertainment, yet, at the worst, a gracious pardon. When it was first acted (1623) your Lordship's liberal suffrage taught others to allow it for current, having received the undoubted stamp of your Lordship's allowance: and if the perusal of any vacant hour, when your Lordship's more serious occasions shall give you leave to read it, it answers in your Lordship's judgment the report and opinion it had upon the stage, I shall esteem my labours not ill employed, and, while I live, continue the humblest of those that truly honour your Lordship.

"PHILIP MASSINGER."

In spite of the dramatist's modesty and deference there seems to be in this dedication a sort of appeal to a member of the great house of Herbert. Did the Earl of Montgomery give only "liberal suffrage" to the dramatist so closely connected with Wilton, or did he render more substantial assistance to the unfortunate man of genius struggling with bitter penury? Of any *such* assistance there is no evidence; nor would it appear that William, the third Earl, ever did anything to soften the hard lot of the unhappy poet. The patronage of Wilton towards the Massingers seems to have ceased with Henry, the second Earl of Pembroke, and with Arthur Massinger.

To the gallant Robert, Earl of Caernarvon, husband of Lady Sophia, Massinger dedicated his celebrated "New Way to Pay Old Debts," and the poet thus addresses the nobleman that he honours: "Pardon, I beseech you, my boldness in presuming to shelter this comedy under the wings of your Lordship's favour and protection. I am not ignorant (having never yet deserved you in my service) that it cannot but meet with a severe construction if, in the clemency of your noble disposition, you fashion not a better defence for me than

I can fancy for myself nor am I wholly lost in my hopes, but that your Honour (who have ever expressed yourself a favourer and friend to the Muses) may vouchsafe, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle, to give me encouragement to present you with some laboured works, and of a higher strain, hereafter. I was born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomparable lady, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to your Lordship, which, if you will please to admit, I shall embrace it as a bounty, that while I live shall oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble patron, and profess myself to be

“Your Honour’s true servant,

“PHILIP MASSINGER.”

The poet’s prose style is laboured, tortuous, and involved ; but this dedication gives further proof of his affectionate devotion to the house of Herbert. When Massinger speaks of an “incomparable lady” of that family, he is, perhaps, thinking of a matchless Countess of Pembroke whom he had served as page. He calls his comedy a “trifle,” but he could not then foresee that the genius of Edmund Kean would render it the most popular of his works ; the one which would longest keep the stage ; the one that might be revived whenever a strong actor, able to play Sir Giles, should arise. Massinger’s allusion to the “becoming distance” between himself and the Earl is characteristic of the then relations between patron and poet. He may, nay he must, have ranked “*The Fatal Dowry*” much higher than “*A New Way*,” but he could not foretell that the inferior work would be so much more successful on the modern stage. We do not find that he dedicated any more “laboured work” to the noble Earl. We do not know what actors first played Sir Giles, Romont, Charalois ; but it is clear that Charalois, with his refined nobleness, his towering passion, and his terrible sorrows, has not been fitly represented—as Romont has been—on the later stage. “*The Fatal Dowry*” is Massinger’s highest effort in tragedy, and is—putting Shakespeare on one side—perhaps the most pathetic and most powerful of the plays written and produced in the great day of the drama in England.

Seldom has there been seen upon the stage a story of more woe than that of Charalois. He is raised from abject misery, suddenly and unexpectedly, to most dazzling heights of prosperity, and then, by a revolution of the wheel of fortune, is plunged into such desperate and cureless ruin, and into such an untimely death ; and all his woe is caused by the vile, fair woman who had been given to him as wife. Oh, the pity of it all ! It is true tragedy. In Charalois a great, fine character is driven by dishonour into piteous, undeserved wreck.

Massinger addressed some verses, not very distinctive in merit, to his "most singular good Lord and Patron, Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery," on the occasion of the "deplorable and untimely death" of the Earl's "late truly noble son," Charles Lord Herbert.

William Herbert, the founder of the peerage, married the sister of Queen Catharine Parr; and Henry, the second Earl, was compelled by his politic father first to marry and then to desert Lady Catharine Grey.

Sir Philip Sidney's sister, Mary, was the third wife of the second Earl, and Ben Jonson reckons it to her as a distinction that she was "Pembroke's mother"—that is, the mother of William, third Earl, the glory of the Herbert family. In 1604 Earl William married Mary, eldest daughter of Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, but the union was not a successful or a happy one. This marriage was "unproductive of any issue that lived," so that William was succeeded in the earldom of Pembroke by his brother Montgomery.

This great third Earl is described by Anthony à Wood as having been "the very picture and *viva effigies* of nobility." It is recorded that his person was "rather majestic than elegant, and his presence, whether quiet or in motion, full of stately gravity." Clarendon portrays him as "the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age"; and adds, "as he had a great number of friends of the best men, so no man had ever the confidence to avow himself to be his enemy." Here, however, Clarendon is in error. But for the active intervention of James, Earl William would have fought a duel with that fiery Sir George Wharton, who later, in November 1609, killed, and was killed by, in a fierce duel, Sir James Stuart. The bodies of the two combatants were interred together in one grave, on November 10, at Islington. Specially in England the early part of the seventeenth century was distinguished for deadly duelling; and the well-known fatal fight between Edward Sackville, son of the Earl of Dorset, and Edward Bruce, son of Lord Kinloss, was a fierce example of chivalrous gallantry and fell determination. Bruce was killed.

But to return to our sumptuous third Earl. Let us again consult Clarendon for the characteristics of his showy and shining character. "He was a man very well bred, and of excellent parts, and a graceful speaker upon any subject, having a good proportion of learning, and a ready wit to apply it and enlarge upon it; of a pleasant and facetious humour, and a disposition affable, generous, magnificent." He enjoyed considerable reputation for his amorous verses.

Earl William was—here we abbreviate from Clarendon and from George Lillie Craik (the “Romance of the Peerage”)—“living *at* the Court, but not *by* the Court. As he spent his large fortune, so he stood upon his own feet, without any other support than of his own virtue and merit. He was dazzling and florid; beloved because he never strove at Court to get that for himself which others laboured for, but was ever ready to promote the pretences of worthy men. As his conversation was most [with men of the most pregnant parts and understanding, so towards any such who needed support or encouragement, though unknown to him, if fairly recommended to him, he was very liberal.” Perhaps Massinger could give some evidence upon this point of character.

Queen Elizabeth disliked portraits of herself which insisted at all upon shadows in the face; but there is a shadow side to the portrait of the great Earl. “He was not without some alloy of vice, and, without being clouded with great infirmities, which he had in too exorbitant proportion . . . he was immoderately given up to licentious amours; the more probably in consequence of his unhappy domestic circumstances—for he paid too dear for his wife’s fortune by taking her person into the bargain”; and one of his “alloys” was his seduction—or was he seduced by?—the wild maid of honour, Mistress Mary Fytton, of Arbury, in Warwickshire. She is reputed by some to be the “dark lady” of the Sonnets; but I cannot believe that the over-lively, fascinating Mary answered at all to the very realistic descriptions of Sonnets Nos. 184–185. Mary was fair, more so even than her elder sister Anne, Lady Newdigate, who was a model matron and a devoted mother. Mary had an influential suitor, though older than she was, in Sir William Knollys; but she would, it is very credibly reported by one Mrs. Martin, who dwelt at the “Chopinge Knife,” near Ludgate, “tuck up her clothes, and take a large white cloake, and marche as though she had beene a man to meet the said Earle (William, the third) out of the Courte.” Sir Robert Cecil writes to Carew: “We have no newes but that there is a misfortune befallen Mistress Fytton, for she is proved with child; and the Earl of Pembroke, being examined, confesseth the fact, but utterly renounceth all marriage. I fear they will both dwell in the Tower awhile, for the Queen hath vowed to send them thither.”

The volatile if dissolute Mary—

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds—

is accused by Sir Peter Leycester of having borne two illegitimate children to Sir Richard Leveson, knight and admiral, and a

friend of Mary's sister Anne, Lady Newdigate. The seductive maid of honour was twice married, though owing to her tainted reputation she did not make such good "matches" as she would have done if she had remained chaste. Her two husbands were William Polewhele and one Lougher; and it is whispered that the fair wanton had one child by Polewhele before their marriage.

After the scandal with Lord Pembroke, he for a time learned that stone bars do sometimes a prison make; while Mary, who was expecting her confinement, was handed over to the custody of Lady Hawkyns. Her boy, perhaps fortunately, left the world almost as soon as he had entered it; and her honourable lover, Knollys, married Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Suffolk. It is recorded by Clarendon that Pembroke cared not specially for merely pretty women, but preferred those who were intelligent, witty, and entertaining in conversation. Mary may have answered this requirement (she looks as if she could have done so) and was, in addition, lovely and graceful. It may be permissible here to record our thanks to the present Lady Newdigate for her delightful "Muniment Room" book. The contrast between the Fytton sisters, Anne and Mary, was great. This is not the place to debate the question whether Pembroke, the begetter of Mary Fytton's first child, was the Mr. W. H. (William Herbert?) who was the "onlie begetter" of Shakespeare's sonnets. Mary Fytton long outlived her virtuous sister, Anne; but the wild Mary has left a stimulating reputation for charm glowing through dishonour.

William, the third Earl, was made about the end of James's reign Lord Steward of the Household; a very suitable office for the magnificent noble who always affected positions of honour and command, but cared nothing for offices of profit or of pay. His death took place on April 10, 1630, at his stately town mansion, Baynard's Castle.

Clarendon states that the great peer died of apoplexy, after a "full" supper. "He died exceedingly lamented by men of all qualities, and left many of his servants and dependants owners of good estates, raised out of his employments and bounty. Nor had his heir reason to complain." Massinger may have had reason to complain, as Earl William was well able to have helped the poet so closely connected with Wilton; and he seemed to be naturally the ideal patron of a dramatist so able—and so poor. He might have made the miserable life of Massinger both easy and happy; but the reasons which divided peer and poet are still a secret. In later times—almost in our very own times—Massinger seemed to be

fortunate in an adequate representation of his "Fatal Dowry"; but the result showed that ill-fortune did not cease to persecute the poet even after his death; when, not profit and gain, but only fame and honour could be won by one who had deserved so much, and had received so little from his fellow men.

When Elliston was the lessee of Drury Lane, Macready, on January 5, 1825, produced there "The Fatal Dowry." Gifford's text was considered to be, in some scenes, "too gross"; and Macready applied to Richard Lalor Shiel to adapt the powerful tragedy for presentation on the fastidious modern stage. Macready was satisfied with the results of Shiel's labours, and the great tragedian records that Massinger's noble play "was well acted and enthusiastically applauded." Unfortunately, when the piece was produced, Macready was seized with a severe attack of "inflammation of the diaphragm," and, on the occasion of the second representation, he was so acutely ill that it "was with difficulty I could keep erect without support. . . . When able to leave my bed, which for several weeks I was not permitted to do, change of air was recommended, and the run of the piece was thus cut short." On April 11, 1825, Macready returned to London, and the performance of "The Fatal Dowry" was at once resumed; but the revival was again doomed to misfortune. In London "public excitement had been roused to an immoderate degree" by trials at law in which Kean and Miss Foote figured conspicuously, and the public taste for the drama was temporarily diverted wholly to the hero and heroine of the notorious trial. The consequence was that "The Fatal Dowry" was only played two or three times, "to audiences enthusiastic in approval but scanty in number." Macready afterwards frequently produced the play on his provincial tours, and I find mention of it in his diary for 1830. The great play when played seems always to have been a great success. Macready, of course, played Romont. He says that in the part "opportunities were afforded for the display of energy and lofty bearing, to the full height of which I laboured, not unsuccessfully, to reach." I have never seen Macready in this strong, passionate, noble character; but it is easy to imagine how loftily and grandly he would play it.

Macready, as a dramatic critic, would be fully able to estimate the value of Massinger's lofty play; and as a great actor he would feel a stern delight in representing Romont—that man of iron, with a woman's tenderness, combined with a soldier's conscience, courage, honour. Who could play Romont now? It is, perhaps, certainly from the great tragedian's point of view, the principal character in

the play, though, from a somewhat different point of view, Charalois is scarcely inferior to it. Romont stands a little apart from the main current and direct action of the piece ; he is, indeed, only the friend of the deeply-wronged Charalois, but then he is also the friend of all honour, virtue, daring. He is outside events, and is yet most important to the development of the tragedy. To compare the character with something very modern, something of the passing hour, we may liken it to some of those parts of true and able men of the world friends which that admirable actor Mr. Charles Wyndham plays so finely, and, by great acting, makes the leading parts in the comedy.

Massinger subtly conveys the idea that Charalois must be superbly handsome. Macready would indeed make Romont ideal and heroic. One of the characteristics of Romont is a fervent, generous, devoted friendship—such a friendship as was possible to soldiers in the virile days of the great Elizabeth—and Macready would render this fine attribute with swell of soul and with chivalrous sincerity. He was always great in magnanimous parts and passages. I, however, saw Phelps play Romont at Sadler's Wells, and his was a worthy performance, rugged, robust, and vehement ; though he could not attain to the stately passion which Macready would have portrayed. Phelps gave us physical anger where Macready would have depicted high-hearted indignation. It is not now worth while to compare the text of Gifford with the free adaptation of Lalor Shiel. The play is not likely to be revived in our day ; but it may be recorded that Macready was entirely satisfied with his friend's version, and considers that Shiel, "while maintaining the strictest fidelity to the story, substituted scenes which, in energy, passion, and dramatic power, fully equalled those on which they were grafted." It is not quite pleasant to hear of scenes "substituted" for those of Massinger, but the author of the "Apostate" and of "Evadne," was doubtless as good an adapter as could well be found. Thanks mainly to the genius of Edmund Kean, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" still retains a fitful hold upon our stage ; and "The City Madam" and "The Bondman" have been played with success in our own experience ; but Massinger, as do others of the Elizabethan dramatists, pays the penalty of neglect which, in our day, attaches to the ideal or poetical drama. 'Tis pity that our time has so far lost the finer dramatic sense that exquisite romantic and ideal plays—as Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster," or the anonymous (the author is unknown) "Merry Devil of Edmonton"—could not now be produced with any chance of popular success. We no longer enjoy the ideal or poetical

drama, and therefore we can no longer act it. We cannot now act Shakespeare ; and the class of drama which at present best succeeds is one which does not call for many ideas or for any poetry. The condition of the drama, the sort of plays which at any given time please the theatre-going public, are indications of national morality, and of public taste and feeling. We have not much reason to be proud of the evidences which prove that dramatic deterioration which indicates public degradation of ideals. The olden drama is not, perhaps, dead, but is sleeping ; and the new drama, which should express our morals and our manners, is not yet born. There is still interest in studying old masterpieces, and one of the best of these is "The Fatal Dowry." On the "first night" Macready spoke a prologue by R. B. Bourne. This prologue is in no way excellent, but it records that (speaking of Massinger) :

His worth full well admiring Milton knew,
And from his chrystal waters largely drew ;
To that sweet fount who would not wish to turn,
At which immortal Milton filled his urn.

The imaginations of our actors have sunk to the lower level of a meaner and more realistic day, and the last of the long line of mighty actors who, from Burbage onwards, were worthy representatives of the heroes of our Shakespeare, was Macready. A modern actor is comfortable mainly in his own costume and customs, and he finds high thoughts set to the natural music of blank verse unnatural. Passion seems exaggeration, and strong feeling a burlesque. "Character-acting" was never so good as now it is, but character-acting only applies to two or three of Shakespeare's minor parts ; and where now are Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Lear ? They can only be read ; as acting parts they are lost to a decadent stage. Sir Walter Scott says that he was consoled for growing old by the fact that he had seen Mrs. Siddons in her glory ; and an old playgoer lasting into our day must feel some consolation from his memories of Macready. The actors of our day do not live in an heroic or ideal time ; and for that reason alone (if there were no others) cannot feel or enact heroic or ideal characters. They are not available for the ideal or poetical drama, and are unable to realise the great characters of Shakespeare.

Some of the old plays of the great day of our drama might yet be represented with success. I was present at the Royal Soho Theatre on February 19, 1852, when the Vanbrugh Club gave a very successful performance of Ford's poetical "Lover's Melancholy," which had not before been placed upon the stage since the days of

Ford himself. The production gave great pleasure to a rather distinguished art audience ; and it was pleasant to fancy the first representation of this fine play, and to compare that, in imagination, with the later rendering.

There must have been a freemasonry of brotherhood between playwright, public, actors in those far off but yet vivid days, and the first performance of a new piece, say by Shakespeare, must have been a sensation such as we can scarcely parallel or feel.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

(To be concluded.)

SOME CAUSES OF CHANGES IN DRESS.

IN this paper we simply recount a few of the reasons which have brought about changes in dress ; we do not try to define the influence it possesses, nor the more occult causes of changes, which have so clearly been described by Herr Teufelsdröckh, and which cynics might say is at any time too difficult a task for ordinary folk to attempt, Fashion being a goddess ; and who can readily comprehend so variable a creature as woman ? But though Fashion may be a goddess she is not a deity of caprice, as she is sometimes credited with being ; on the contrary, she is a lady of regular habits, preserving certain balances and proportions, one type of clothing succeeding another in regular rotation, and recalling Solomon's dictum, "There is nothing new under the sun."

An old Father once defined woman as an animal that delighted in finery, which is about on a par with the French definition of man being an animal that can cook. Is it because men have the courage of their opinions more than women, that one often hears of a man marrying his cook, but very seldom of a woman marrying her tailor or man-milliner ?

Changes in the fashion of dress are due to many causes—civilisation, climate, religious and political reasons, convenience, and the love of variety.

The initial changes come, or grow, from the advance of civilisation when communication between various countries becomes more frequent, and later in those countries when the art of war has yielded to the arts of peace ; also when friendly explorers come to unknown lands, as when the Phœnicians first landed on British shores, and showed to the wondering eyes of the woad-painted or skin-clad Briton their woven cloths dyed with Tyrian purple ; or later, when the Romans came and imposed their higher civilisation along with their conquests. One sure sign of further civilisation is when women are more gorgeously attired than men, or equally attired. The savage dons his war-paint, his necklace of skulls, shell ornaments, or feather

cloak, but his wife, who is only his domestic drudge, or beast of burden, has no such pleasures of vanity in her hard life; the female savage is the inferior in looks and strength, in common with other animals and birds of her sex, and would not dream of vying with the male! Personal, egotistical vanity would be a step upwards and onwards for the poor squaw or bushwoman, which might be the spur on to better things, as much as on the other hand it is a drag down for her civilised sister, who knows that there are so many things in heaven and earth to dream of, among which her own skin-deep beauty and its coverings find a very small place.

Changes in the fashion of dress among a civilised nation have fluctuated very much in most countries where sumptuary laws have been enforced, those laws being generally created for three reasons: first, as a protest against extravagance; secondly, to draw the line in rank, so that the superior may be recognised at a glance; thirdly, in some cases, to force the home-made goods on the people. The sumptuary laws of Zaleucus, 500 B.C., are of course well known; among those intended to repress luxury in the way of servants or dress was the ordination that a lady might be attended in the streets by one maid only, *unless she should happen to be drunk*, and jewellery and embroidered dresses were to be worn only by women of openly bad character. This latter limited permission was adopted 2,000 years later in the Spanish pragmatics of 1563, but it can hardly be said to have had a good effect in Madrid, where women of even high rank preferred to have the finery and evil reputation to simplicity and good repute! In 1639 in Spain it was ordained that "no woman shall wear low-cut bodices except women of known evil life. Any person guilty of infraction of this pragmatic shall lose the offending article of dress, and pay a fine of 20,000 maravedis for the first offence, and for the second double that amount, with exile from Court." The unfortunate dressmakers who made the garments were to be much more severely punished than the fair wearers, and four years' penal servitude was their sentence for a second offence.¹ One of the great objects of the Spanish sumptuary laws was to restrict the dreaded taste for luxury and splendour, as that was felt to be a characteristic of the hated Moor, who had been conquered bit by bit by people who were content to live roughly, feed frugally, and dress plainly. The first vicious extravagance which seizes upon a hardy simple people, who find themselves safe after a period of struggle, is naturally that of gluttony; and the earliest sumptuary decrees of the Castilian

¹ *The Year after the Armada.* (Martin Hume.)

kings were directed against this particular excess. In point of date the first decree extant in Spain of a sumptuary character was that issued by Don Jaime of Aragon, in 1234. After laws controlling eating came those concerning dress ; no striped or bordered stuffs were to be worn, and furs used only as trimmings to hoods and hanging sleeves. Twenty years after these laws were much added to, the penalty for infringing any, either in eating, adornment, or dress, being to lose one or both thumbs. Peter the Cruel brought out even a more complete sumptuary law, in which the punishments were positively ferocious. Later on these laws fell into disuse, and extravagance became very great, so that Ferdinand and Isabella in 1495 forbade the industries of weaving and embroidering gold and silver thread. The people in the south of Spain were greatly excelling in gold embroideries on velvet, which were much in demand for church vestments and royal trappings all over Europe. They then turned their attention to the manufacture of silk, but only four years later that too was forbidden, because people were tempted to squander their money on useless finery. Some of the silk-making provinces, reduced to desperation, petitioned for the relaxation of the law : the only relaxation made was that the makers were allowed to wear silk themselves ! Gradually sumptuary laws became a dead letter in Spain, though they continued in use there longer than in any other country. Those in England were chiefly made and enforced in the reigns of Edward III., Edward IV., and Henry VIII., and were all repealed in the time of James I. Shoes with long points, short doublets, and long hose were often forbidden ; foot-gear seems often to have been made a subject of legislation, and under Henry IV. it was proclaimed that no man should wear shoes above *six inches broad at the toes* !

Painters have had an enormous influence on dress. Early in this century, the simplicity in dress which had then come in was very much due to Romney's charming figures in white gowns and straw hats. It was a reaction from the stiff hoops and huge monstrosities in the way of headgear which in Paris seemed to have reached their zenith just before the Revolution, when women appeared with a whole flower and kitchen garden on their heads, and one lady even bore a representation of a fleet of ships in full sail. Then simplicity came in, with costumes of classical type, a revival of Greek and Roman draperies, induced by the paintings of David ; and as he was an ardent republican, many adapted his costumes either to hide or to proclaim their real opinions. Holbein is our earliest authority for the real every-day aspect of English society ; he could paint

middle-aged and elderly women in attire suitable to their age, and yet eminently picturesque, and in that way threw the weight of his influence on the side of modest dress for girls and young women also, it being a peculiar trait in the world of fashion that if a style is becoming to any one age, old and young alike adopt it ; probably when it is a mode becoming to the old, the younger feel assured that if becoming to their seniors it must necessarily be ten times more so to themselves, which it generally is ; likewise the elders, seeing a style very charming to the young, hope by adopting it to be rejuvenated in others' eyes as well as in their own. The result, accordingly, is very disastrous when a popular painter leads the fashion by painting a style of dress only suiting—and rather *risqué* then—a young beauty, as for instance did Lely. To think of an old woman painted truthfully by him creates a shudder, and makes one think of Mrs. Skewton and her determined juvenility in all its ghastliness. No century showed such fluctuations in fashion as that between the times of Holbein and Vandyke ; we may roughly term it a century, as one died in 1554, the other in 1641. Catherine of Aragon in gorgeous but decorous dress, Elizabeth, extravagant and indelicate, wearing very low-cut dresses even to the last in her old age, Mary Stuart with her small ruff, high sombre gown, looking all that was simple and graceful, are three fair types of that hundred years.

Fiction sometimes carries weight, and introduces a new fashion which may become more or less permanent, as for instance black evening dress for gentlemen, which in Bulwer Lytton's life is claimed by his son to be due to the novel "Pelham," wherein Lady Frances Pelham writes to the hero, "*À propos* of the complexion, I did not like that blue coat you wore when I last saw you. You look best in black, which is a great compliment, for people must be very distinguished in appearance to do so." "Till then," remarks the biographer, "the coats worn for evening dress were of different colours, brown, green or blue, according to the fancy of the wearers, and Lord Orford tells me that the adoption of the now invariable black dates from the publication of 'Pelham.'" All the contemporaries of Pelham would appear to have been simultaneously possessed with the idea that they were entitled to take to themselves the great compliment paid by Lady Frances to her son !

Some books introduce new fashions, others recall old ones, as for instance "Cranford," which has many references to turbans, pattens, &c., which, Mrs. Gaskell remarks, were probably worn in the little town of Cranford long after they had disappeared else-

where; but then "the dress of the Cranford ladies is very independent of fashion, as they observe, 'What does it signify how we dress here at Cranford, where everybody knows us?' and if they go from home their reason is equally cogent: 'What does it signify how we dress here, where nobody knows us?'"

The old-fashioned gogram no doubt survived in Cranford long after it was forgotten elsewhere, save in the name of "Grog"! Grogram (gros-grain) was a mixture of silk and mohair; the famous old Admiral Vernon (1684-1757) used to wear a grogram coat, which made the sailors term him "Old Grog," and that name was afterwards transferred to the mixture of rum and water he introduced into the navy. Some authors insist strongly on white muslin as the dress for girls; Ethel Newcome's "tall slender figure is concealed in a simple white muslin robe confined at her slim waist by an azure ribbon." White muslin is the subject of an amusing conversation between Henry Tilney and Catherine Morland; and another hero of Jane Austen's also airs his ideas on white dresses—Edmund, in "Mansfield Park," who, when Fanny consults him as to whether her bridesmaid's gown is too smart for a certain occasion, lays down the law that in white a woman can never be overdressed. Mrs. Reeves, in "Comin' thro' the Rye," makes Paul Vasher ask the heroine to wear white; he has "the man's fixed belief in the perfectibility of that colourless colour; black *or* white, or black *and* white—every man believes a woman to be well-dressed when she is arranged from top to toe in either or both." This is a decidedly true remark, and can be verified by anyone who notes the conversation when a late ball is under discussion, when if any pretty woman has attired herself in a smart and well-made black satin, ten to one if it is not the dress picked out and praised up by the men. When, however, observing that men admire black, of course we do not mean a dowdy black, done up, and worn for economy's sake—the wedding-gown, perchance, of years back!

Speaking of black satin reminds us that for many years it went entirely out of fashion for a curious reason—viz., Mrs. Manning, the murderess, who was hanged in 1849, had a black satin made in Paris, on purpose for her last public appearance! A certain tint in lace was discontinued in France in the middle of last century for a similar reason.

Dress for execution in days further back seems often to have been chosen with care, and specially noted by the spectators. In 1746 Lord Derwentwater went to execution dressed in scarlet faced

with black velvet trimmed with gold, a gold-laced waistcoat, and a white feather in his hat ; and we read of Dr. Cameron, in 1753, being beheaded, dressed in a light-coloured coat, red waistcoat and breeches, and a *new* bag-wig. It was not, however, possible always to dress *en grande tenue*, as sometimes prisoners were allowed only a very limited wardrobe ; for instance, when Honor, Lady Lisle, of Henry VIII.'s time, was sent to the Tower, the Lisle papers, which give a complete inventory of the Lisle possessions, mention that she was only allowed to take the following with her from her costly and extensive wardrobe : a gown of taffety, two nightgowns of black damask, a kirtle of black, and another of tawny velvet.

Powder for the hair seems to have died out about the end of last century, when the scarcity of flour, combined with Pitt's tax on powder in 1795, caused a complete change in the appearance of both sexes, though individuals here and there in fashionable circles had for some few years left it off, the ladies partly from artistic influences and admiration of the portraits with natural hair and simple dress. Walpole's remark on the result of wigs and powder being discarded strikes one at first as very strange ; he says that "all individuality is confounded by people wearing their own hair." We should now say exactly the contrary ; and then we should remember that differences are more easily detected when the setting is one to which we are accustomed, just as at first members of a foreign nation, to eyes unaccustomed to them, bear a strange resemblance to each other, though to themselves seeming to differ so much. Some years ago, in East London, when an English sailor was stabbed by a Chinaman, the murderer got off scot-free, as the English witnesses could not swear to one who appeared to be the exact ditto of all his compatriots : his "individuality was confounded" !

Early in 1795, just before powder went out, the *Hull Advertiser* notices that "London and the circumjacent counties of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent have already produced for hair-powder licenses no less than £100,000, half the sum at which the aggregate of the tax throughout Great Britain was estimated. The number of hair-powder certificates granted in this town (Hull) is nearly 1,000."

Farthingales, hoops, and crinolines have all had their day—rather, indeed, their repeated days—in turn with straight closely hanging skirts. We may believe now that they all are things of the past. The farthingale, or vertugale (*i.e.* meaning vertical bands), was worn first by French and Spanish ladies ; in England it reached enormous dimensions in Elizabeth's time. The crinoline was a faint imitation of it, and was in and out of fashion alternately, but had

a long reign when the Empress Eugénie revived it in 1855 ; a few years since an attempt to again bring it into fashion utterly failed, mostly because women each year are now adopting clothing suitable to their occupation. There is an amusing passage in Professor Owen's life, when in November 1859 he goes to a great civic dinner: "Next me was a young bride with widely developed skirt. Her husband and I had to lift her, first upon the 'form' (which was fixed close to the table), then to fold her nether half tightly up, and glide her in like a mummy! Same operation needed with everybody, and *ib.* to get them out." Probably, now women dress in a garb congruous to their more active pursuits and methods of getting about, the crinoline will remain at a discount, unless it should come in for evening wear, as its one virtue is that it can show up a handsome design on a brocade. For cycling, golf, or stepping up to the top of an omnibus, it would decidedly be best to be conspicuous by absence. We might be reminded of an old poem, "Recipe for a Lady's Dress," which contains this couplet:¹

Make your petticoats short that a hoop eight yards wide
May decently show how your garters are ty'd.

Religious protests have often shown their outward and visible signs in the matter of dress. Monks and nuns have donned a habit as a protest against worldly apparel, as a sign of fellowship with each other, and for the sake of economy of time, thought, and money, as do our sisterhoods of the present day. In cases when conventual houses became lax, as at Port Royal before Angélique Arnauld's time, the lady-abbesses and their nuns exchanged their coarse serge for softer materials, and even silk, and later for an altogether worldly garb. Quakers, in the same way, breaking through their first strictness, wore their greys and drabs in more delicate shades and finer materials. In other ways also has dress been influenced by religion. Silk had been made in England in the time of Henry VI., but the first great impulse to its manufacture here was due to the immigration of Flemish weavers in 1585, who fled from the Low Countries, which were being harried and devastated by the Spanish persecutions. Just a hundred years later a second impetus was given by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when a large body of French artisans scattered themselves to Germany, Switzerland, and England; those who sought British protection settling themselves in Spitalfields.

Early in the reign of George I. there were riots of the wool and

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1753.

silk weavers, who protested against the fashion then coming in of women, both in the upper and lower classes, wearing Indian chintzes and Dutch printed calicoes. The many attacks in the streets on women so attired led ultimately to legislation, and calico gowns were forbidden to be worn. So all the dainty cotton dresses were pulled to pieces and turned into quilts and furniture covers. Then a fashion came in of embroidering fine holland elaborately, the linen, which was made in England, being sent, as was that from other countries, to be bleached on the famous bleaching-grounds of Haarlem, and then returned as *holland*. Those far-famed bleaching-grounds are kept in the memories of most of us by Raphael's paintings of them, *e.g.* "The Watermill with Bleachers," in our National Gallery. A lady in the reign of George I. speaks of a wonder in embroidered gowns, and though the one she describes is of white satin, no doubt the holland dresses would not be far behind in elaboration. She was at the Princess Royal's wedding, and afterwards wrote: "The Duchess of Queensbury's clothes pleased me best; they were white satin embroidered, the bottom of the petticoat brown hills covered with all sorts of weeds, and every breadth had an old stump of a tree that ran up almost to the top of the petticoat, broken and ragged, and worked with brown chenille, round which twined nasturtians (*sic*), ivy, honeysuckles, periwinkles, convolvuluses, and all sorts of twining flowers, which spread and covered the petticoat, vines with the leaves variegated as you have seen them by the sun, all rather smaller than nature. The robings and facings were little green banks with all sorts of weeds, and the sleeves and rest of the gown loose twining branches of the same as those on the petticoat. Many of the leaves were finished with gold, and part of the stumps of the trees looked like the gilding of the sun. I never saw a piece of work so prettily fancied." Some articles of dress are always associated with the name of their inventor, or their first wearer, or perhaps *last* wearer, who sticks to a fashion long after others have given it up: as, for instance, if a "Gladstone" were not already an expanding travelling bag, it might give a name to a certain collar. Wellington and Blucher boots, Capuchin hood, red Garibaldi, Cavalier hat and feathers, and many others, bring to our minds associations beyond those connected merely with the article itself. Some words are nearly lost from the object being obsolete, *e.g.* in 1692 men wore a neckcloth called a Steenkirk, so named from its being first noticed at that battle, and for a similar reason a famous wig in 1706 was called a Ramillies. Last century a certain greatcoat was called a Benjamin, from being slightly dissimilar to a Joseph,

which probably gained its name from being made in various colours. The Ulster is a garment which has survived many fashions: a loose long frieze coat first made in Ulster, its origin lost in obscurity, though we do not believe, as Noah's Ark models would wish us to do, that it was known in the days of Noë, that "time of universal negation," as someone defined it.

There is a romantic history attached to some quaintly coloured and knitted things of Shetland make. Fair Isle, one of the Shetlands, has long been famous for knitted hosiery, gloves, &c., of curious colour and design, and the natives' ability to make them dates back to the Armada time, when a Spanish ship was wrecked there, and the sailors, being forced to stay the winter, taught the Fair Islanders both the designs and the way to make new dyes from the plants and lichens round them.

Politics have been a frequent cause of change. Up to Fox's time court dress and swords had been the rule in Parliament, a fashion he at first adopted; but after 1781 he usually wore frock coat, buff waistcoat, top boots, &c., the uniform of Washington. In France, as we mentioned before, David's republican opinions led to the classic style, which he brought into vogue, being much worn.

Accident sometimes brings about changes, or the discovery of a new material, as in the case of S. Clement, fourth Bishop of Rome, who invented felt: his feet being blistered by long continued travel, he put a little wool between his sandal and his sole, and the warmth, moisture, and pressure worked it compact. This is an age for absurd advertisements, but we think the heading of one we once saw at a Scarborough hatter's was one of the most ridiculous, *re* felt hats. It ran: "Of all the felts I ever felt, I never felt a felt that felt like this felt felt"!

The end of the nineteenth century we proudly claim as an age of science and progress, and in some ways we may hope that both are influencing the art of dress, though some women who are behind the age still seem to apply the rule for morals—to know yourself, study others; to know others, study yourself—to their rules for dress! Dressmakers can still give instances of customers insisting on their gowns being made with as small or smaller waists than those of their slimmer acquaintances; and how often do we hear such remarks as "How pretty So-and-so looked in that new hat to-day! I must get one like it." And the speaker perhaps has no regard to such small matters as complexion, general suitability, &c.! No one can be said to be independent of dress; a judge or bishop must be extra dignified to whom the judicial robes or episcopal cassock and sleeves

do not give an added power. A schoolmaster and college tutor strike scholastic awe into their pupils far more with cap and gown than without, and country jurors are impressed with the psychological atmosphere in presence of the bewigged and gowned barristers, much beyond what they would feel were those limbs of the law in plain clothes and natural hair (or baldness) like themselves. A man whose head is shaved is almost bound to look a criminal or a lunatic.

Women are gradually adopting a more workmanlike attire, such as men have long considered a desideratum for themselves, suiting their clothing to their occupations, not limiting their occupations from regard to their clothes ! Bicycling, golfing, walking, necessitate more or less short skirts, and in many wardrobes the tailor almost ousts the dressmaker. It is true the riding-habit has long been worn, but only for the last five-and-twenty years can it be said to be workmanlike. When we see prints of hunting and meets of thirty and forty years back, and note the veil flying in the wind and the extra yard of skirt almost reaching the ground, we feel thankful that, as shown by those pictures, women riders seem to have been a very small minority. Long skirts and trains probably will continue to exist for evening wear, as they are becoming in giving height. We remember Du Maurier's confession that, though often determining to draw a short woman as a variety, he never could resist the temptation, when the pencil was in his hand, of giving the extra inch or two to bestow grace and stateliness ; and as a rule women try to increase their height, which is one reason why perpendicular lines in dress are so much oftener in fashion than horizontal ones. We hear the 25-inch waist of the Venus of Medici is becoming the recognised size (heaven save the mark ! are all women the same height cast in the same mould ?) in place of the regulation half-yard, which has too long been the standard ; and this more healthy innovation comes from women having a more artistic idea of beauty, as well as from increasing their healthful modes of exercise. There are three points women should bear in mind when selecting their gowns—suitability to their age, their personal appearance, and their occupations ; and after—closely after—these points should come the question of picturesqueness and individuality, which should make the outward garb express somewhat of the inward spirit of the wearer.

C. FORTESCUE YONGE.

TABLE TALK.

THE HANDWRITING OF SHAKESPEARE.

A SMALL but important contribution to Shakespeare literature has been issued for sale to those visiting the Shakespeare Museum at Stratford-on-Avon. This consists of facsimiles of the five authentic autograph signatures of the poet, reproduced with the accompanying comment from Mr. Sidney Lee's recently published "*Life of Shakespeare.*" Of these signatures one, appended to a purchasing deed on parchment, now in the Guildhall Library, London, of a house in Blackfriars, which Shakespeare then bought, is dated March 10, 1613; while a second, to a mortgage deed, also on parchment and now in the British Museum, is dated one day later, and refers to the same house. The other three consist of signatures to each of the three sheets of paper on which Shakespeare's will is preserved. This will, finally executed in March 1623—Shakespeare died in the April following—is at Somerset House. To the two first sheets is attached by a parchment tag an impression in wax of a seal with the initials "H. L.," which are those of Henry Lawrence, one of the witnesses to Shakespeare's signature. - Nothing whatever of Shakespeare except the name being found on any of these documents, it does not seem as if much light could be thrown by them upon the poet. Mr. Lee, however, thinks otherwise. In all five signatures Shakespeare uses the old English mode of writing. Now, about then the "English" character was being displaced by the "Italian," "which is now universal in England and in all English-speaking countries." Educated men who had been to the Universities or had travelled abroad were capable of employing with equal facility both the English and the Italian character, and though they employed the former in their ordinary correspondence, they signed their names in the Italian hand. In Shakespeare's extensive use of the English script, Mr. Lee sees a result of his provincial education. Shakespeare "learnt only the 'English' character at school at Stratford-on-Avon, and he never troubled to exchange it for the more fashionable 'Italian' character in later life."

THE CORRECT ORTHOGRAPHY OF SHAKESPEARE.

FOLLOWING the track thus indicated by Mr. Lee, I have turned to the signatures where I could, without the employment of much research, discover them, of Shakespeare's friends and contemporaries. Nowhere have I found a signature so distinctly "English." The signatures of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher are both in the current Italian script, as are those of Ben Jonson and Camden the antiquary. Trustworthy autographs of Middleton, Chapman, and Massinger are not at hand, but there seems good reason, as a reference to the best editions of their works will establish, to believe that they all used "Italian" in their signatures. Others, according to Mr. Faed's picture of the assemblies at the "Mermaid," who used the Italian script were Southampton, Daniell, and Selden. I have only at command the resources of a private library. Further researches would doubtless augment largely the list. Not sufficiently clear are the facsimiles of Shakespeare's signatures to enable me personally to follow Mr. Lee in his comments. Most of the signatures are abridged, and Mr. Lee cannot positively determine in the case of those dealing with the house in Blackfriars whether the flourishes denote abbreviations or have a less determinate significance. On one point, at least, I am glad to have a definite statement. "The form Shakespeare alone has the sanction of legal and literary usage." It is to be hoped that this will satisfy pedants and faddists, and that we shall at length have an authoritative warrant for uniformity.

THE FATE TO BE SEALED OF ENGLISH BIRDS.

TIRED, it may be supposed, of the slaughter it has caused among the scarcest and loveliest of foreign birds, or finding the supply running short, the fairer and crueller half of humanity is now devoting its energies to the destruction of our own birds of brightest and most ornamental plumage. Lyre birds, egrets, and birds of paradise will shortly be out of reach. So long as we have in this country a few remaining birds, such as the emerald kingfisher, the blue jay, and the white owl, the lust of carnage in the sex which, with a sad lack of humour we have called "gentle," finds means of gratification. The fiat has now, I am told, gone forth that the fashionable trimming for the head of beauty or of age seeking by extravagant ornament to hide the ravages of time shall consist of the feathers of the owl. In this case, at least, the supply will not be permanent. For many years past the owl has been a scarce bird, and a crusade against it will soon end in its extinction. With it, or before it, will disappear others of our few remaining species. I

watched during the past month a woodpecker climbing the bole of a beech tree, and that in a spot not ten miles from Charing Cross. I have had, however, no similar experience during the previous twenty years, and memory, though I am always on the look-out, does not recall the time when I saw a kingfisher. I am weary of protest against feminine ignorance, stupidity, heartlessness, and lack of imagination. Can any of my readers more versed in the arts that arrest feminine attention than myself teach me how to make appeal, or will any suggest means other than legislation that will meet the calamity with which we are threatened of the loss of our winged choristers? Legislation of a serious kind, with real and not sham penalties, will in time deal with the question. Will it not then be too late? I am an enthusiast (as what man is not?) concerning birds, and milder measures having failed, I should welcome, extreme as such may seem to some, active legislation against those who cause the slaughter of birds as well as against the ignorant and comparatively blameless executants of feminine decrees.

SPURIOUS SPORTS.

THE Humanitarian League has entered a protest against the "spurious sports" of stag-hunting, pigeon-shooting and rabbit-coursing. Readers of "Table Talk" are aware that my sympathies are with the Society in every crusade against sport. I doubt, however, the wisdom of *beginning* with these things. The stag, sorely as it is pursued, and much, doubtless, as it is frightened, is not killed, and rabbits and pigeons, though I dislike the manner in which sport is made of their sufferings, constitute a portion of our food supply. Let us begin with far more abominable forms of sport, and peg away at them until we succeed in awakening the consciences of what I am sometimes tempted to consider the most callous of God's creatures, women and sportsmen. A noble friend of mine, just returned from shooting big game in the East, told me with some emotion that in the vessel by which he came there were half a million carcasses of birds shot for female adornment. Within our own farms we see meanwhile the destruction of rare, beautiful, and useful birds continues, and seems likely to continue. I am for trenchant measures in these things, and I would have the carriage of a gun made as penal as that of a sword, which we used once to carry; at any rate, I would have the license for lethal weapons so high as to be prohibitive of their being carried except by those to whom they may safely be entrusted.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1899.

THE TALE OF ANNE.

BY KATHARINE SILVESTER.

Die holden Wünsche blühen
Und welken wieder ab,
Und blühen und welken wieder,
So geht es bis ans Grab.

HEINE.

THE clock struck a quarter after ten when Anne went upstairs to her bedroom to dress for church. She walked to the open window and put her head out, turning this way and that, to take, as it were, the temperature of the morning. Overhead was a sky of cloudless blue ; crocuses, purple and yellow, shot up arrow-heads about the lawn, and the almond tree at the end of the garden gave pink hints of blossom. It was only February, though wonderfully mild for the season, and new spring clothes still occupied a place in the background of the village mind.

Anne's face, as she drew it in from the window, was full of high resolve. She had decided that the day was favourable for the *début* of her new bonnet, although uncomfortably aware of the outburst of maternal scorn to which its premature appearance would give rise. But she determined for once to exercise the courage of her opinions, and she drew the bonnet, with gingerly fingers, from its crisp paper foldings. Her heart sank when she saw how the brightness of the flower emphasised the faded tints of her own complexion. And she had always believed yellow to be her particular colour ! She recalled the little thrill of triumph she had felt on beholding, in that same mirror, a reflection of herself in a primrose gown on the day,

now far distant, that Luke Firbank had first drunk tea at The Bays. Well, some time or other, the bit of laburnum flower must come out of the bonnet; and with a sigh she gathered up gloves and prayer book, and went down the staircase.

"Is that you, Anne?"

She was passing through the hall on tiptoe, in the hope of avoiding a meeting with her mother before going out. But the drawing-room door was open, and her mother's voice issuing therefrom, brought her up short and sent the blood to her face.

"Yes, mother, I'm off now. The bells are ringing."

"Come in here a moment. I want to speak to you."

Poor Anne turned back and entered the drawing-room, trembling at what was in store for her. The white-haired old lady by the fireside, in cap and crossover of dainty muslin, might have sat to a painter as a type of benign and beautiful old age. But a startling change suggestive of quite different things passed over the serenity of her face as she turned towards her daughter, who stood shuffling and shamefaced in the doorway.

"Well, of all ridiculous women! I wonder you didn't start wearing your muslins at Christmas. That bonnet will look nice before the summer's out. I should have thought at your age you would have had more sense."

Anne faltered out something about the shabbiness of her winter head-gear and the fineness of the morning, and was about to make her escape when her mother again stopped her.

"You needn't be in such a hurry to show off your fine clothes. Didn't I tell you I wanted to say something to you? You'll be seeing Luke. If he speaks to you after church, ask him to come in to tea this afternoon and to bring the little girls. He so seldom calls here now." And the old lady fixed piercing eyes on her daughter's face, which became slowly suffused with a dull red.

"Very well, mother, good-bye," and Anne hurried out of the house and down the high road, thankful to be free at last.

The mother sat on, with her Bible in her lap, and looked up at a portrait, the Greuze-like head of a laughing girl, that hung on the wall just above her. As she turned away, her daughter's very different image rose before her, and her lips shaped themselves into a grim smile. "Anne, child," she murmured, "I see you've not yet given over crying for the moon. But it'll never be any use, my dear. He's not for the likes of you!"

When years ago Luke Firbank, the new owner of the Red House, had met Anne Bevan at the vicar's garden party, it chanced that her

shyness and her country colour found favour in his eyes, and he honoured her on that and on subsequent occasions with much of his attention. Poor Anne, brought up on a severe course of snubbing, and only lately emerged from belated pinafores, was at first puzzled by the new aspect of herself which his behaviour suggested. Bewilderment was followed by an ecstasy of grateful and tender emotion that, refusing to be kept out of her eyes and her smile, was doubtless responsible for the persistence of his attentions throughout the whole of that summer. "Love, mere love, is beautiful indeed, and worthy of acceptance," and Luke often found himself strolling up the road that led to The Bays with no very definite purpose or desire beyond that of watching Anne blush up at sight of him, and of feeling her hand throb in his grasp. He was of those who gather smiles as they go, and even stern old Mrs. Bevan, seeing him at the garden gate, would nod and beckon him to a seat beside her by the tea-table under the cedar. Nor was her graciousness the outcome of hopes founded on his attentions to her daughter, which attentions, in spite of the neighbours' whispers, she regarded with an unbelieving eye. What could a young man of Luke's presence and standing want seriously of her Anne?

It was remarkable that no thought of the French cousin, who came yearly from her convent school to spend the holidays at The Bays, should have fallen shadow-like across her brief summer of sunshine. But none the less was the appearance of Ninette, with her ribboned guitar and her pretty accent, a signal for Anne to take her accustomed place in the background, which she did with a readiness of acquiescence that had about it a touch of moral grace. What man or woman either, she asked herself scornfully, would care to look at her when Ninette was by? And that Luke was of her way of thinking might be gathered from his suddenly appearing unaware of her very existence. Of what Anne suffered by her change of position, her nightly pillow alone was witness.

It would have been evident to an expert from the time of their first meeting how matters would tend with Ninette and Luke Firbank. Mrs. Bevan, watching the development of the little drama, felt no rancour on her daughter's account. That Anne could ever have arrested Luke's attention astonished her more than that he should now withdraw it. What did disturb the old lady was the expense to which she had recently put herself in the matter of a new hat and frock for Anne, a purchase directed by a sense that it was incumbent on her to contribute something to her daughter's chances of matrimony. But the outlay ceased to be a source of vexation,

when, the short period of dalliance merging into that of a formal engagement between Luke and Ninette, she reflected that Anne was already provided with a fitting equipment for her cousin's wedding. This was arranged to take place early in autumn, by which time Anne had become so sympathetic a witness of Ninette's happiness as almost to forget how her own hopes were blighted.

Poor little Ninette's rule as mistress of the Red House was destined to be short-lived. Like the lady in the ballad, "before her time she died," leaving Luke to deplore, beside her loss, the difficulties attendant on the upbringing of two motherless little girls. A married sister, living in a large London house, came forward at this juncture with offers of help ; and a visit to her with little Ada and Florence, originally designed to be of a few weeks' duration, lengthened itself out into months, and finally into years. Luke's intercourse with Anne and her mother was reduced to an occasional interchange of letters, or a still more occasional tea-drinking at The Bays when his affairs brought him to the neighbourhood. But however it might be with Luke, caught as he was in a toil of London business and London pleasures, to the two lonely women Ninette's husband and Ninette's children remained subjects of perennial interest. It was one of the few links of sympathy between them, for the old attitude between mother and daughter had remained unchanged, intensifying in Anne that nervous awkwardness which had, from the outset, unfitted her for the battle of life.

The effect on them both can be imagined of a letter from Luke, announcing his intention of resuming his occupancy of the Red House. Nothing much else was talked of between the two until the installation was accomplished, and even afterwards the affairs of the new arrival were the favourite topic—at least, as far as the old lady was concerned. For Anne, to her dismay, found herself blushing violently at any allusion to Luke and his household, with the result of fixing upon herself her mother's scornful, penetrating stare.

Poor Anne ! The old dream was upon her again, shaming the dignity of her thirty years and her sense of loyalty to her dead cousin, and refusing to be dispelled by the consciousness that this latter-day Luke, with the full London years behind him, was even less accessible than the old Luke had been. As for his girls, they were smart little misses, with the pert, precocious manners characteristic of motherless children ; and Anne, though her heart yearned towards them, felt afraid of them and of their German governess, with whom they held glib talk in their unknown tongue. As a matter of fact, there had been remarkably little intercourse between the two house-

holds up to the Sunday morning when this story opens, and Anne's eagerness to appear at church in her new bonnet was not, perhaps, unconnected with the prospect of meeting Luke and of exchanging a few words with him at the church door.

By the time she was settled in her seat the service had begun, but a glance in the direction of the Red House pew discovered it to be unoccupied. Perhaps Luke had gone, as he had done last week, to spend the Sunday in London with his sister ; and her heart sank. A minute later, and it gave an upward leap. Luke was making his way up the aisle, a little girl pulling back from either hand. Ada's face bore marks of recent tears, and both children were pouting, whereby Anne conjectured that a skirmish had attended preparations for Divine worship. No doubt those little girls were a handful, and that smart Fräulein, with her elaborate hair and insinuating manner, more likely than not made matters worse ! Poor Ninette, that she had died so soon !

The hymn was given out, there was a flutter of leaves, and the music of the organ filled the little church. A shaft of sunlight fell on Luke's bent head, transfiguring him and the bright-haired child figures at his side, and Anne's energy for the next hour was mainly occupied in a vain effort to attend to the service.

Church was over, and the people, Anne with them, were streaming through the porch out into the spring sunshine. A touch on her arm made her turn, with a blush and a start, to find Luke and the children just behind her. They passed together down the path.

On the other side of the road was the churchyard. Luke, stepping in front of the others, pushed open the gate and made his way to where Ninette slept under the grass. He stood there for a few minutes with head bowed and hands clasped. Anne, watching him, felt herself caught and shaken by a sudden emotion, which sent the tears raining down her face. The little girls looked up at her curiously.

"You are only Mamma's cousin, aren't you?" whispered Ada, as though at a difficulty to account for her distress.

Luke now joined them, and at the sight of Anne's face the tears sprang to his own eyes. He gave his little daughter a gentle push and took her place by Anne's side, and they walked back in silence. Their roads lay in different directions, and at the gate they stood still to say "Good-bye." Anne had recovered her voice, and was able to deliver her mother's message.

"I'm afraid it can't be managed this afternoon, as we are all three engaged to dine at the old doctor's. But I shall try and look

you up during the week," and he pressed her hand with something more than the usual kindness.

The birds had twittered spring songs from the hedges, and the soft spring wind had blown on her caressingly on the road to church that morning. But now it was as though the magic of the spring-tide had reached her heart also, for to Anne the way home seemed to lie through the valley of Eden.

Nearly two weeks had passed since Luke's meeting with Anne at church, but he had not yet paid his promised visit to The Bays. Anne's spirits had fallen considerably from their springtide altitude. Every afternoon, as she sat at work with her mother in the little drawing-room which overlooked the high road, she found herself straining her ear for the foot-falls of the passers-by, her heart beating fast as these approached; and sinking again as they went by, and grew faint with distance. One day she stood by the window and watched the rain fall from a merciless grey sky. "It will not be to-day," she was thinking drearily, when the gate opened, and a man's shape came up the gravel path.

"Mother! here's Luke!" she called out faintly, turning from the window and beginning with trembling hands to shake up sofa pillows and straighten antimacassars.

"And high time too!" muttered the old lady, settling her cap and cross-over with the aid of the hand-glass that always lay by her side. But she was all smiles when a moment later he entered the room, and reproached him with much archness for his desertion of her. To-day Luke did not respond with his wonted playfulness to her old-world wiles. He fidgeted about in his chair, looking now and again at Anne, who stood by the tea table, twisting nervous fingers in the intervals of pouring out the tea. Suddenly he rose from his seat.

"Anne! I wish you would get an umbrella and come with me to the greenhouse. I want to see how those palms I gave you are getting on. My fool of a gardener doesn't seem to know how to manage those at the Red House."

A look of pleasure came into Anne's face, and she turned to her mother for sanction to consent.

"If you want to go out this weather you must run upstairs and put on your things," said the old lady, fierce at the prospect of desertion. Anne did not dare suggest that the conservatory was only a dozen steps from the house, but meekly went to her room and did as she was told, being sent back for her goloshes on her return to the drawing-room.

Luke waited for her with suppressed irritation.

"My dear Anne, you must have the patience of Job," he said as they walked along the wet gravel, Anne in a shiny mackintosh, and a hat that was the reverse of becoming. She gave a sad little deprecatory smile by way of reply, as she turned the handle of the door of the greenhouse, and both entered its sweet steamy shelter.

The palms were in a flourishing condition, and Anne proudly pointed out new shoots, but Luke gave them scant attention. He turned from them and caught her by the hand.

"Anne! I came out to you to-day through this weather, because it was so wretched and lonely at home. It is only a little less so when the sun shines, for the children as well as for me. And so it will remain till some kind soul takes pity on us. Anne, will you be that kind soul? Will you be my wife and a mother to my babes?" He bent forward, the question repeated in his eyes. But no answer came from Anne, who stood with parted lips and wide ecstatic gaze, wrapped round and about with an emotion that rendered her for the moment blind and deaf to external things. The old dream was fulfilling itself in the most wonderful and beautiful way. She was a girl again, and Ninette, and the years that lay behind her, and her own tears, were as though they had not been.

"Well, Anne?" said Luke at last, growing impatient, and placing his hand lightly on her shoulder. "What's my answer?"

Anne woke with a start from her trance, and covered her face with her hands. Her water-proofed figure shook with sobs.

"Oh, Luke, it's too good to be true!" she murmured through her tears.

The dream-like state into which Anne had been thrown by Luke's proposal continued to prevail for some little time after her engagement. That Luke was obliged to go to London on business for a day or two did not diminish her happiness. She wanted to be alone with it, to hold it close to her, to realise to the full that this had happened to herself, to Anne Bevan, who had believed herself resigned to the thought that not for her was a share in God's greatest gift to the world. It was only on his return that the cloud, "as big as a man's hand," first showed itself on her horizon.

She had gone down to the station to meet him, trembling with the rapture of her new right in him. The train steamed into the station and she stepped forward, looking eagerly for him among the stream of passengers. A moment and her eye had caught him, and she started running to meet him, but stopped short on perceiving that there were ladies with him. These she recognised at once as

Delanes, of The Drive, a neighbouring county family, whose acquaintance was scarcely less remote from her social ambitions than that of royalty itself. Luke was carrying their books and rugs, and laughing and talking with an intimate ease of manner that filled poor Anne with vague dismay. She was uncertain whether to go back or come forward, and stood awkwardly blushing and looking towards Luke for directions. Their eyes met, he smiled faintly, and raised his hat, and continued his walk down the platform with the ladies to the carriage that awaited them. They drove off, waving and smiling; and then he came back and spoke to Anne.

"Well, my dear Anne, this is an unexpected pleasure! What wonderful things have been happening in the town during my absence?"

But Anne could not answer him, because of an unaccountable lump in her throat.

Every day the cloud grew a little bigger. Sometimes of a morning Luke would fetch her to walk over with him to the Red House, but these walks, from being a delight, became to her a sort of ordeal. There was so little she could talk about that appeared to interest him, and she found herself continually racking her brains as to what to say next. She even kept a little pocket-book in which she would jot down, as it occurred to her, any scrap of gossip or idea of her own that appeared worthy of his ear. More than once she discovered that her little homely comments on his remarks to her had the effect of irritating him. On these occasions she would lapse into scared silence. Often they would tramp along side by side for a considerable period without a word being exchanged between them, Luke with his cane knocking off the flower-heads in the hedgerows as he passed. Now and then she would catch him looking at her askance, and the look would be followed by some suggested alteration in her dress or way of doing her hair. She could not but recall with a pang his manner with Ninette, his laughing attitudes of wonder and delight at her dainty systems of personal decoration, daily varied. How they had made merry over the discovery of his having stolen snippets of the ribbon—blue, white, and red—with which Ninette used to tie her fair hair, and of his keeping them carefully treasured inside his hunting watch! Anne wept tears over these and like memories, then scolded herself for a sentimental fool into a condition of acquiescence. Luke and Ninette had made love as children do. Compliments, caresses, love's extravagance, would be ridiculous accessories of her own maturer courtship. And yet, and yet—the flower was beautiful as well as the fruit! It was hard to have out-

lived her right to enjoy that also. Then, again, she would pull herself together, and remind herself of Luke's unfailing kindness and consideration — of his having one day had the carriage put to to take her home from the Red House, because of a sprinkling of mild spring rain ; of the tulips he had sent her mother, and of the bracelet he had brought herself from London, with her name in blue stones. Surely it only wanted a little more skilful adjustment, a little more effort on her part to make the relation between them entirely satisfactory.

In view of his taste for light opera, she took to practising daily, beginning religiously with the scales and five-finger exercises. Once he came upon her unawares as she was pounding away at the "*Cloches de Corneville*." She looked up in time to see him wince and bite his lip, and stopping abruptly in the middle of a bar she jumped off the music stool, flushed and frightened.

"I think I should leave that alone, dear, for the present," he said, quietly closing the piano. "Perhaps some day you shall have some lessons, though I'm not much in favour of unprofessional playing. Go and get on your bonnet and come for a walk." Anne again felt the lump rising in her throat. As she turned to obey, a vision, that was a memory, flashed before her of Ninette under a cedar tree, singing to her guitar, with Luke at her feet looking up into her face as she sang. He did not then have the appearance of despising amateur music.

Nor did she make much way with the children at the Red House in spite of her patient wooing of them. She had not the habit of children, and they scorned her little gifts and thought her old-fashioned stories poor fun. By way perhaps of declaring their independence of her authority, they generally distinguished her visits by startling exhibitions of evil behaviour, which often resulted in their being sent flouncing and pouting out of the room, her intercessory prayers notwithstanding. Luke would then turn to her with a vexed half-laugh and eyes full of questioning trouble, and Anne would set out for the walk home with a vague sense of failure. The cloud was spreading, and the darkness falling, but she still clung fast to the new old dream. Such love as hers must perforce inspire service, and all would be well in the end.

The announcement that Luke's sister from London was to spend a week at the Red House had nothing but terror for Anne, who held in remembrance a fashionable, fluent lady carrying a long-handled eye-glass, for the easier examination of the bashful and the quivering. Nor did the knowledge that her visit was to be made the

occasion of an entertainment to the neighbours detract from its terrors. Owing to her mother's age and her own shyness, Anne's social intercourse had been limited to an occasional exchange of visits with a few homely and home-keeping ladies living about the town. Of the society of her neighbours, in a fashionable sense, she had no experience, and the thought of being brought into contact with those smart and alien beings, who covered her with dust and unseeing stares as they drove past her in their carriages, gave her sensations of nightmare. The impending festivity was to take the form of a luncheon-party, entailing for her the necessity of a new dress, which she set about procuring in the same spirit with which she would have ordered her coffin. She would have welcomed gladly an attack of illness, and almost any circumstances, otherwise untoward, that might serve as an excuse for her to absent herself. She prayed daily for tempestuous weather, which might, at least, have the effect of thinning the ranks of her foes.

But on the morning of the appointed day she woke to find a glorious May sun pouring in at her window, and herself with no symptom that did not indicate complete physical well-being. The weather was not without exhilarating effect on her mental condition. She determined to go through it with a brave face, and her trust in Luke must give her the necessary courage. He was no novice in the society of smart ladies, and must be fully conscious of the difference between these and her shy, simple self. And it was only for Luke she cared, lest he should be humiliated by deficiencies which had long ago ceased to be a source of personal depression. Her appearance, as reflected in the mirror, wearing the new grey dress, into which the dressmaker, inspired by the fact of an engagement, had thrown more than her customary art, was a further source of alleviation. Even old Mrs. Bevan nodded approval, and Anne set out quite cheerfully to face the ordeal. In a few hours it would all be over, and as if it had never been. What a fool she had been to mind so badly!

A bewildering noise of laughing and talking came from the gay crowd which had already gathered in the drawing-room by the time Anne reached the Red House. She stood at the door, not daring at once to venture in among them, and looking vainly about for a familiar and friendly face. Presently she caught sight of Luke playing host among his guests, with an eagerness born of relish for the part. A minute later his eyes met those of the forlorn figure on the threshold, and he pressed forward with a little dramatic show of welcome.

‘My dear Anne, how late you are! And how fine you look! Come, let me introduce you to some people.’ He seized her hand and drew her into the room, she hanging back a little like a frightened child. He led her up to one of the groups, and left her again, with a few hurried words of introduction, which led to nothing but an exchange of bows. The little girls, in a high state of starched frocks and red sash, darted in and out among the guests. Anne reached out a timid hand and caught Florence by the waist with a playful speech. But the child looked sulky, until she had wriggled herself free to pursue her butterfly course.

At lunch, which was served in great state, Anne occupied the place of honour at Luke’s right hand, his sister presiding at the bottom of the table. On Luke’s other side was seated Miss Delane, a beautiful and high-bred creature, with a hat from Bond Street and the prettiest laugh in the world. Yet it was to Anne that he addressed himself during the first stage of the meal, bending towards her with a suggestion of intimacy that thrilled her with pleasure. The mists of shyness and depression began to clear off. This dreaded party was turning out very differently from what she had expected. But alas! her happiness was short-lived. Miss Delane made a sudden appeal to Luke from some remark of her neighbour, and he turned to answer her with an eagerness of manner that sent a chill to Anne’s agreeable sensations. A few minutes later and he and Miss Delane were parrying and thrusting in a merry war of words, in which looks also played a part. How handsome she looked when her cheeks flushed, and her eyes laughed and sparkled, as they did now! How could she think of such clever things to say? Was it surprising that Luke should want to talk to her?

The flood of talk and laughter rose higher as the meal proceeded, and the wine filled the glasses, but Anne sat high and dry in an oasis of silence, with nothing to do but to ply her knife and fork. Once or twice Luke turned to her to press some dish upon her, but for the rest she had to reconcile herself to a persistent view of his back. Poor Anne! the sense of her aloofness weighed more and more upon her—she, the principal guest, to be sitting forgotten in the seat of honour. The laughter sounded demoniacal—the talk a jargon of which she could scarcely catch the drift. Her lip trembled, and her throat ached. Was she going to cry before them all? She made a grab at her wine-glass, a tear splashed into the champagne, and she looked round with a horrid fear of detection. At that moment Luke’s sister gave the signal, and the ladies rose from the table, Anne with a sense of escape from danger. Luke made her a

playful bow as he stood aside to let her follow the stream of bright dresses disappearing through the open windows into the gardens outside. She returned the gesture awkwardly, not daring to look up, lest he should see the distress on her face.

On the lawn the tennis nets stood taut and ready, and the freshly marked lines gleamed white in the sun. A moment later and the men came out, carrying the racquets, and the business of arranging sets began at once. Luke came up to where Anne was standing in conspicuous solitude.

"Well, Anne, are you going to wrest the county championship from Miss Delane?" He spoke jestingly, never dreaming she meant to take part in the game, and a look of real dismay came into his face as she replied eagerly, lifting imploring eyes to his, "Oh, Luke, *do* let me play. I've often played at the Vicarage, and I should so like to try now."

Poor Anne was desperate, anything seemed better than to be left among those gorgeous laughing women, who gossiped around and over her, and seemed to say scornful things to her out of their eyes. She remembered how the children at the Vicarage had applauded when she beat Miss Robins, the governess. Yes, she would play now, and perhaps prove to Luke and his guests that she was not altogether without social equipment.

But alas! her fellow-players were experts, and poor Anne's share in the game proved a pitiful exhibition.

Nothing, indeed, could equal the energy with which she ran and leapt about the court, and into the balls, which caught her on the elbows and between the knees, but which never came within range of her stroke. Her face grew crimson, her hat got pushed askew. Her exertions seemed to increase in proportion to the hopelessness of the contest. And all the time she was conscious of the smiles of the onlookers, and of Luke, her partner's silence, and of his deepening look of vexation. She began to grow dazed—the tennis-court was a battle-field, the balls hostile missiles. If only they possessed fatal properties and would strike her dead, and out of this grinning, angry world.

"Stand back, Anne! It's to you." The ball came whizzing towards her, and untouched by her ineffectual racquet, fell far outside the court and into a rose hedge that crowned a turf-bank on the edge of the lawn. Anne, thankful for a moment's respite, flew after the ball in spite of exasperated remonstrance from her partner. She raked it up with her racquet, gave a little jump, then fell with a groan at the foot of a bank, where she remained lying, unable to stir, a grey heap

of pain. People came running up with anxious faces, Luke foremost and gravest of all, and they tried in vain to help her to rise. She was found on examination to have sprained her ankle, and while they whispered and fussed about her and sent messages hither and thither, Anne closed her eyes and thanked God in the midst of her throes that He had made for her a path through the waters of her humiliation.

She had begged to be taken home, and all that night was tossing in fever, alike awake and dreaming, a prey to painful thoughts. More than once it seemed to her that her dead cousin stood beside the bed, her fair head thrown back in a paroxysm of derisive laughter, while she pointed a finger at her, and gasped, "You, you!" between the peals.

The dreams faded with the light of day, but thought continued a torturing whirl. Luke called during the morning and left his love and inquiries, with a basket of choice hot-house flowers. When these were brought to her bedside she could not look at them, but begged they might at once be taken out of the room, alleging that she could not bear the heavy scent. Towards evening the whirl in her brain slackened, things acquired a steadier outline, and a determination grew out of the clearer vision. She lay for a little with closed eyes, then rang and asked for writing materials and wrote the following letter, which, when finished, she directed was to be delivered at once at the Red House :—

"DEAR LUKE,

"Oh! don't you see how impossible it is, I, Anne Bevan and you, Luke Firbank? Deep down in my heart I have always known it to be impossible, but I was weak and could not resist taking hold of the hand which you, in all kindness, reached out to me. Oh! Luke, forgive me that I took your hand! I have read that secret conviction of mine in the eyes of all about us, in my mother's eyes, in the eyes of your friends, in the eyes of dead Ninette, who came last night to me; and Luke, most clearly, most mercilessly in your own eyes, and that when they looked their kindest upon me! I could never be, dear, what you want me to be, though I should wear my soul and body out in a struggle which you would feel almost as much as I. Good-bye, Luke, good-bye. Do not try to combat my decision. It would have come to this without yesterday's accident, which has only helped me to a quicker understanding. My love to the little girls, whose love I might not win.

"ANNE BEVAN."

Luke pished and pshawed as he read Anne's letter. Of course she was feverish, not in her right mind. He could not take this as final. He would call again to-morrow at The Bays, and talk Anne into a sensible frame of mind. What an excellent creature she was, and how devoted to him ! This letter was only a new aspect of her devotion. It was a pity indeed she was not more fitted for society ! Then he remembered his engagement to play billiards with young Delane, and he set out to walk to The Drive in an unaccountable elation of spirits.

When Luke called the next day at The Bays, Anne was declared by the servant to be unfit to receive visitors, and he determined to let a week elapse before making a further attempt to see her. At the end of that time, on coming in sight of the house, he was amazed to see the blinds drawn, and to learn on inquiry at the door that Anne had borne off her mother and her sprained ankle to a neighbouring sea-side town, where they were to remain for an indefinite period. Luke wrote to Anne at the address given him, and received a reply reiterating her first decision.

So he resigned himself to being jilted, and once more took his wounded heart to London for his sister to minister to.

Some six months later, Anne sat in the little drawing-room at The Bays, stitching away at garments for the Zenana Mission. She looked well in health, and it was to be seen, as she raised her eyes from her work to listen to the approach of wheels, that her face had gained in dignity of expression. The wheels stopped before the garden gate. Anne rose, laid down her work, and went to meet her mother, who had been taking a drive in a neighbour's carriage. The old lady was panting with suppressed excitement, as Anne helped her out of the carriage, and gave her her arm up the path.

"Anne ! The painters are at the Red House ! And there are new flower-boxes in the dining-room windows, and I saw a furniture van going up the drive. What can it mean ?"

"It means, mother," said Anne, with a new ease of manner that was not without effect on her mother's bearing towards her, "that Luke is to be married next month to Miss Delane. I heard it this morning at the post-office. I understand it's to be a very grand wedding."

OLD LONDON TAVERNS AND TEA GARDENS.¹

I.

THE GALLERIED TAVERNS OF OLD LONDON.

OLD London abounded in taverns—a folio volume might be filled with accounts of the more important of them, but as we have only a limited number of pages at our command, we shall confine ourselves to the description of one peculiarly characteristic sort of them, namely, the taverns with galleried courtyards ; and in consequence of their great number, our notice of each will have to be brief.

These old taverns, very few of which are now left standing, formed, architecturally, squares, the buildings surrounding a yard, furnished on three sides with outer galleries to the floors above, and the reason why this form of construction was adopted was because then the yards were rendered suitable for theatrical representations, which, before the erection of regular theatres, were usually given in inn-yards. Access to these yards was obtained either through the part of the tavern facing the street, or through the gateway, through which coaches, carts, and waggons entered the yard. The stage was erected, in a primitive and temporary manner, behind the front portion of the square, and faced the galleries at the back and sides of it. The yard itself then formed the pit, and the galleries the boxes of the theatre. A yard so surrounded by galleries, with their banisters or open panels, often of elegant design, looked very picturesque, but did this style of construction contribute to the comfort of the guests ? Scarcely. The ground floors of the inn-buildings, on the level of the yard, were given up to stables, coach-houses, store-rooms, &c. Access to the galleries was obtained by

¹ This article is based on ancient and modern histories of London ; on works treating of special localities ; on essays in periodical publications ; on the Transactions of Antiquarian and other Societies ; and as it is not a product of imagination, but of research, nothing new to the student, but a great deal new to the general reader, may be expected ; though the stones are old, the house is new.

staircases, often steep, twisted, and narrow ; along the galleries were the bedrooms, the doors, and frequently the windows, of which opened on to them, and there were no other means of reaching these rooms. Now consider that these galleries were open, exposed to all the changes of the weather, to wind, rain, hail, sleet and snow, which must have been very trying, especially at night, when the bedrooms had to be entered by the light of a candle, difficult to keep burning, whilst the wind was driving rain or snow into the gallery. Remember also that the roughly paved yard and the stables surrounding it were full of noises not only during the day, but all the night through ; there were the horses kicking, coaches and waggons constantly coming in through the gateway, or going out, stablemen, coachmen, carters shouting, horses being harnessed to carts and other vehicles starting early in the morning on their journeys, and the rest of the sleepers in the bedrooms along the galleries must have been sadly interfered with. Nor can the smell arising from the stables and from the manure heap, all confined within the well formed by the surrounding buildings, have added to the comfort of the guests staying at the inn. As the bar of the inn frequently was in the yard, the noises made by its visitors, and the quarrels they occasionally indulged in, and which often would be settled by a fight in the yard, were not calculated to promote sound sleep. But our ancestors were not so particular in these matters ; even aristocratic quarters of London were given up to dirt and rowdyism. In St. James's Square offal, cinders, dead cats and dogs were shot under the very windows of the gilded saloons in which the first magnates of the land, Norfolks, Ormonds, Kents, and Pembrokes, gave banquets and balls. Lord Macaulay quotes the condition of Lincoln's Inn Fields as a striking example of the indifference felt by the most polite and splendid members of society, in a former age, to what would now be deemed the common decencies of life. But the poorest cottage and the meanest galleried inn-yard look well in a picture ; be glad that you have not to live in either. A few generations ago, as we have said, however, tastes and habits were different, and even now there are old fogeys so wedded to ancient customs that they still patronise the dark boxes yet found in some antiquated taverns, which afford room for four or six customers, who have to sit upright against the perpendicular backs of the boxes, lest they slide off the twelve-inch-wide shelves on which they have to perch, and disappear under the table. Strange were the customs of the days referred to ; the people seemed to live in taverns, physicians met their patients and apothecaries there, lawyers their clients,

business men their customers, people of fashion their acquaintances. "Even men of fortune," says Macaulay, "who might in their own mansions have enjoyed every luxury, were often in the habit of passing their evenings in the parlour of some neighbouring house of public entertainment," in the company of ill-bred, loud talking, roisterous and spittoon-patronising smokers. Johnson declared that the tavern chair was the throne of human felicity; to him it was, because there he found his toadies, whom he could bully to his heart's content. But the man who could say,

My mind to me a kingdom is,

did not care to sit on such a throne.

But we have insensibly strayed into side openings; let us return to the main avenue of galleried taverns. We shall have to mention so many that we see no other means of preventing our getting confused and losing our way altogether, than to arrange them alphabetically, according to the signs they were known by.

The first inn thus on our list is the "Angel," at Islington. Its establishment dates back 200 years. Originally it presented the usual features of a large country inn, having a long front with an overhanging tiled roof; the principal entrance was beneath a projection, which extended along a portion of the front, and had a wooden gallery at top. The inn-yard, approached by a gateway in the centre, was nearly a quadrangle, having double galleries supported by plain columns and carved pilasters, with caryatides and other figures. This courtyard, as it was more than a hundred years ago, was preserved by Hogarth in his print of a "Stage Coach." There is also a view of it in Pinks's "History of Clerkenwell." In olden days the inn was a great halting-place for travellers from London, and from the northern and western counties. On the King's birthday the royal mail-coaches used to meet there, as shown in an engraving of 1812, in the Crace collection in the British Museum. In 1819 the old house was pulled down, and the present ordinary-looking building erected in its stead; a grand opportunity afforded by its commanding position, ninety-nine feet above the Trinity high-water mark, at the meeting of so many important roads, being thus stupidly lost.

There was another "Angel" inn, in St. Clement's, Strand, "behind St. Clement Kirk." To this, also, was attached a galleried yard, but, according to the woodcut in Diprose's "St. Clement Danes," there were galleries to the first and second floors on one side of the yard only. And from this house, also, seven or eight

mail-coaches were despatched nightly, and from here, also, the royal mails used to start, on the King's birthday, for the West of England. Concerning the public conveyances of those days, the following curious announcement reads amusing : "On Monday, the 5th April, 1762, will set out from the Angel Inn, behind St. Clement's Church, a neat flying machine, carrying four passengers, on steel springs, and sets out at four o'clock in the morning and goes to Salisbury the same evening, and returns from Salisbury the next morning at the same hour ; and will continue going from London every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and return every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Performed by the proprietors of the stage coach, Thomas Massey, Anthony Coack. Each passenger to pay twenty-three shillings for their fare, and to be allowed fourteen pounds' weight baggage ; all above to pay for one penny a pound. Outside passengers and children in lap to pay half fare. N.B.—The masters of the machine will not be accountable for plate, watches, money, jewels, banknotes, or writings unless booked as such, and paid for accordingly." Why the proprietors should have called their coach a "machine" is a riddle, and, as it took a whole day, from four in the morning till the evening, to get over the eighty-four miles between London and Salisbury, its rate of progress could hardly be called a "flying" one.

The "Angel" inn was of very ancient origin, being mentioned in a correspondence dated 1503. In the *Public Advertiser* of March 28, 1769, appeared the following advertisement : "To be sold a Black Girl, the property of J. B., eleven years of age, who is extremely handy, works at her needle tolerably, and speaks English perfectly well ; is of an excellent temper and willing disposition. Inquire of Mr. Owen, at the Angel Inn, behind St. Clement's Church." The inn was closed in 1853, the freehold fetching £6,800, and on its site the legal chambers known as Danes Inn were erected.

In Philip Lane, London Wall, anciently stood the "Ape," an inn with a galleried yard ; all that now remains of this ancient hostelry is a stone carving of a monkey squatted on its haunches and eating an apple ; under it is the date 1670 and the initial B. It is fixed on the house numbered 14. The courtyard, where the coaches and waggons used to arrive and depart, is now an open space, round which houses are built. A view of the "Ape" and "Cock" taverns, as they appeared in 1851, is in the Crace collection.

We should be trying the reader's patience were we to enter into a discussion as to the origin of the sign of the "Belle Sauvage," the inn which once stood at the bottom of Ludgate, and whose site is

now occupied by the establishment of Messrs. Cassell & Company. The name was derived either from one William Savage, who in 1380 was a citizen living in that locality, or more probably from one Arabella Savage, whose property the inn once was. The sign originally was a bell hung within a hoop. As already mentioned, inn-yards were anciently used as theatres; the "*Belle Sauvage*" was a favourite place for dramatic performances, its inner yard being spacious, and having handsomely carved galleries to the first and second floors at the back of the main building. An original drawing of it is in the Crace collection. In this yard Banks, the showman, so often mentioned in Elizabethan pamphlets, exhibited his trained horse "*Morocco*," the animal which once ascended the tower of St. Paul's, and which, on another occasion, delighted the mob by selecting Tarleton, the low comedian, as the greatest fool present.¹ Banks eventually took his horse to Rome, and the priests, frightened at the circus tricks, burnt both "*Morocco*" and his master as sorcerers. Close by the inn lived Grinling Gibbons, and an old house, bearing the crest of the Cutlers' Company, remains.

The old "*Black Bull*" (now No. 122), Gray's Inn Lane, was, in its original state, as shown by a woodcut in Walford's "*Old and New London*," a specimen, though of the meaner sort, of the old-fashioned galleried yard.

The "*Black Lion*," on the west side of Whitefriars Street, was a quaint and picturesque edifice, and its courtyard showed a gallery to the first floor of the building, rather wider than usual, and with massive banisters, pillars supporting the roof. The old house was pulled down in 1877, and a large tavern of the ordinary, uninteresting type now occupies its site.

One of the once famous Southwark inns was the "*Boar's Head*," which formed a part of Sir John Fastolf's benefactions to Magdalen College, Oxford. This Sir John was one of the bravest generals in the French wars under Henry IV. and his successors. The premises comprised a narrow court of ten or twelve houses, and two separate houses at the east end, the one of them having a gallery to the first floor. The property was for many years leased to the father of Mr. John Timbs, which latter, in his "*Curiosities of London*," gives a lengthy account of the premises. They were taken down in 1830 to widen the approach to London Bridge. The court above mentioned was known as Boar's Head Court, and under it and some adjoining houses, on their demolition, was discovered a finely vaulted cellar, doubtless the wine-cellar of the "*Boar's Head*."

¹ See under "*Cross Keys*."

Most noted among theatrical inns was the "Bull," in Bishopsgate Street, so much so that the mother of Anthony Bacon (the brother of the great Francis), when he went to live in the neighbourhood of the inn, was terribly frightened lest he and his servants should be led astray by the actors performing at the inn. Tarleton, the comedian, often acted there. It was while giving representations at the "Bull" that Burbage, Shakespeare's friend, and his fellows obtained a patent from Queen Elizabeth for erecting a permanent building for theatrical performances, though the "Bull" afforded them every convenience, its yard and galleries being on a large scale and in good style. It was at the "Bull" that the Cambridge carrier Hobson, of "Hobson's choice," used to put up.¹ A portrait and a parchment certificate of Mr. Van Harn, a customer of the house, were long preserved at the "Bull" inn; this worthy is said to have drunk 35,680 bottles of wine in this hostelry.

The "Bull and Gate," in Holborn, probably took its name from Boulogne Gate, as the "Bull and Mouth," in Aldersgate Street was a corruption of Boulogne Mouth, and both were, no doubt, intended as compliments to Henry VIII., who took that town in 1544. Tom Jones alighted at the "Bull and Gate" when he first came to London.

Holborn at one time abounded in inns. Says Stow: "On the high street of Oldbourne have ye many fair houses builded, and lodgings for gentlemen, inns for travellers and such like, up almost (for it lacketh but little) to St. Giles' in the Fields." We shall have to mention one or two more as we go on.

The "Bull and Mouth" inn, alluded to above, in the olden time was a great coaching-place. It had a large yard and galleries, with elegantly designed galleries to the first, second, and third floors. There is a view of it in the Crace collection. Its site was afterwards occupied by the "Queen's Hotel," which was pulled down in 1887 to make room for the Post-office extension.

The "Catherine Wheel" was a sign frequently adopted by innkeepers in former days. Mr. Larwood in his "History of Signboards" assumes that it was intended to indicate that, as the knights of St. Catherine of Mount Sinai protected the pilgrims from robbery, he, the innkeeper, would protect the traveller from being fleeced at his inn. But this surmise seems too learned to be true. What did the Bonifaces of those days know of the knights of St. Catherine? But in Roman Catholic countries saints were, and are still, seen on numerous signboards, and so the one in question may have descended

¹ Though I find it stated in other authorities that he put up at the "Four Swans"; possibly he resorted to both.

in English inns from ante-Reformation times. Or it may have been the fancy of one particular man, who may have read the story of St. Catherine, and been moved by it to adopt the wheel. St. Catherine was beheaded, after having been placed between wheels with spikes, from which she was saved by an angel. But to come to facts.

There were two inns in London with that sign. One was in Bishopsgate Street, and was in the last century a famous coaching inn, built in the style of such inns, with a coach yard and galleried buildings round. It has disappeared. The other was in the Borough, and was a much larger establishment, and a famous inn for carriers during the last two centuries. It remains, but has lost its galleries and other distinctive features.

One of the oldest inns in London bearing the sign of the "Cock" stood till 1871 on the north side of Tothill Street. It was built entirely of timber, mostly cedar wood, but the outside was painted and plastered, and an ancient coat of arms, that of Edward III. (in whose reign the house is said to have been built), carved in stone, discovered in the house, was walled up in its front. Larwood says that the workmen employed at the building of the east end of Westminster Abbey used to receive their wages there; and at a later period, about two centuries ago, the first Oxford stage-coach is reported to have started from that inn. In the back parlour there was a picture of a jolly and bluff-looking man, who was said to have been its driver. The house was built so as to enclose a galleried yard, and it no doubt originally was one of some importance. Under the staircase there was a curious hiding-place, perhaps to serve as a refuge for a "mass priest" or a highwayman. There were also in the house two massive carvings, the one representing Abraham about to offer up his son, and the other the Adoration of the Magi, and they were said to have been left in pledge for an unpaid score. There is a water-colour drawing of the house, as it appeared in 1853, in the Crace collection. It is supposed that the sign of the cock was here adopted on account of its vicinity to the abbey, of which St. Peter was the patron; in the middle ages a cock crowing on the top of a pillar was often one of the accessories in a picture of the apostle.

A sign frequently adopted by innkeepers was the "Cross Keys," the arms of the Papal See, the emblem of St. Peter and his successors. There was an inn with that sign in Gracechurch Street, having a yard with galleries all round, in which theatrical performances were frequently given. Banks, already mentioned, there exhibited his wonderful horse, "Morocco"; it was here the horse, at his master's

bidding to "fetch the veriest fool in the company," with his mouth drew forth Tarleton, who was among the spectators. Tarleton could only say, "God a mercy, horse!" which for a time became a by-word in the streets of London. At this inn the first stage-coach, travelling between Clapham and Gracechurch Street, once a day, was established in 1690 by John Day and John Bundy; but the house was well known as early as 1681 as one of the carriers' inns.

The "Four Swans" (demolished) was a very fine old inn, with courtyard and galleries to two stories on three sides complete.

Whether St. George ever existed is doubtful: probably the story of this saint and the dragon is merely a corruption of the legend of St. Michael conquering Satan, or of Perseus' delivery of Andromeda. The story was always doubted, hence the lines recorded by Aubrey:—

To save a maid St. George the dragon slew,
A pretty tale if all is told be true.
Most say there are no dragons, and it's said
There was no George; pray God there was a maid.

But "The George" is, and always has been, a very common inn sign in this as well as in other countries. We are, however, here concerned with one "George" only, the one in the Borough. It existed in the time of Stow, who mentions it in the list of Southwark inns he gives, and its name occurs in a document of the year 1554. It stood near the "Tabard." It had the usual courtyard, surrounded by buildings on all sides, with galleries to two stories on three sides giving access to the bedrooms. The banisters were of massive size of the "footman leg" style. In 1670 the inn was in great part burnt down and demolished by a fire which broke out in the neighbourhood, and it was totally consumed by the great fire of Southwark some six years later. The fire began at one Mr. Welsh's, an oilman, near St. Margaret's Hill, between the "George" and "Talbot" inns. It was stopped by the substantial building of St. Thomas' Hospital, then recently erected. The present "George" inn, although built only in the seventeenth century, was rebuilt on the old plan, having open wooden galleries leading to the bedchambers. When Mrs. Scholefield, descended from Weyland, the landlady of the inn at the time of the fire, died in 1859, the property was purchased by the governors of Guy's Hospital. The "George" now styles itself an hotel, but still preserves one side of its galleries intact.

Dragons, though fabulous monsters, asserted themselves on sign-boards; green appears to have been their favourite colour. When Taylor, the water-poet, wrote his "Travels through London," there were no less than seven "Green Dragons" amongst the metropolitan

taverns of his day. The most famous of them, which is still in existence, was the "Green Dragon" in Bishopsgate Street, which for two centuries was one of the most famous coach and carriers' inns. It is even now one of the best examples of the ancient hostelrys, its proprietor having strictly retained the distinctive features of former days, the only innovation introduced by him being a real improvement, in the removal of one of the objections to the open galleries of the old inns. He has enclosed these with glass, and on a trellis work, leading up to them, creeping plants have been made to twine, so as to give a cool and refreshing aspect to the old inn yard in summer time. Troops of guests now daily dine in its low-ceilinged rooms with great beams at all sorts of angles, and shining mahogany tables. The "Dragon" is great in rich soups and mighty joints of succulent meat; in old wines, appreciated by amateurs.

The "King's Head" was another of the many inns once to be found in the Borough. Their great number is easily explained by the fact that London Bridge was then the only bridge from south to north, and *vice versa*, and that therefore the traffic of horse and men had to pass through Southwark, of course necessitating much hotel accommodation. The "King's Head" was a great resort of big waggons, for the loading of which a large crane stood in the yard, in consequence of which one side of the yard had a gallery to the second floor only, the crane occupying the space of the lower one, whilst on the other side there were galleries to the first and second floors.

The "Old Bell" in Holborn, recently pulled down, bore the arms of the Fowlers of Islington, the owners of Barnsbury Manor and occupiers of lands in Canonbury. In its galleried yard the boys used to meet to go in coaches to Mill Hill school.

The "Oxford Arms" stood south of Warwick Square and the College of Physicians, and is mentioned in a carrier's advertisement of 1672. Edward Bartlet, an Oxford carrier, started his coaches and waggons thence three times a week. He also announced that he kept a hearse to convey "a corps" to any part of England. The "Oxford Arms" had a red brick façade of the period of Charles II. surmounting a gateway leading into the yard, which had on three sides two rows of wooden galleries with exterior staircases, the fourth side being occupied by stabling, built against a portion of old London Wall. This house was consumed in the great fire, but was rebuilt on the former plan. The house always belonged to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and the houses of the Canons Residentiary adjoin the "Oxford Arms" on the south, and there is a door

from the old inn into one of the backyards of the residentiary houses, which is said to have been useful during the riots of 1780 for facilitating the escape of Roman Catholics from the fury of the mob, by enabling them to pass into the residentiary houses ; for which reason, it is said, by a clause always inserted into the leases of the inn, it is forbidden to close up the door. John Roberts, the bookseller, from whose shop most of the libels and squibs on Pope were issued, lived at the "Oxford Arms."

The "Queen's Head" was another of the Southwark inns. Its inner yard had galleries on one side only, one to the first and another to the second floor. Like all others the yard was approached by a high gateway from the street, and another under the building between the outer and inner yards.

At Knightsbridge there stood till about 1865, when it was pulled down, the "Rose and Crown," anciently called the "Oliver Cromwell." It was one of the oldest houses in the High Street, Knightsbridge, having been licensed above three hundred years. The Protector's bodyguard is said to have been stationed in it, and an inscription to that effect was, till shortly before its demolition, painted on the front. This is merely legendary, but there are grounds for not entirely rejecting the tradition. In 1647 the Parliament army was encamped in that neighbourhood ; Fairfax's headquarters were for awhile at Holland House. There was a house not far from the inn called Cromwell House, and at Kensington there still exists a charity called Cromwell's Gift, originally a sum of £45, but, having been invested in land in the locality, of great value now. Cromwell House was also known as Hale House ; a portion of the South Kensington Museum now occupies the site. To return to the "Rose and Crown." Two sides of the yard had a gallery to the first floor, but it was of the poorest description ; there were no elegant banisters, the lower part of the gallery was closed up with boards of the roughest kind, about breast high, and irregularly nailed on to the posts supporting the roof. Two water-colour drawings, dated 1857, showing the exterior of the house and the yard, are in the Crace collection. Corbould painted this inn under the title of the "Old Hostelrie at Knightsbridge," exhibited in 1849 ; but he transferred its date to 1497, altering the house according to his fancy. In 1853 the inn had a narrow escape from destruction by fire. Before its final demolition it had been much modernised, though leaving enough of its original characteristics to testify to its antiquity and former importance.

The "Royal Oak" at Vauxhall was an old inn with a galleried

yard. It was taken down *circa* 1872, to make the road to the Vauxhall Bridge, then in course of construction.

One of the oldest of galleried inns in London was the "Saracen's Head," on Snow Hill. In 1377 the fraternity founded in St. Botolph's Church, Aldersgate, in honour of the Body of Christ and of the saints Fabian and Sebastian, were the proprietors of the "Saracen's Head" inn. In the reign of Richard II. they granted a lease of twenty-one years to John Hertysborn of the "Saracen's Head," with appurtenances, consisting of two houses adjoining on the north side, at the yearly rent of ten marks. In the reign of Henry VI. Dame Joan Astley (some time nurse to that king) obtained a licence to refound the Fraternity in honour of the Holy Trinity; in the reign of Edward VI. it was suppressed, and its endowments, valued at £30 per annum, granted to William Harris, also Somers. The antiquity of the inn was thus beyond question; Stow, describing this neighbourhood, mentions it as "a fair large inn for receipt of travellers." The courtyard had to the last many of the characteristics of an old English inn; there were galleries all round leading to the bedrooms, and a spacious gateway through which the mail-coaches used to pass in and out. It was at this inn that Nicholas Nickleby and his uncle waited on Squeers, the schoolmaster of Dotheboys Hall. It was demolished in 1863, when the Holborn Valley improvements were undertaken. A view of the inn as it appeared in 1855 is in the Crace collection.

As there were many inns on the Southwark side of London Bridge for the reasons given when we spoke of the "King's Head," so for the same reason a number of inns, some of which we have already mentioned, were on the northern side of the bridge. Besides those already named there was the "Spread Eagle," in Gracechurch Street. The original building had perished in the great fire, but the inn was rebuilt after it. It had the usual yard and galleries to the two floors. At first only a carriers' inn it became famous as a coaching house, the mails and principal stage-coaches for Kent and other southern counties arriving and departing from here. It was long the property of John Chaplin, cousin of William Chaplin, of the firm of Chaplin & Horne. The inn was taken down in 1865; the plot of ground which it occupied contained 12,600 feet, and was sold for £95,000.

The "Swan with Two Necks" is a curious sign, variously explained. It is supposed to mean the swan with two nicks or notches cut into swans' bills, so that each owner might know his. But these nicks being so small as not to be discernible on an inn sign hung high up, there seems no sense in referring to them. More likely two

swans swimming side by side, and the neck of one of them protruding beyond that of the other, took some artist's fancy, and induced him to produce the illusion in a picture. But the origin of the sign does not concern us, but the inn with that sign. There was a famous one in what was Lad Lane, and is now Gresham Street. It was for a century and more the head coach-inn and booking-office for the north. Its courtyard was of great size ; the galleries were of somewhat irregular arrangement, there being one only at the back, communicating at one end with a lower and an upper gallery on one side, whilst on the other side there was a gallery unconnected with the others, and which also was wider and more elaborately decorated than the others. A view of it appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, December 23, 1865.

An inn which has been rendered famous by Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" is the "Tabard" in the Borough. Its history must be pretty familiar to most people. It originally was the property of William of Sategarshall, of whom the "Tabard" and the adjoining house, which the Abbots made their town residence, were purchased in 1304 by the Abbot and Convent of Hyde, near Winchester. The pilgrimage to Canterbury is said to have taken place in 1383. At that time, Henry Bailly, Chaucer's host of the "Tabard," was a representative of the borough of Southwark in Parliament during the reign of two kings—Edward III. and Richard II. After the dissolution of the monasteries, the "Tabard" and the Abbot's house were sold by Henry VIII. to John Master and Thomas Master ; the "Tabard" afterwards was in the occupation of one Robert Patty, but the Abbot's house, with the stable and garden belonging thereto, were reserved to the Bishop Commendator, John Saltcote, alias Casson, who had been the last abbot of Hyde, and who surrendered it to Henry VIII., and who afterwards was transferred to the See of Salisbury. The original "Tabard" was in existence as late as the year 1602. On a beam across the road, whence swung the sign, was inscribed : "This is the inn where Sir Jeffry Chaucer and the nine-and-twenty pilgrims lay in their journey to Canterbury, ANNO 1383." On the removal of the beam the inscription was transferred to the gateway. The house was repaired in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and from that period probably dated the fireplace, carved oak panels and other portions spared by the fire of 1676, which were still to be seen at the beginning of this century. In this fire some six hundred houses had to be destroyed to arrest the progress of the flames, and as the "Tabard" stood nearly in the centre of this area, and was mostly built of wood, there can be no doubt that the old inn perished. It was,

however, soon rebuilt, and as nearly as possible on the same spot, but the landlord changed the sign from the "Tabard" to the "Talbot"; there is, nevertheless, little doubt that the inn as it remained till 1874, when it was demolished, with its quaint old timber galleries, with two timber bridges connecting their opposite sides, and which extended throughout all the inn buildings, and no less quaint old chambers, was the immediate successor of the inn, commemorated by Chaucer. According to an old view published in 1721 the yard is shown as apparently opening to the street; but in a view which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of September, 1812, the yard seems enclosed. A sign, painted by Blake, and fixed up against the gallery facing you as you entered the yard, represented Chaucer and his merry company setting out on their journey. There was a large hall called the "Pilgrims' Hall," dating of course from 1676, but in course of time it was so cut up to adapt it to the purpose of modern bedrooms, that its original condition was scarcely recognisable. There are various views of the old inn in the Crace collection: one without date, one of 1780, another of 1810, another of 1812 (the *Gentleman's Magazine* print), one of 1831, and yet another of 1841. The site is now occupied by a public-house in the gin palace style, which presumes to call itself the "Old Tabard."

In Piccadilly, No. 75, there formerly stood on part of the site for so short a time occupied by Clarendon House (1664-1683) the "Three Kings" tavern; at the gateway to the stables there were seen two Corinthian pilasters, which originally belonged to Clarendon House; the stable yard itself presented the features of the old galleried inn yard, and it was the place from which the first Bath mail-coach was started. Later, Mr. John Camden Hotten, and afterwards Messrs. Chatto & Windus, carried on their publishing business on this spot.

In the seventeenth century the "Three Nuns" was the sign of a well-known coaching and carriers' inn in Aldgate, which gave its name to Three Nuns Court close by. The yard, as usual, was galleried, but within recent years the inn was pulled down and rebuilt in the form of a modern hotel. Near this inn was the dreadful pit, in which, during the plague of 1665, not less than 1,114 bodies were buried in a fortnight, from September 6 to 20.

The Criterion Restaurant and Theatre stands on the site of an old inn, the "White Bear," which for a century and more was one of the busiest coaching-houses in connection with the West and South-west of England. In this house Benjamin West, the future

president of the Royal Academy, put up on his arrival in London from America. Here died Luke Sullivan, the engraver of some of Hogarth's most famous works. The inn yard had galleries to two sides of the bedchambers on the second floor, connected by a bridge across.

We must once more return to Southwark, for, besides the inns already mentioned as existing in that locality, there was another famous one, namely, the "White Hart." It had the largest inn sign, except the "Castle" in Fleet Street. Much maligned Jack Cade and some of his followers put up at this inn during their brief possession of London in 1450. The original inn which sheltered them remained standing till 1676, when it was burnt down in the great fire already mentioned. It was rebuilt, and was in existence till a few years ago, when it was pulled down. It consisted of several open courts, the inner one having handsome galleries on three sides to the first and second floors. There are two views of it, taken respectively in 1840 and 1853, in the Crace collection, and it was in the yard of this inn that Mr. Pickwick first encountered Sam Weller.

The "White Lion," in St. John's Street, Clerkenwell, was originally an inn frequented by drovers and carriers, and covered a good deal of ground, but before its demolition it had already been greatly reduced in size, the gateway leading into the yard having been built up and formed into an oilshop. Inserted in the front wall was the sign in stone relief, representing a lion rampant, painted white, and with the date 1714. A house on the other side of the central portion also seems to have formed part of the original "White Lion." The gate just mentioned led into a yard similar to those attached to other ancient inns. There were, in the east front of the inn, strong wooden beams, which no doubt supported the erection over the gateway, and that there was a yard surrounded by a gallery is proved by the remains of door openings in the upper parts of the back walls of the premises, which had been bricked up. At one time a bowling-green attached to the tavern, and by the side of it a pond, in which Anthony Joyce, the cousin of Pepys, drowned himself. He was a tavern-keeper, and kept the "Three Stags" in Holborn, which was burnt down in 1666. Pepys records in his Diary, under September 5 of that year: "Thence homeward . . . having . . . seen Anthony Joyce's house on fire." The loss incurred by the fire preyed on Joyce's mind, and is supposed to have led him to commit the rash act.

Here we will close our selection, which embraces all the most

important galleried taverns once existing in London. Their disappearance is much to be regretted, though with the requirements of modern travellers it was scarcely to be avoided. But they formed picturesque features of London, which has so very few of them, especially as regards hotels, which, in their modern style, remind us only of slightly decorated barracks, if they are not perfectly hideous. But there are plenty of people yet who delight in old-fashioned houses and surroundings—the revival of stage-coaches is proof of it. A galleried tavern, with modern improvements, would, we fancy, not be a bad spec.

II.

OLD LONDON TEA GARDENS.

NAMES are often misleading : Mr. Coward is a fierce fire-eater ; Mr. Gentle's family tremble when they hear his footsteps on the pavement on his return home from his office, for they know that immediately on his entrance he will kick up a row with every one of them ; whilst Mr. Lion lives in awe of his termagant better, or worse, half. We are led into these reflections by the term "Tea Gardens." It sounds so very innocent ; it calls up visions of honest citizens, surrounded by their wives and olive-branches, enjoying, amid idyllic scenes of rural beauty, their fragrant bohea, bread and butter, cream and sillabub. But the vision is delusive. Noorthouck, who wrote about 1770, when the tea gardens were most abundant and flourishing, speaks of them thus : "The tendency of these cheap catering places of pleasure just at the skirts of this vast town is too obvious to need further explanation ; they swarm with loose women, and with boys, whose morals are depraved, and their constitutions ruined, before they arrive at manhood. Indeed, the licentious resort to the tea-drinking gardens was carried to such excess every night, that the magistrates lately thought proper to suppress the organs in their public rooms—it is left to their cool reflection whether this was discharging all the duty they owe to the public." Certes, the remedy seemed hardly adequate, when the grand jury of Middlesex, as far back as 1744, had complained of "advertisements inviting and seducing not only the inhabitants, but all other persons, to several places kept apart for the encouragement of luxury, extravagance, idleness, and other wicked illegal purposes which go on with impunity, to the destruction of many families, to the great dishonour of the kingdom, especially at a time when we are involved in an expen-

sive war, and so much overburdened with taxes of all sorts, &c." With such an indictment before them, the magistrates must have been wooden-headed indeed if they thought to stop the evil by forbidding the playing of organs at such places. And the evil must have been not only serious, but widespread, seeing there were upwards of thirty of these tea gardens around London. But our object is not to preach a sermon on the wickedness of the world, but to describe the places where it was practised. We begin with

"BAGNIGGE WELLS TEA GARDENS."

Who, now, wandering about dreary King's Cross, unacquainted with the history of the place, would believe that this was once a picturesque rural spot?—but such it was, and here Nell Gwynne had a summer residence amidst fields, and on the banks of the river Fleet, then a clear stream, occasionally flooding the locality. The ground on which the house, a gabled building, stood, was then called Bagnigge Vale. Early in the eighteenth century the house was converted into a place of public entertainment, in consequence of the timely discovery on the spot of two wells, one of which was said to be purging and the other chalybeate, and the water of which was sold at threepence a glass, or at eightpence by the gallon. But one of the wells seems to have been known by the name of Black Mary's Well or Hole, which may have been a corruption of Blessed Mary's Well, or due to the alleged fact that a black woman leased the well. The gardens, it seems, were largely patronised, hundreds of persons visiting them in the morning to drink the waters, and on summer afternoons to drink tea, and something stronger too. The grounds were ornamented with curious shrubs and flowers, a small round fish-pond, in the centre of which was a fountain, representing Cupid bestriding a swan, which spouted the water up to a great height. The Fleet flowed through a part of the gardens, and was crossed by a bridge. Two prints are extant (reproduced in Pinks's "Clerkenwell"), showing the gardens as they were in 1772 and again early in the present century. But in December 1813 the gardens came to grief: the whole of the furniture and fittings was sold by auction by order of the assignees of Mr. Salter, the tenant, a bankrupt; the fixtures and fittings were described as comprising the erection of a temple, a grotto, alcoves, arbours, boxes, green-house, large lead figures, pumps, cisterns, sinks, counters, beer-machine, stoves, coppers, shrubs, 200 drinking tables, 350 forms, 400 dozen bottled ale (which shows that tea was not the only drink consumed there), &c. The house itself remained standing till 1844, when it was

demolished ; the Phoenix brewery afterwards occupied the site, which is now covered with dreary streets. All that reminds you now of the gardens is a stone tablet set into the wall of a dull house in the neighbourhood, which shows a grotesque head, and the inscription : " This is Bagnigge House, neare the Pinder a Wakefield, 1680." It may be added that at the time the gardens were in existence the place was environed with hills and rising ground every way but to the south, and consequently screened from the inclemency of the more chilling winds. Primrose Hill rose westward ; on the north-west were the more distant elevations of Hampstead and Highgate ; on the north and north-east were pretty sharp ascents to Islington. But the ground, which, as shown then, was in a deep hollow, has, in modern times, been considerably raised above the former level, and no vestige remains of the gardens or the springs. But the gardens were so famous in their day as to cause their name to be adopted by a similar establishment in a totally different direction ; towards the end of the last century the

" NEW BAGNIGGE WELLS "

tea gardens were opened at Bayswater. Whether these were identical with the new Bayswater tea garden mentioned in a London guide we have not been able to ascertain, but probably they were. Sir John Hill, born about 1716, had a house in the Bayswater Road, in whose grounds he cultivated the medicinal plants from which he prepared his tinctures, balsams and water-dock essence, and though the profession called him a charlatan and a quack, he must have been a learned botanist. His " Vegetable System " extends to twenty-six folio volumes. His garden is now covered by the long range of mansions called Lancaster Gate, but towards the close of the last century the site was opened to the public as tea-gardens. The grounds were spacious, and contained several springs of fine water lying close to the surface. The " Bayswater Bagnigge Wells " was opened as a public garden as late as 1854, shortly after which time, the visitors having grown less and less, it was shut up, and eventually seized by the land-devouring speculating builder.

The similarity of names has carried us from the north of London to the west, but as the former locality, in consequence of its natural features, always was a favourite one for tea gardens, we will return to it. On the top of the hill we referred to as rising from Bagnigge Wells to Islington, there stood, where the " Belvedere Tavern " now stands, a house of entertainment known as

"BUSBY'S FOLLY,"

so called after its owner, one Christopher Busby, whose name is spelt Busbee in a token, "White Lion at Islington, 1668," of which he was the landlord. Why the cognomen of Folly was given to it is not very apparent, since, to judge by the prints extant, there was nothing foolish about the building. But it appears that then, as it is now, it was customary to call any house which was not constructed according to a tasteless, unimaginative builder's ideas, a "Folly"; at Peckham there was "Heaton's Folly." From "Busby's Folly" the Society of Bull Feathers' Hall used to commence their march to Islington to claim the toll of all gravel carried up Highgate Hill, to which they asserted a right in a tract published by them, and entitled: "Bull Feather Hall; or, the Antiquity and Dignity of Horns amply shown. London, 1664." "Busby's Folly" retained its name till 1710, after which it was called "Penny's Folly," and here men with learned horses, musical glasses, and similar shows entertained the public. The gardens were extensive, and about 1780 the house seems to have been rebuilt, and christened "Belvedere Tavern," which name it still bears. Close to it was another tavern known as "Dobney's," which originally was called "Prospect House," because in those days, standing as it did on the top of what was then styled Islington Hill, it really commanded a fine prospect north and south. In 1770 "Prospect House" was taken for a school, but soon reopened as the

"JUBILEE TEA GARDENS,"

in commemoration of the jubilee got up at Stratford-on-Avon by Garrick in honour of Shakespeare, and the interiors of the bowers were painted with scenes from his plays. In 1772 one Daniel Wildman here performed "several new and amazing experiments, never attempted by any man in this or any other kingdom before. He rides, standing upright, one foot on the saddle and the other on the horse's neck, with a curious mask of bees on his head and face . . . and by firing a pistol, makes one part of the bees march over a table, and the other swarm in the air, and return to their proper hive again." He also advertised that he was prepared to supply the nobility and gentry with any quantity of bees from one stock in the common or newly invented hives. In 1774 the gardens fell into a ruinous condition, but there were still two handsome tea rooms. In 1780 the house was converted into a discussion and lecture room, but the speculation did not answer; the place was cleared, and about 1790 houses, known as Winchester Place, were erected on it.

But a portion of the gardens remained open till 1810, when that also disappeared, and the only remains on the site of this once famous tea garden is a mean court in Penton Street, called Dobney's Court. The "Prospect House" to which the gardens belonged still stands behinds the present "Belvedere Tavern," but there is no sign of antiquity about it.

In 1683 the well, known as Sadler's Well, was discovered, and "Sadler's Musick-House," as it was originally called, thenceforth became Sadler's Well. But as it was, as its name implied, rather a house for musical entertainment than a tea garden, and as its history is pretty well known, we pass it by, to speak of a well adjoining it, namely,

"ISLINGTON WELLS OR SPA, OR NEW TUNBRIDGE WELLS."

This well was already in repute when the well on Sadler's land was discovered, and, as the two wells were contiguous, the Spa was frequently mistaken for Sadler's. About the year 1690 it was advertised that the Spa would open for drinking the medicinal waters. In 1700 there was "music for dancing all day long every Monday and Thursday during the summer season; no masks to be admitted." A few years later the Spa became fashionable, being patronised by ladies of such position as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. In 1733 the Princesses Amelia and Caroline, daughters of George II., came daily in the summer and drank the waters; in fact, such was the concourse of nobility and others that the proprietor took upwards of £30 in a morning. Whenever the Princesses visited the Spa they were saluted with a discharge of twenty-one guns, and in the evening there was a bonfire. Ned Ward described the place:—

Lime trees were placed at a regular distance,
And scrapers were giving their awful assistance.

It also furnished a title to a dramatic trifle by George Colman, called "The Spleen, or Islington Spa," acted at Drury Lane in 1776. The proprietor, Holland, failing, the Spa was sold to a Mr. Skinner in 1778, and the gardens were reopened every morning for drinking the waters, and in the afternoon for tea. The subscription for the season was one guinea; non-subscribers drinking the waters, 6*d.* each morning. At the beginning of this century part of the garden was built on, and about 1840 what remained was covered by two rows of cottages, called Spa Cottages. At present there is at the corner of Lloyd's Row a small cottage with the inscription on it, "Islington Spa, or New Tunbridge Wells."

The "Islington Spa" must not be confounded with a similar neighbouring establishment in Spa Fields, adjoining Exmouth Street. The locality was originally called Ducking Pond Fields. Hunting ducks with dogs was one of the barbarous amusements our ancestors delighted in. The public-house to which the pond belonged was taken down in 1770, and on its site was erected

"THE PANTHEON,"

built in imitation of the Oxford Street "Pantheon." It was a large round building, with a statue of Fame on the top of it. Internally it had two galleries and a pit, and in the winter it was warmed by a stove, having fireplaces all round, the smoke from which was carried away under the floor. To the building was attached an extensive garden, disposed in fancy walks, and having on one side of it a pond, at one end of which was a statue of Hercules, at the other end stood a summer-house for company to sit in. There were also boxes or alcoves all round the gardens, and two tea-rooms in the main building itself. The place was well patronised, the company usually consisting, as described in the *Sunday Ramble*, of some hundreds of persons of both sexes, the greater part of whom, notwithstanding their gay appearance, were evidently neither more nor less than journeymen tailors, hairdressers, and other such people, attended by their proper companions, milliners, mantua-makers, and servant maids, besides other and more objectionable characters of the female sex. According to a letter addressed to the *St. James's Chronicle*, 1772, the "Pantheon" was a place of "infamous resort," the writer declaring that of all the tea houses in the environs of London, the most exceptionable he ever had occasion to be in was the "Pantheon." He was particularly annoyed at being frequently asked by the Cyprian nymphs swarming in the place to be treated with "a dish of tea." He ought to have heard the requests of our modern Cyprians! The place, however, did not prosper; the Rotunda had been built by a Mr. Craven; whilst it was being erected Mrs. Craven visited it, and was so overcome by the gloomy thoughts that troubled her mind that she gave vent to tears, and remarked to a friend of hers: "It is very pretty, but I foresee that it will be the ruin of us, and one day or other be turned into a Methodist meeting house." The lady had a prophetic mind, for in 1774 her husband became bankrupt, and the "Pantheon," "with its four acres of garden, laid out in the most agreeable and pleasing style, refreshed with a canal abounding with carp, tench, &c., and commanding a pleasing view of Hampstead, Highgate, and the adjacent country," was sold by auction, and

finally closed in 1776. The Rotunda, as foreseen by Mrs. Craven, in 1779 became one of the chapels of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, under the name of Spa Fields Chapel. It is now replaced by the Episcopal Church of the Holy Redeemer.

To the south of the "Pantheon," in Bowling Green Lane, stood, in the middle of the last century, the

"CHERRY TREE PUBLIC HOUSE AND GARDENS,"

with their bowling-green. The gardens took their name from the large number of trees bearing that fruit which grew there. There were subscription grounds for the game of nine-pins, knock'em-downs, &c., and the house was much resorted to by the inhabitants of Clerkenwell. But there was yet another well in this locality, which seems to have been a very Solfatara for springs, for near King's Cross there was a chalybeate spring, known as

"ST. CHAD'S WELL,"

supposed to be useful in cases of liver attacks, dropsy, and scrofula. St. Chad¹ was the founder of the See and Bishopric of Lichfield, and was cured of some awful disease by drinking the waters of this well, wherefore his name was given to it. He died about 673, and in those days the names of saints were as commercially valuable in starting a well or other natural or unnatural phenomenon as the names of lords are on modern business prospectuses. And St. Chad brought lots of custom to the well, for as late as the last century eight or nine hundred persons a morning used to come and drink these waters. Nay, fifty years ago they drew visitors to themselves and the gardens surrounding the well. On a post might be seen an octagonal board, with the legend, "Health preserved and restored." Further on stood a low, old-fashioned, comfortable looking, large-windowed dwelling, and frequently there might also be seen standing at the open door an ancient dame, in a black bonnet, a clean blue cotton gown, and a checked apron. She was the Lady of the Well. The gardens might be visited and as much water drunk as you pleased for £1 1s. per year, 9s. 6d. quarterly, 4s. 6d. monthly, and 1s. 6d. weekly. A single visit and a large glassful of water cost 6d. The water was warmed in a large copper, whence it was drawn off into the glass. The charge of 6d. was eventually reduced to 3d. There was a spacious and lofty pump-room and a large house facing Gray's Inn Road, but all that now remains is the remembrance of the well in the name of a narrow passage, called St. Chad's Place,

¹ He is a saint in the English calendar, and his day is the 2nd March.

closed at its inner end by an old-fashioned cottage with green shutters.

We will ascend Pentonville Hill again to Penton Street, at the corner of which stands "Belvedere Tavern," formerly "Busby's Folly," and, going up Penton Street a little way, we come to what was once the site of

"WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE,"

the present "White Conduit House" tavern covering a portion of the old gardens. It took its name from a conduit, built in the reign of Henry VI., and repaired by Sutton, the founder of the Charter House. The house was at first small, having only four windows in front; but in the middle of the last century the then owner could advertise that "for the better accommodation of gentlemen and ladies he had completed a long walk, with a handsome circular fish-pond, a number of shady, pleasant arbours, enclosed with a fence seven feet high to prevent being incommoded by people in the fields; hot loaves and butter every day, milk directly from the cows, coffee, tea, and all manners of liquors in the greatest perfection; also a handsome long room, from whence is the most copious prospects and airy situation of any now in vogue." A long poem in praise of the house appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1760; it was written by William Woty, a Grub Street poet. A frequent visitor to "White Conduit House" was Goldsmith, who used to repair thither with some of his friends, after he had discovered the place, as he relates in Letter 122 of the "Citizen of the World." The passage, I must confess, does little honour to his genius or his taste, and I wonder he did not have it expunged from his collected writings. As is customary, in course of time the company did not improve, and, though in 1826 it was attempted to revive the reputation of the place, partly by calling it a "Minor Vauxhall," on account of the nightly disturbances and the encouragement of immorality thereby, it was suppressed by magisterial authority on the proprietor's application for the renewal of his licence. But about 1827 the grounds were let for archery practice, and in 1828 the old house was pulled down and a new one erected in its place, which was opened in 1829. The new building was somewhat in the gin-palace style, stucco-front, pilasters, cornices and plate-glass; it contained large refreshment rooms, and a long and lofty ball room above, where the dancing, if not very refined, was vigorous. Gentlemen went through country dances with their hats on and their coats off; eventually the master of the ceremonies objected

to the hats, and they were left off, as the coats continued to be. In 1849 this elegant place of amusement was demolished and streets built on its grounds, as also the present "White Conduit Tavern."

A FORMER PROPRIETOR

of "White Conduit House," Christopher Bartholomew, died in positive poverty in Angel Court, Windmill Street, "at his lodgings, two pair of stairs room," as the *Gentleman's Magazine*, March 1809, says. He once owned the freehold of "White Conduit House" and of the neighbouring "Angel" inn, and was worth £50,000; but he was seized with the lottery mania, and paid as much as £1,000 a day for insurances. By degrees he sank into poverty, but a friend having supplied him with the means of obtaining a thirty-second share, that number turned up a prize of £20,000. He purchased an annuity of £60 per annum, but foolishly disposed of it and lost it all. A few days before he died he begged a few shillings to buy him necessaries. But does his fate, and that of many others equally deluded, act as a warning to any one? We fear not.

"WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE" WAS SOLD

in 1864, by order of the proprietor, in consequence of ill-health. The lease had then about eighty years to run, at the rent of £80 per annum. The property fetched £8,990; what price would it fetch now? Public-houses have gone up tremendously since then.

Close to "White Conduit House" was another famous house of entertainment, that is to say,

"COPENHAGEN HOUSE,"

which was opened by a Dane when the King of Denmark paid a visit to James I., but the house did not attract much attention till after the Restoration, when the once public-house became a tea-garden, with the customary amusements, fives-playing being a favourite. Hazlitt, who was enthusiastic about the game, immortalised one Cavanagh, an Irish player, who distinguished himself at "Copenhagen House" by playing matches for wagers and dinners. The wall against which they played was that which supported the kitchen chimney, and when the ball resounded louder than usual the cooks exclaimed, "Those are the Irishman's balls!" "And the joints trembled on their spits," says Hazlitt. The next landlord encouraged dog-fighting and bull-baiting, in consequence of which he lost his licence in 1816. The fields around "Copenhagen House," now all built over, were the scene of many riotous assem-

blies at the time of the French Revolution, Thelwall, Horne Tooke, and other sympathisers with France being the chief instigators and leaders of those meetings.

Going considerably northward we reach

"Highbury Barn,"

which, with lands belonging thereto, was leased in 1482 by the Prior of the monastery of St. John of Jerusalem to John Mantell, described as citizen and butcher of London. The property thus leased comprised the "Grange" place, with "Highbury Barn," a garden, and "castell Hilles," two little closures containing five acres, and a field called Snoresfeld, otherwise Bushfeld. "Highbury Barn" was at first a small ale and cake house, and as such is mentioned early in the eighteenth century. Gradually it grew into a tavern and tea garden. A Mr. Willoughby, who died in 1785, increased the business, and his successor added a bowling-green, a trap-ball ground, and more gardens. The Barn could accommodate 2,000 persons at once, and 800 people have been seen dining together, with seventy geese roasting for them at one fire. Early in this century a dancing and a dining room were added. Near this house there was, in 1868, found in a field a vase containing nearly 1,000 silver coins, consisting of silver pennies, groats and half groats, two gold coins of Edward III., and an amber rosary. The manor of Highbury having, as we have seen, belonged to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the coins may have been buried by them at the time of the insurrection of Wat Tyler, whose followers destroyed the monastery and also made an attack on the Prior's house at Highbury. The coins are now in the British Museum.

But we find we have got to the end of the space allotted to us, and though we have only, as it were, dipped into the bulk of our subject, we must defer for some other opportunity the description of the large number of old tea gardens still to be noticed; we will here only indicate the most important of them: Camberwell Grove, Cuper's Gardens, Chalk Farm, Canonbury House, Cumberland Gardens, Cupid Gardens, Sluice House, Eel-pie House, St. Helen's, Hornsey Wood, Hoxton, Kilburn Wells, Mermaid, Marylebone, Montpellier, Ranelagh, Paris Gardens, Shepherd and Shepherdess, Union Gardens, Yorkshire Stingo, Jew's Harp; Adam and Eve, Tottenham Court Road; Adam and Eve, St. Pancras; the Brill, Mulberry Gardens, Springfield, and others of less note.

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

A SCENE OF WARWICKSHIRE RURAL LIFE.

ONE bright summer morning, in one of the last years of the last century, the green of the parsonage grounds in the sequestered village of Hatton, near the Elizabethan town of Warwick, in the heart of "Merrie England," was covered with a motley crew of people—the villagers of Hatton and the neighbourhood. A huge, brazen bell, looking like a miniature model of the celebrated Guy's Porridge Pot, then ensconced in the porter's lodge of the ancient castle of Warwick, lay upon the green, the object of the interest and admiration of the assembled villagers.

It was a great day for the peasant, for the peasant's wife and daughter, and for the small growths of peasantry shooting up like the beets and horseradishes in the kitchen gardens of the parsonage. It was, in fact, a high day, a festival. The good parson of Hatton was above all things a man, though as sound and orthodox a preacher as ever inveighed against the crafts and subtleties of the devil ; and there was nothing the amiable Dr. Samuel Parr loved better than to gather around him the poorer members of his flock, and to entertain them in the good old-fashioned style now gone out of date.

So there was a general holiday sort of appearance about the villagers : a brighter pair of tie-ups on William's breeches ; a more showy waistcoat on young Ben ; a dandy hat, slightly aside, on the well-nigh bald pate of Grandfather James ; a spotless cotton bonnet on Dame Marjory's silver hair ; a bunch of blue ribbons, bought at the last Warwick fair, peeping from beneath the large sun-hat of pretty, pert Harriet ; a new large curl on the brow of Johnnie's face ; a bright pink sash round the pinafore of little Nancy ; and so on.

All these small signs of incipient vanity caught the eye of the jovial parson and did not displease him. In truth he liked them. He was not, he told himself, free from a touch of vanity in his own constitution. When he went down to Leamington Priors, then a tiny village all cornfields and pasturage, with less than thirty houses,

all thatched with straw and built of dab and wattle, to lead off the country dance with the belle of the village on the bowling-green, his heart often smote him for so easily giving way to his leanings towards the smaller vanities of the world ; and he frequently flushed at the thought of how particular he had been with his shoe buckles, with his breeches straps, and the tying of his neckcloth ; and how strictly he had enjoined the Warwick barber, who came to shave him, to give no quarter to the rising ranks, but to mow them cleanly off, and leave not one hair behind.

Feeling that he himself was unregenerate, he could not be censorious to his villagers for the little fineries and trumperies they displayed when they visited him at the parsonage, especially when he knew that the brass gewgaw and the blue ribbon were decorations hung out upon the person in his honour and for his particular admiration. So he observed them out of the corners of his eyes while not appearing to do so, privately rejoiced at the "dressy" tastes of his little flock, and inwardly reproached himself for his own worldliness.

And yet Dr. Samuel Parr was emphatically a good Christian. At the date of the festival of the bell he had been for many years curate in charge of the quaint little parish of Hatton, and during the whole of that time it is not recorded that he had ever come into collision with any member of his flock. There do not seem to have been any upsets with the churchwardens in respect of altar ornaments, no conflict with the choir over the too loud notes of the bass viol and hautboy, no wrangling with the richer members of the congregation in regard to the Latinised character of his sermons, no bother with the poorer parishioners on account of the dearth of eleemosynary doles, no strivings with the farmers and occupiers of land over the tithes. Everything had gone smoothly, for Dr. Parr was a man of peace, who loved his neighbours as himself, and delighted in their love, perhaps, more than he delighted in trimming his parsonage garden or writing classic poetry, for he was a great scholar.

It was his aim to be happy, and he was never so happy as when administering happiness to others. As he stood on the green, therefore, in three-cornered hat and well-powdered periwig, with his black surtout, white neckcloth, black stockings, low shoes and silver buckles, looking very much like the portrait of his prototype Dr. Samuel Johnson, who died the year before his birth, his broad face beamed with satisfaction at the simple, though true, pleasures observable among the rustics whichever way he turned.

Though so great a student of old-fashioned courtliness that his manner bordered upon the quaint, Dr. Parr, it would seem, was not superstitious, for he christened his great bell on a Friday. And strange to relate, no one there was troubled with forebodings of ill-luck. To make use of a somewhat trite phrase, all went merry as a marriage bell.

The feelings of Dr. Parr upon the subject of the festival were those of an amiable enthusiast in campanology. This great bell on the green, and the others in the base of the church tower, making up the peal, were a great joy to him, and he was in ecstasy for his villager friends to share in the joy. Those now much-derided days were still "the good old days," for then the hand and heart went together, full, true, and open; and the well-to-do and the poor met in unrepressed fellowship in the grounds, and at the bidding of the former. No waiting at the gate of Hatton parsonage, no effusive greeting to the owner of a neighbouring manor and a cold nod and sidelong glance for the tenant of a thatched cottage; but the gate thrown wide open for all to enter, and a nod, and beck, and wreathed smile for all alike—rich and poor.

Some idea of the enjoyment of parson and parishioners that day upon the green of the parsonage garden at Hatton may be gathered from the following letter sent by Dr. Parr to a Norwich friend a few days afterwards; an insight into the character of the man may also be gained thereby:—

"My peal of bells is come. It cost a great sum of money, and I take the liberty of requesting you to forward the contribution which you promised me. I believe that my Norwich friends would have honoured me as a country parson if they had seen the harmless but animated festivity of my village on Friday last. The great bell has inscribed upon it the name of 'Paul,' and is now lying upon our green. It holds more than seventy-three gallons. It was filled with good ale, and was emptied, too, on Friday last. More than three hundred of my parishioners, young and old, rich and poor, assembled, and their joy was beyond description. I gave some rum to the farmers' wives, and some vidonia and elder wine to their daughters, and the lads and lasses had a merry dance in the large schoolroom.

"Now, as the Apostle Paul preached a famous sermon at Athens, I thought it right that his namesake should also preach at Hatton, and the sermon was divided into the following heads:—'May it be late before the great bell tolls for a funeral knell, even for the oldest

person here present !' 'May the whole peal ring often and merrily for the unmarried !' 'May the lads make haste to get wives, and the lasses to get husbands, and hear the marriage bell !'"

It will be noticed that in the above letter,

Great Parr, the Nestor of his age,

as Walter Savage Landor called him, speaks of "a merry dance." "A merry dance !" I can hear the Puritans of this later age exclaiming, "How much better if Dr. Parr had held a prayer meeting in the schoolroom !" Perhaps so ; but Dr. Parr was not a religious curmudgeon. Though a divine of irreproachable earnestness, he had no faith in religion of a nature which would divorce every form of recreation from human life ; and in his day it was thought no sin for good Christians to enjoy, in moderation, the pleasures of the world, as in like manner they had to endure the world's pains. So the worthy parson of Hatton frequently held a merry dance in the schoolroom, and warmed his honest heart at the glow of spirits rising in the lissom frames of his bonnie lads and lasses.

In his own person dancing divided honours of delight with such performances as bell-ringing, gardening, and the writing of Greek and Latin poetry. He certainly owed nothing to his dancing-master. Proficient in that art, as in divers others, he derived particular pleasure in practising it and in observing the practice in others ; and nothing but an attack of the gout or some internal disquietude would prevent him from joining in the merry dance.

When Dr. Parr was at the zenith of his popularity at Hatton, in the early years of the present century, a new spring of saline water was found at Leamington Priors by the shoemaker-poet of the village, and this becoming known, attracted people there and paved the way for those frequent visits in which the country parson took particular delight. At the saline spring there, in 1808, Dr. Parr made the acquaintance of young William Charles Macready, who subsequently became the greatest actor of his time ; but what pleased him most and coincided with his liberal tastes were the invitations he received from the beautiful Duchess of Bedford, who was then "taking the waters," to go down to Leamington and join in the festivities of the village.

Her Grace had doubtless been made aware of the genial good-fellowship of Dr. Parr, as she already knew of his great talents in divinity and classical learning ; for at this time, owing to his personal friendship with Charles James Fox, Edmund Burke, and Lord North, to whom he inscribed his edition of Bellenden's works, Dr. Parr had

a famous reputation, and she was therefore anxious to include in her social party so great a literary and political lion as he undoubtedly was.

The bowling-green at Leamington, where Sarah Kemble, afterwards Mrs. Siddons, during her residence as maid at Guy's Cliffe, was wont to foot it merrily with the lads and lasses of the village, at that time was situated at the south-east end of the old church, abutting on to the ancient London coach road and within hailing distance of the venerable coaching hostel, "The Black Dog," on the opposite corner. Upon that green all the festivities of the village were conducted. There the cocking matches took place, the grinning through horse collars, the sprunting, the horse leaping, the morris dancing, and the performances of the itinerant mountebank; there also the beau met the belle, and the Tom Jones of that period tripped a measure with the amiable Sophia.

At certain times, however, the green assumed a less riotous appearance, and was used as the theatre for the representation of those more harmless and picturesque customs, such as the maypole dance, the performance of rustic duologues, the country dance, and other similar scenes of pleasure associated with life in a sequestered village at the end of the last century and the beginning of this.

Though as a learned Greek and Latin scholar, Dr. Parr stands out head and shoulders higher than many cultured contemporaries, he was, as I have said, by no means lacking in those social, rural, humane, and domestic qualities which give character and dignity to manhood. He was as popularly esteemed in the social as in the ecclesiastic, the literary, and the political circle; indeed, more so, for he was a happily constituted man who had not allowed his vast learning to narrow down and starve the natural tastes for consort with mankind which were an active force within him. As a relief to his hard, laborious studies, therefore, this learned cleric of a country rectory, a dutiful and earnest worker and upholder of the Established Church, sought the lighter pleasures of life then to be found at Leamington Priors, amid a select and well-informed company of visitors attracted to the sylvan village by the fame of its saline waters.

There, it is recorded that upon several occasions the scholarly and erudite divine from the charming little parsonage at Hatton took especial and particular delight in leading off the country dance on the bowling-green with the beautiful Duchess of Bedford and other grand dames who were at that time resident in the Spa. In "The Rivals," Sheridan makes Falkland almost loathe the name of "country dance," because Bob Acres told him that his sweetheart,

Julia, had danced in one ; but such superfine feelings do not seem to have had much influence with Dr. Parr. He danced often in them, and danced well—on the bowling-green at Leamington and the green of his own village—and there is no doubt he greatly enjoyed the robust mirth of those fast disappearing country customs.

Nor was dancing the primary pleasure of this agreeable type of the old country parson. Dancing he loved, but he also loved bell-ringing, and gardening, and all those rural occupations which are natural to the cultivated mind. Bell-ringing had been with him a growing taste from boyhood. It was even set down to his account as an eccentricity. While at school at Harrow, the contemporary of Lord Byron and his neighbour, Chandos Leigh, afterwards Baron Leigh of Stoneleigh Abbey, his fondness for campanology drew upon him undesirable attentions from his schoolfellows.

But a reputation for eccentricity did not disconcert Samuel Parr or lessen his interest in everything pertaining to bells. He weighed and rung the bells of Harrow with a courageous earnestness, proof to every opposing influence, and no musician ever hung more lovingly upon a note than he upon the sonorous soundings of the church monitors. This love of bells remained with him throughout his life. In his village, as we have seen, he held a festival in honour of his great bell “Paul,” and here his enthusiasm was as natural as it was lively ; for during his tenure as curate in perpetuity at Hatton, a period of forty-two years, he cast or recast the whole of the six bells in the fine embattled fifteenth century tower, and as a respite from his parochial or classical labours frequently rang a peal upon them. So ardent a campanologist was he that he knew the tone and weight of every great bell in England at that time, and he was rarely so happy as when listening to the sweet tones of his own bells.

Apart from the terpsichorean and campanological arts, there were other pleasures in the life of a country parson admirably suited to the gentle inclinations of Dr. Parr. A continual study of the pastorals of Theocritus or the “Georgics” of Virgil had bent his tastes towards rustic pursuits, and upon divers occasions this venerable divine was seen among the cheery lads and lasses of his village, in garments suitable to the scene, making hay in the meads adjacent to the parsonage, watching the shepherd parting the lambs from the ewes or shearing the sheep ; or, finally, giving the dairymaid, as she sat milking the cows, a cheerful homily upon the blessings of content and good butter.

In his delight in rural pleasures and landscape gardening, Dr. Parr was no doubt greatly influenced by the works and careers of

William Shenstone, the poet of the "Leaseowes," a property on the borders of Warwickshire, and Richard Jago, the poet of "Edgehill," who was for twenty years vicar of the historical village of Snitterfield, a few miles from Hatton. Shenstone, who wrote "The School-mistress," had long since gone to "that bourne from which no traveller returns," having died in 1763; and Jago had followed his friend in May 1781, two years before Dr. Parr became curate of Hatton; but the sweet and peaceful nature of those two poets' lives so greatly fascinated the country-loving instincts of the Hatton parson, that immediately upon his preferment to the living he began to cultivate the Arcadians' art, and was daily seen with spade and rake in his parsonage garden, trimming the plots and beds, and setting the plants and flowers that he loved.

The friendship of Shenstone and Jago no doubt often impressed him, and created in his mind a wish for the companionship of such kindred souls. Those two gardener-poets were taught at the same school at Solihull, and maintained a life-long and affectionate intimacy. It has been suggested that it was during a country ramble with Jago in the neighbourhood of Snitterfield that Shenstone composed that well-known verse—

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn,

with which his name is most closely associated; though the lines would scarcely apply to the welcome to be found at Hatton parsonage, which was always of the warmest description.

There is, however, ample room for the supposition that Shenstone, like his bosom-friend, William Somerville, the Warwickshire poet, author of "The Chase," was somewhat addicted to the pleasures to be found at country taverns; indeed, it is almost certain that both Shenstone, Somerville, and their great master, Shakespeare, were not particularly in love with—

Honest water,
Which never left man i' the mire,

but were inclined to be partial to a beverage of greater strength; and this no doubt was due to the custom of the age, observed even by Dr. Parr, who, as we have seen, filled his great bell "Paul" with seventy-three gallons of good ale, and allowed the villagers to drink it.

But though Shenstone, Somerville, Jago, and Parr were each

voluntaries of the cup, they were all very graceful poets, and though one must pity their weakness, one cannot help but remember it as a weakness to which men of high intellectual attainments are especially prone. Somerville, who was born at Edstone Hall, one mile from Wootton Wawen, in the Forest of Arden, was a very accomplished poet, and, apart from his celebrated poem, "The Chase," wrote much that adorns the poetic literature of our country.

When Addison married the Dowager Countess of Warwick, and took up his residence at the historic Bilton Hall, near Rugby, Somerville addressed to him a complimentary epistle in verse, in which the following couplet occurs :—

When panting virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid.

Dr. Johnson remarked that this couplet is "written with the most exquisite delicacy of praise ; it exhibits one of those happy strokes that are seldom attained."

Like Dr. Parr, Somerville was an excellent classical scholar, and the inscription, written by himself, upon his tombstone in the floor of Wootton Wawen Church, will serve to show that whatever were the poet's faults during life, he wished in his death to teach others to avoid them. The epitaph is as follows :—

"H. S. E. Gulielmus Somerville, armig. obiit 17^o Julii, 1742. Si quid in me boni compertum habeas imitare. Si quid mali totis viribus evita. Christo confide. Et scias te quoque fragilem esse et mortalem"; which being translated reads : "If thou hast found anything in me that is good, imitate it. If anything evil, avoid it with all thy strength. Put thy trust in Christ, and know that thou also art frail and mortal."

Living in a purely rural and somewhat isolated part of the country, Dr. Parr's opportunities for social intercourse with men of similar character and tastes to himself were necessarily rather limited ; there was, however, at least one writer of genius with whom he maintained a lively friendship, and whom he frequently met, either in the cosy rooms of his own parsonage, or at his residence under the historical East Gate at Warwick. This was Walter Savage Landor, the poet of the "Imaginary Conversations."

His rough and rugged manner, which was only the outside crust of a gentle, warm, honest, and loving nature, was so akin to Landor's own, that the two poets became earnest and devoted friends, the elder giving the younger good counsel, and the younger brightening the years of the elder with the energy and ambition of a youthful

and robust personality. Dr. Parr, indeed, was affectionately attached to his young friend Landor. In introducing him to a literary acquaintance, he wrote:—

“He is impetuous, open-hearted, magnanimous, largely furnished with general knowledge, well versed in the best of all classical writers, a man of original genius, as appears in his compositions both in prose and verse ; a keen hater of oppression and corruption, and a steady friend to civil and religious liberty. I am confident you will be much interested by his conversation, and it is my good fortune to know that his talents, attainments, and virtues amply atone for his singularities.”

Even Landor, stern and unrelenting cynic as he was, could not have found fault with so kind and gentle a criticism. It was only one of the kindly actions that Dr. Parr took pleasure in performing, and the subject of his recommendation took special care to remember the friendship shown to him by the learned doctor.

One of the many merry customs observed in rural Warwickshire during the ministry of Dr. Parr was that maddest and merriest custom of “Easter lifting,” and it was performed with unfailing regularity on the green at Hatton in the closing years of the last century and the opening years of the present, and is even now observed in some sequestered villages of the shire.

The men lifted the women and kissed them on Easter Monday, and the women returned the compliment to the men on Easter Tuesday. It was a scene of the utmost liveliness and mirth, and one in which Dr. Parr, with his active sympathy with country pleasures, always took a warm interest ; for his Whiggism was of that conservative type which delighted to sustain every custom which tended to strengthen the sociality between the people.

Easter Monday, therefore, was a merry day at Dr. Parr’s sequestered hamlet, but Easter Tuesday was the merrier. The jovial parson might fly from the ruby-lipped and bonnie-cheeked lasses who pursued him, with a view of adding greater sport to the ceremony ; he might even hide himself in his great bell “Paul” in the belfry of the tower, or offer to pay toll in lieu of being kissed. But this would not do for the pretty and high-spirited maidens who had been “lifted” and kissed by him on the previous day. They would have no toll—nothing but the real thing—and so the willing country parson, like “laughter holding both his sides,” must needs be led out to the green, lifted in the bonny arms of the bouncing damsels, and kissed heartily by a dozen rosy lips.

This amiable and worthy representative of the old country

parson, a type of rustic life which is now but a memory of an agreeable past, beloved by his villagers and by all with whom he came in contact, laid down—not the burden of life, but rather its pleasures—on March 6, 1825, having ministered to the spiritual needs of Hatton for forty-two years. A mural tablet in the church commemorates with simple candour the life and death of a man rich in all the finer feelings of human existence.

GEORGE MORLEY.

THE TEACHING OF ARITHMETIC AND WRITING IN THE TIME OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

“Some will ask wherefore I treated of this subject, when the stationers’ shops seem opprest with them already; to this the cobbler might reply, another man’s shoes may not fit me as well.”—*Arithmetic* (1656), by THOMAS WILLSFORD, *Gent.*

I. THE TEACHING OF ARITHMETIC.

IN reading Mulcaster’s books nothing is more surprising to the modern educationist than the fact that, although arithmetic is mentioned, there is scarcely any importance attached to its teaching, except as a foundation to the teaching of music, on which Mulcaster lays so much stress. I do not remember in Brinsley any reference whatever to arithmetic. So, too, when Charles Hoole is delivering his whole soul on the subject of the new discovery of the old art of teaching school, he leaves out entirely from his survey any reference to arithmetic as a grammar school subject. The fact is that arithmetic, although originally one of the mediæval seven liberal arts, in post-Renascence times dropped out from the recognised liberal studies through the absorbing interest in the study of Latin and Greek.

Of course the mathematics were studied in the Universities, but I am speaking of the grammar schools. The course of development of mathematics is traced in Mr. Walter W. Rouse Ball’s works. In his “Short History of Mathematics” chapter xv. is devoted to the period 1635–75, and contains an account of the discoveries of Descartes, Cavalieri, Pascal, Wallis, Fermat, and Huygens. It is evident, however, that for such discoveries to penetrate into the schools and to be utilised there that a considerable interval would elapse. Mr. Ball remarks that in arithmetic England and Italy were fifty years in advance of other countries. He especially names Record’s “Arithmetike,” 1540, and the names of John Napier (d. 1617) and Henry Briggs (d. 1630) as advancing the use of logarithms. Professor de Morgan, however, in his “Arithmetical Books” (1847) gives the following list of authors of Arithmetics in the period 1630–60 :—

Wm. Oughtred, Robert Butler, Nicholas Hunt, Peter Herigone, Wm. Webster, Leonard Digges, John Penkethman, Adrian Metirus, J. H. Alsted, John Lauremberg, Theon of Smyrna, Edmund Wingate, Francis Vieta, Seth Partridge, John Wybard, Jonas Moore, Joh. Broscius, Noah Bridges, Thomas Gibson, John Wallis, Gaspar Schott, Vincent Leotand.

For a list of the best mathematical books of the period, from the bookseller's point of view, the reader is referred to Wm. London's catalogue. This is a catalogue issued in 1658 of the "most vendible" books. A perusal better than any verbal description will give an idea of the scope of the term mathematics in the common use of the word in this period.

To turn to the teaching of mathematics. We have seen that Charles Hoole sent his boys to be taught arithmetic at Mr. James Hodder's. Writing was Hodder's main subject, but he taught arithmetic at spare times. As early as 1562 Humphrey Baker announced, in his *Wellspring of Sciences*,¹ that he received "children or servants," and boarded them, if desired, at his house. Arithmetic was of importance to gentlemen's servants for account-keeping, and it seems that nobles often had servants instructed for this purpose. Sometimes, however, gentlemen saw the desirability that their sons should learn the art of arithmetic and be independent of their servants.

We read in the "*Memoirs of the Verney Family*" (vol. iii. p. 358) that Sir Ralph Verney wished in 1655 to place his boy with Mr. John Kersey to learn mathematics. Kersey willingly undertook to teach his subject, but he declined to board or lodge pupils or to prepare them for trade. Kersey was the editor of Edmund Wingate's "*Arithmetic*." The following is Mr. John Kersey's prospectus, taken from the "*Arithmetique made Easie*" of Edmund Wingate, Esquire, 2nd edition, 1650.

In the "*Memoirs of the Verney Family during the Commonwealth*" (vol. iii. p. 305) it is stated that Edmund Verney, who was twenty-one years of age, in 1657 was "seized with a desire to continue his education, and he sends for his music books from Claydon: "J'ai pris Kersey pour m'enseigner la Richmetique, à 20s. par mois, et il ne me vient que 3 fois la septmaine; les arts et les sciences sont bien cheres icy, ils ont besoing d'estre bonnes."

FROM WINGATE'S "ARITHMETIC," 1650.

Arts and Sciences, Mathematicill, taught at the corner house (opposite to the "White Lion") in Charles Street, neare the Piazza in Covent Garden, or at the lodgings of such as are desirous, viz. :—

¹ See *Schools, School Books, and Schoolmasters*, by W. C. Hazlitt.

Arithmetique.

1. In whole numbers.
2. In fractions $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Vulgar.} \\ \text{Decimall.} \\ \text{Astronomicall.} \end{array} \right.$
3. The extraction of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Square} \\ \text{Cube} \\ \text{Biquadrate} \\ \text{Quadrato-cube, \&c.} \end{array} \right. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{By rules naturally arising from} \\ \text{the genesis of powers.} \end{array} \right.$
 roots, viz. of the
4. Merchants' accompts, in the Italicque methode of debtor and creditor, according to the modern practice.

Algebra.

1. In numbers and characters according $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{With the use thereof in the invention} \\ \text{to the ancients.} \end{array} \right.$
2. In species or letters of the alphabet, according to the modern analysts. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{of theoremes and resolution of} \\ \text{subtile questions and problems in} \\ \text{arith. and geometry.} \end{array} \right.$

Geometrie, viz. :—

The Works of Euclid, Archimedes, Apollonius, Pergæus, Paphus, and other Geometricians, as well ancient as modern, unto

 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1. \text{ Divers wayes of Construction, Mensuration,} \\ \text{Reduction, and Division of superficiall Figures, viz.} \\ \text{of Land, Board, Wainscot, Glasse, \&c. Also of} \\ \text{Solids, as Timbers, Stone, \&c., with the gaging of} \\ \text{Cask.} \\ 2. \text{ The Projection of Plani-Sphaeres, Maps, Charts} \\ \text{(universall or particular), Plots of Land, Architecture,} \\ \text{\&c., with the augmenting or diminishing of them,} \\ \text{according to any proportion assigned.} \end{array} \right.$

The Doc'trine of Triangles, viz. :—

1. Plain $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{With their use in finding of Altitudes and Distances, in} \\ \text{measuring of Land, Fortification, Dyalling, Navigation, Theories of} \\ \text{the Planets, \&c.} \end{array} \right.$
2. Spherical $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{With their use in the resolution of the usuall propositions of} \\ \text{the Celestiall and Terrestiall Globes, Dyalling, Navigation, \&c.} \end{array} \right.$

Navigation, viz. :—

In either of the three principal kinds of sayling, viz. :— $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{By the Plain Chart, by Mercator's Chart,} \\ \text{by Great Circle.} \end{array} \right.$

Dyalling, viz. :—

1. Geometrically $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{With the inscription of the Almicanthus, Azimuths,} \\ \text{Parallels of Declination, \&c. Also the making of reflexive} \end{array} \right.$
2. Instrumentally $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Dyals, showing the house without any shadow.} \end{array} \right.$
3. Arithmetically

The Construction and Use of Mathematicall Instruments, viz. :—

1. The Canon of Sines, Tangents, Secants, and Logarithms.
2. The Quadrant, Sector, Crosse-staffe, plain Table, Rule of Proportion, Instrumentall Dyalls, &c.

Chirographie, viz. :—

The Art of accurate and exact Hand-writing, in the English and best Italicque formes, by genuine Principles and plain Demonstration.

By
JOHN KERSEY,
Philomathet.

Vox audita perit, litera scripta manet.

It will be noticed that Mr. Kersey was a writing master as well as teacher of arithmetic. In this he resembled Mr. Hodder. Here is Mr. Hodder's advertisement :—

The author hereof¹ keepeth a school in Lothbury, next door to the "Sunne," where such as are desirous to learn the art of Writing, as also Arithmeticke in whole numbers and fractions, with Merchants' Accompts and Shorthand, may be carefully attended and faithfully introduced by James Hodder.

There are two of Mr. James Hodder's books in the British Museum, one of which is entitled "Hodder's Arithmetick : Or that necessary Art made most easie, Being explained in a way familiar to the capacity of any that desire to learn it in a little time. By James Hodder, Professor thereof, as also of the Art of Fair Writing, who finding it helpful to his own scholars hath now published it for the general good of the kingdom, 1661."

In his preface to the reader Hodder² says, "For the better completing youth as to clerkship or trades, I am induced to publish this small treatise of Arithmetic." From which it appears that arithmetic was taken up for the most part simply by boys going into commercial pursuits, and that the master of a writing school was commonly the teacher of arithmetic to those boys who wished to learn it. Another writer on arithmetic of the period is Noah Bridges. His book is styled "Vulgar Arithmetique" (1653), and is described as "peculiarly fitted for merchants and tradesmen, made useful for all men, familiar to the meanest capacity; and for the public good laid down in a school method." His preface throws some light on arithmetic-teaching of the period :—

"I did long since," he says, "digest Vulgar Arithmetique into a school method, distinguish the rules into papers apart, and affix variety of examples carefully wrought to each rule, as concerning it a course much conducing to the improvement of youth. . . . Though that way seemed in some measure to reach the end I aimed at yet (arithmetic, like green wood, will quickly extinguish without a constant blowing) some by neglect, after they had quitted my care, lost great part of what they had gained, for prevention whereof I

¹ *A Penman's Recreation, containing sundry Examples of Fair Writing, of excellent use for all such as aim at perfection therein.*

² De Morgan says of Hodder's book: "Had this work given the new mode of division it must have stood in the place of Cocker."

contracted my method to fewer examples, and (qualifying those under my charge with fair hands fit for entries) caused them to understand and work over the several examples in each rule in the same order I had done, and then from my papers to make their entries; conceiving, as in reason I might, that course would put them into a capacity to retain what they learned, or when they came to a loss to beat about and retrieve it.

"But boys will be boys. Such was the indisposition of some to their own good (notwithstanding my care and pains for their advantage) that by their careless transcriptions they committed many errors both in the rules and examples, and by that means became sometimes unserviceable to themselves likewise. Many times since I have (as some other masters do) entered the rules and examples into the books of learners with great regard to the operation of the questions; and yet I have met with scholars from some of those masters (probably they with others from me) who after a short time of discontinuance were only accompanied with full books and empty heads." Bridges thinks that his newer "*Arithmetic*" will make it impossible for youth to relapse in such a way. De Morgan praises it as giving what Hodder did not give—an explicit account of the modern mode of division.

Bridges dates: "From my house at Putney in the county of Surrey, April 25, 1653. Where is taught the Greek and Latin Tongues; also Arts and Sciences Mathematicall, viz. *Arithmetique*, fair Writing, Merchants' Accounts, Geometry, Trigonometrie, Algebra, &c." His school, therefore, approximates to the later style of private school, in which every subject was taught.

There is thus to be traced an evolution of the private school from the writing master. The latter first appears. He adds to his function the teaching of arithmetic and other commercial subjects. He begins to take in boarders, and then undertakes the whole education. Such private schools as those of Farnaby and Hoole, however, are simply modelled on the grammar schools, and are to be classed with such, except that they set themselves to improvement in method. That these writing masters and their private schools were successful in many instances is seen in Massey.

SOME FAMOUS PRIVATE TEACHERS OF ARITHMETIC.

1. JOHN MELLIS, editing Hugh Oldcastle's "*Brief Instruction and Maner how to Keep Books of Accounts*," says to the reader:—

I am but the renewer and reviser of an ancient old copy printed here in London the 14 of August, 1543. Then collected, published, made, and set

forth by one Hugh Oldcastle, Scholemaster, who, as appeareth by his treatise, then taught Arithmetic and this book in Saint Olave's parish in Mark Lane. . . . And if any lack instructions herein, or in any part of Arithmetic, either in whole or broken numbers incident hereunto, with also to teach them, their children, or servants, to write any manner of hand usual within this realm of England; Pleaseth them to repair unto the Mayes Gate nie (nigh) Battle Bridge in S. Olave's parish in short Southwark, where, God to friend, they shall find me readie to accomplish their desire in as short a time as may be. *Vale.*

JOHN MELLIS, Scholemaister.

2. DR. ROBERT RECORD'S "Grounds of Arts." Second edition, by John Mellis, 1607.

At the end of the book :—

Finally the author giveth intelligence, That if any be minded to have their children or servants instructed or taught in this noble Art of Arithmetic, or any brief practice thereof. Whose method is such by long custom of teaching, that (God to friend) he will bring them (if their capacities be anything) to their desire therein in a short time. As also to learn them to write any manner of hand usual within this realm of England.

It can also after reasonable understanding of Arithmetic, if any be minded to have them taught the famous account of Debitor and Creditor, they shall find him ready to accomplish their desire. More also, to further such as are desirous that way, in the principal of Algebra or Cossick numbers. Lastly, to learn to draw any manner of demonstration, devise, or portion. Or to learn them to draw either white or black capital letters. Or to draw or reduce any Map or Card in true proportion from a great quantity to a small, or to bring a smaller to a greater. Of all or any these things rehearsed, you shall find the Author (according to his small talent) ready to accomplish the same for a reasonable reward: whose dwelling is and hath been these sixteen years within the Mayes-gate in short Southwark nigh Battle Bridge.

RECORD, "Ground of Arts," 1582. Mellis writes a separate dedicatory epistle to Dr. Robert Forth. In it he says—

The entire love and exercise of this excellent Art (Arith^c), with drawing of proportions, Mappes, Cardes, Buildings, Plottes, etc., were the only studies whereunto I ever more have been inclined. Touching Drawing, it was only Dei beneficio, naturally given me from my youth, without instruction of any man, more than love thereof, delectation, desire and practice. In this Art also having great delight I had no other instruction at my first beginning but only this good author's book, but afterwards I greatly increased the same during the time I served your Worship in Cambridge, in going to the Arithmetic lecture at the common school; and more furthered since the time that I left your Worship's service, which is about eighteen years past, by continual exercise therein (the mother and nurse of science), during which time my only vocation hath been (thinking it a meet exercise for a commonwealth) in training up of youth to write and draw, with teaching of them the infallible principles and brief practices of this worthy science.

3. HENRY LYTE describes himself as *Gentleman* in "Art of Tens," 1619, 12mo.

Yet in his address to the reader he says :—

And those who are willing to have conference with me whilst that I am in London, let them repair to Mr. Griffin's, the Printer of this Book, and there they shall learn whom I am, who will be very willing to explain anything that is contained within this Book.

4. JOHN SPEIDELL, "An Arithmetically Extraction; or, Collection of divers Questions with their Answers." Most useful and necessary to all Teachers of Arithmetick, for sufficient and speedy instruction of all such persons as desire to be made quicke and ready therein. Most carefully composed, collected, written, overgone, and corrected by the Author himselfe. Jo. Speidell, Professor of the Mathematiques, in Queene Streete. London, 1628. 12mo."

Speidell says to the reader that he has been these twenty years and more a professor of the mathematics.

At end of address :—

Thus (gentle Reader) hast thou heere a small entrance into arithmetique, which if thou wilt but once passe over, I doubt not but it will make thee sufficient for any Merchant or tradesman's use; and if anything be too hard for thee herein, if it please thee to repaire to my house in Queen's Street, I will not only assist thee herein with the best and the briefest wayes, but in all the other Rules of Arithmetique and the Rule of Cosse or Algebra; as also in all other parts of the Mathematiques, as Geometrie, Astronomie, Navigation, and Fortification, with the making of all kinds of Sunne-dyals, and the doctrine of the Triangles, both right lines and spherically, with the use of the logarithms, &c.

There also may you have this Treatise.

Also a Geometrical extraction and the logarithms by me set orth.

There is also to be had of the best Mathematicall paper.

5. ROBERT HARTWELL, teacher of the mathematics, "Mr. Blundevill: His Exercises, contayning Eight Treatises." 7th edition, corrected and somewhat enlarged by R. Hartwell, Philmathematicus. 1636.

Last page :—

Arts and Sciences Mathematicall.

Taught in Fetter Lane, neare the Golden Lyon, or privately abroad at convenient houses, by Robert Hartwell, Teacher of the Mathematicks, viz. Arithmetick, Geometry, Astronomy, Cosmography, Geography, Navigation, Architecture, Fortification, Horologigraphy, &c.

Measuring of Land.

The doctrine of Triangles, plaine and spherically; the use of the Tables of Sines, Tangents, Secants, and Logarithms.

Accompts for Merchants by order of Debitor and Creditor.

Fide sed Vide.

Vivat Rex.

[NOTE.—HARTLIB THE SECOND.—John Collins, who was born in 1625, and

died in 1683, was a second Hartlib in his stimulation of others to work out their ideas in mathematics and science. His influence was chiefly felt in the later portion of his career, but before 1660 he had made himself known as a teacher of mathematics. The following details are taken from Miss A. M. Clerke's article in the "Dict. of Nat. Biog."

Collins was apprenticed to a bookseller at Oxford, became clerk under John Max, clerk of the kitchen to the Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles II.). Here he learned some mathematics, but at the outbreak of the Civil War Collins went on board an English merchantman employed by Venetians as a ship of war, and stayed from 1642 to 1649. He used his leisure in the study of mathematics, and became a teacher on returning to London. In 1652 he wrote a book on Merchants' Accounts for his scholars; in 1658 he wrote "The Sector on a Quadrant," with an appendix on "Reflected Dyalling" from a glass however pointed, and in 1659 on "Geometrical Dialling." This was used as a class book by students of navigation at Christ Church Hospital. Collins was a member of the Royal Society.

"For his zeal in collecting and diffusing scientific information, and in urging the accomplishment of appropriate and useful tastes Collins was not undeservedly styled 'the English Mersennus,'" says Miss Clerke, and she further quotes from the "Biog. Brit." iv. 22, "He was considered as a kind of register of all new improvements in the mathematics, and was constantly stimulating others to useful inquiries and pointing out the defects in different branches of science, and the methods by which those defects might be supplied."]

II. THE TEACHING OF WRITING.

"Writing itself hath profited so much, since it hath been perfited, as it now proves the prop to remembrance, the executor of most affairs, the deliverer of secrets, the messenger of meanings, the inheritance of posterity, whereby they receive whatsoever is left them in law to live by, in letters to learn, in evidence to enjoy." Rd. Mulcaster, "Positions" (Quick's reprint, p. 33), 1581.

In a somewhat elaborate chapter in the "Ludus Literarius, or the Grammar School" (1612), John Brinsley gives his directions for "fair writing." The three essential points, he observes, are good copies, continually eyeing them well, and a delight in writing. By his instructions he holds that a teacher can teach the subject himself. It is true that usually a "scrivener" is employed to teach writing, but there are manifest advantages if the master can do it as well. Brinsley protests himself against the objection that by giving directions he may seem to "make very much against the scriveners." "Not at all," he says; "it only helpeth to redress the great abuse by some shifters, who go under the name of scriveners, for all good scriveners have their callings and employments wherein to serve

to the profit and good of the Commonwealth and not unto the hurt thereof."

It is thus clear that the honest writing-master was held in high esteem. John Davies was a famous teacher of writing. But earlier still lived the famous Peter Bales, who kept a school for the teaching of writing in 1590. In 1590 he published his "Writing School-master," in three parts: I. Swift Writing; II. True Writing; III. Fair Writing. In 1595 he had his contest with Daniel Johnson for a golden pen of twenty pounds in value. On winning this he set up as sign to his house the Hand and Golden Pen. It is recorded of him that he wrote the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Decalogue, with two short Latin prayers, his own name and motto, with the day of the month, year of our Lord, and that of the Queen's reign all within the compass of a silver penny. About the same time flourished John Mellis, who taught writing and arithmetic in Southwark. In 1588 he set forth a book of merchants' accounts, and in 1594 edited Record's "Arithmetic." In the preface to the latter he states that he had been a schoolmaster and had taught writing, arithmetic, and drawing for the space of twenty-eight years. In 1618 Martin Billingsly, "master in the art of writing," published a copy-book entitled "The Pen's Excellency; or, Secretary's Delight."

These writing masters in London evidently received the children of the great and wealthy, or visited them, and also, in some cases, received schools, as, for instance, Charles Hoole states, "It is ordinary for scholars at 11 and 5 o'clock to go the Writing Schools, and there to benefit themselves in writing. In that city, therefore, having the opportunity of the neighbourhood of my singular loving friend Mr. James Hodder (whose copy-books of late printed do sufficiently testify his ability for the profession he hath undertaken, and of whose care and pains I have had abundant trial by his profiting of my scholars for (at least) twelve years together, who had *most of them* learned to write a very fair hand; not to speak of arithmetic or merchants' accounts, which they gained also by his teaching at spare times, In the Token-house garden in Lothbury), I so ordered my business with him that all my lower scholars had their little paper books ruled, wherein they writ their lessons fair, and then their translations and other exercises in loose papers in his sight, until they were able to do everything of themselves in a handsome manner. And afterwards it is not to be expressed what pleasure they took in writing and flourishing their exercises, all the while they continued with me at the school. This or a better course (perhaps) may be taken at other schools, where they have a writing

master constantly ready to attend them every day throughout the year, as I have heard Mr. Farnaby made use of Mr. Taylor, a famous pen-man, for the teaching of his scholars to write."

Thus far of City schools and writing. But Hoole gives a valuable account of country schools in this matter :—

"The usual way for scholars learning to write at the country Grammar Schools is to entertain an honest and skilful Penman, that he may constantly come and continue with them about a month or six weeks together every year, in which time commonly every one may learn to write legibly. The best season for such a man's coming is about May-day, partly because the days are then pretty long, and partly because it will be requisite for such as are then getting their Grammar rudiments, to learn to write before they come to translations. The parents of all other children would be advised to let them take that opportunity to improve their hands, forasmuch as the benefit thereof will far exceed the charge, and it will be a means of better order to have all employed together about a thing so necessary. The master of the school should often have an eye upon them, to see what they do, and how they profit, and that they may not slack in their other learning, he may hear them a part of the morn and a lesson at noon before their copies be set or their books can be provided for them ; and proportion their weekly exercises accordingly. And that the stock which they then get may be better increased against the next year, the Penman should cause them to write a piece a day or two before he leaves them, as fair as they can, with the date above it, and their names subscribed underneath, which the schoolmaster may safely keep by him as a testimony of what they can perform, and take care to see that their writing for the future be not much worse."

As Charles Hoole was a scholar at Wakefield School, and afterwards schoolmaster at Rotherham and in London, his general account of the teaching of writing, both in City and country, may be taken as authentic.

The well known Cocker was a contemporary writing master of Hoole's time, though he is not mentioned by him.

Cocker was born in 1631 and died in 1675. By 1660 he had already published ten books giving examples of writing. These he engraved himself. He is spoken of as "a great encourager of various kinds of learning ; an indefatigable performer both with the pen and burin ; an ingenious artist in figures ; and no contemptible proficient in the poetry he attempted to write." Cocker's fame is usually supposed to rest upon his "Arithmetic," which, again, has

been regarded as a forgery; but it is quite certain that in 1664 Cocker wrote his "Tutor to Writing and Arithmetic." In 1657 he was acting as teacher of these two arts, whilst in 1661 a warrant was issued to pay Edward Cocker, scrivener and engraver, the sum of £150 as a gift.

It was in 1657 that Cocker published his "Plumæ Triumphus," or the Pen's Triumph. With a marvellous intricacy of flourishes he dashes off with his quill a picture of himself mounted on a steed, with a laurel wreath in his hand, dragging a triumphal car, in which is seated a tyro with a pen in the hand, and before which is placed a bird of good omen. Fantastically the book contains plates. His age at the time was twenty-six years. He announces in one of the copies, "The Author hereof is making the largest copy-book in the world, and he hopes it will be the best."

Mr. William Massey, in the "Origin and Progress of Letters," says that Cocker's writing is far inferior to what we have from the hands of some of our late masters; and there is not that freedom and liveliness in his pencilled knots and flourishes that there is in pieces done by a bold command of hand. Massey, however, wrote in 1763, after the publication of the most remarkable collection of examples of writing probably ever offered to the world, viz. Mr. George Bickham's "Universal Penman, exemplified in all the Useful and Ornamental Branches of Modern Penmanship; the whole embellished with 200 Beautiful Decorations for the Amusement of the Curious." This marks the heyday of the writing masters, and it is about the contributors to this publication that Massey has most to say. Interesting amongst later writing masters is Colonel John Ayres, who rose from poverty to affluence. He began his school at a chair-maker's in St. Paul's Churchyard, and in his most flourishing time (about 1680-1700) his "business" brought him in near £800 per annum. Massey adds, "a fine income for a writing master." At least this shows the importance of the craft as a career for its best exponents. Ayres, too, taught arithmetic.

NOTE.—Names of Copy-Books, with Prices, taken from Robert Clavel's *General Catalogue of Books*, 1675:—

COPY-BOOKS IN QUARTO.

- Gething's Redivivus, price 3s.
- Cocker's England's Penman, 2s. 6d.
- Hodder's Penman's Recreation, 2s.
- Cocker's Art's Glory, 2s.
- Penna Volans, 2s.
- Country Schoolmaster, 1s. 6d.

Cocker's Magnum in Parvo.

———— Multum in Parvo.

The County Copy-Book.

Davis's Writing Schoolmaster, 1s. each.

Billingsly's Pen's Perfection, 9d.

Cocker's Copy-Book with new additions, 9d.

The Young Lawyer's Writing Master.

Cocker's Youth's Directions to write without a Teacher, 6d. each.

FOSTER WATSON.

TWO LIFE SKETCHES.

I.—OUR VILLAGE ARTIST.

I FIRST met him when collecting legends of our village. "You go and see Mat," said an old resident. "If there is anyone can tell you what you want to know, it's Mat."

I called at Mat's home, a snug retreat enough, an almshouse built by the charity of a once famous actor who loved the poor folks. Mat, I was informed by the "lady" who lived immediately opposite, was not at home; he was away at his brother's, an old man with whom he spent much of his time, and who dwelt in a cottage a quarter of a mile away, but well within the village boundaries. Here I found Mat. He opened the door to me himself. "Come in, come in," he said, his voice pitched in a high treble. "I'm the little chap you want to see." The light shone upon the small round face of a man some three feet high.

Small penetrating eyes are Mat's, and at the moment their scrutiny was focussed on me, as though he would read my real mind and purpose. Apparently satisfied, he called in his shrill tone, "Moll."

"Moll" was not long in making his appearance, and meantime Mat explained: "Moll's my eldest brother. He's turned ninety-two, and a very remarkable individual he is. The truth is we're a remarkable family." Here the little man drew himself up till he tiptoed and looked at me challengingly.

"Moll," he said, as his brother stepped into the room, "Moll, we're a remarkable family, eh?"

Moll chuckled, and replied, "You're right there."

I observed a striking contrast between the two brothers. Moll was tall, with a slight stoop, his hair almost gone, and what there was left was quite white; his eyes were blue as the sea about Norfolk on a calm day, and, in spite of his great age, clear and bright. He was wearing a pair of dark blue trousers, and waistcoat to match; his boots were highly polished. "He's ninety-two," said Mat proudly, "and not such a bad boy either. I'm his nurse, his family, and his maid-of-all-work."

"And *he's* turned seventy," chuckled Moll as he looked towards Mat.

"Seventy's no age," responded the dwarf. "Mother lived to be a hundred and four, and was only a girl when she died. That's her likeness," and he pointed to the photograph on the wall in the little parlour. It was that of an aged woman wearing a large cap with broad white strings, and as I bent forward the two old men did so too to peer into the familiar face, a softened expression stealing over their features as they looked.

"Moll is like her," I said.

"Yes, Moll is like her," assented Mat with a harsh note in his high pitched voice, turning away quickly.

And now for the first time I noticed the walls of the parlour ; they were covered with paintings. Many of them were pictures of the village as it had been before the days of the railway, and afforded pretty peeps into shady lanes and into the old woods which at one time were the pride of the place. Here and there was a Kentish lane remarkable for its beauty, and with quaint thatched cottages standing about, and silent pools near by, and ancient windmills.

"It's a pity," I remarked, "that the village is becoming modernised."

"A pity," echoed the little man in his shrill tones, "I should think it is ; it's a thousand pities ! Why, when I painted these pictures," with a gesture of his right hand towards the closely covered walls, "they were true to the life, as everybody knew ; but to-day they only show the past." Then, seeing that I was looking at the painting of a country lane which I recognised as still extant, he said : "Ha ! I call that 'Ruskin's Lane' ; many a time he's been here, when I used to live in this cottage before I became an almshouse pensioner, and he's brought students in to see my work too—he's been a very good friend to me, has Ruskin ; but if you'd like to see more of the pictures he looked upon, come on Friday to my own home and I'll show them to you."

"But what about your brother ?"

"Oh, he'll be a good boy till I come back, won't you, Moll ; you'll keep out of mischief, eh ?"

"Yes, yes, I'll be right enough, with my books."

"He reads all day," explained Mat. "I do all the kitchen work, and clean his boots and keep him tidy."

And so it was left that I should call again at the almshouse, and little Mat would be in to receive me and show me his pictures that Ruskin had looked at and commented upon kindly.

It was a Friday afternoon in the same week that I made my call.

There was no need to knock, the door stood open, and Mat expected me.

What was there different about his appearance since I had seen him a few days previously? At first I was puzzled. Could it be due to the different setting of the antique room, with its diamond-paned windows looking out on to the cloistered walk? I considered, and then it flashed upon me that Mat was dressed in his Sunday best. The soiled white muffler had been exchanged for a white starched collar, and the wide blue trousers—perhaps made from those of his tall brother—had been substituted for the more fashionable stripes, and coat and waistcoat were of dark brown hue. On the third finger of his right hand were displayed several rings; his plentiful short black hair—he has not a white hair in his head—was brushed up straight as though each individual hair stood on end; on his feet a pair of new canvas sand-shoes.

“Come in,” he said, “come in; one should always know when one’s welcome. Come first and look at my bedroom.” He led the way with a dignity of deportment hard to associate with three feet of humanity!

Once again we stood in a picture gallery! The walls were covered with pictures. One of the most conspicuous of all was a large painting of Mat’s mother; a tall, stately woman, with refined features and kindly expression.

“That’s *her*,” said the little man as he nodded at the painting. “The milk cans set down in front of her tell their own tale. That’s how she looked at eighty. At eighty she kept on the milk-round, carrying out the milk-cans herself. She was a good wife and a good mother; I was with her to the last; did everything for her.”

• “But she had daughters?”

“Oh yes, but she liked me about her; she said I was more gentle.” A break in the shrill treble warned me to change the topic of conversation.

“And your father,” I said, “did he live to be old?”

“Not very; he was a blacksmith in the village. I was born in the old white smithy, opposite the burial-ground. Father used to mind the dead.”

“Mind the dead! How mind them?”

“There were body-stealers about then, you see,” answered Mat, “and people who wanted to be sure that their dead would be let alone used to give him a trifle to mind the bodies. He nearly lost one, though. The body-stealers had succeeded in getting the coffin up, when they were surprised by the sound of footsteps down the lane and left their night-work, and the body was saved.”

"Have you a picture of the old burial-ground?"

"No, I had one, but in my bad days I sold it for a shilling or two."

"Your bad days?"

"Yes, my hard days. Why, I've done all sorts of things to get my little living" (this last with a sensitive laugh). "I've run errands, weeded gentlemen's gardens, worked a milk-round and heaps besides."

At this moment I noticed amongst the pictures on the walls that of a spaniel. Mat saw me look, but he was silent.

"Was that your dog?" I asked.

"Read," he said.

Tied round the dog's neck I noticed a tablet with an inscription: "My Master is an artist and teaches painting, the piano, and the violin."

"That was my advertisement," said Mat. "The little dog was mine, his name was Turk, and I painted his portrait and hung it in the window when I lived in the cottage yonder."

"Had you many pupils?"

"Oh yes, but so many of them forgot to pay, and I—well I let them off."

In a corner of the sitting-room under a glass case I saw two fine presentation medals.

"Those were given me for Society of Arts work," he explained. "I received them from the hand of the late Prince Albert. Many's the time he's patted me on the head"—this with great pride.

"And were you any the better for the patting?"

"A good man's notice is always worth having," he replied.

"And which of the pictures here do you value most?" I asked.

He led the way back to the little bedroom, and pointed to a picture hanging over the bed.

"Why, it is needlework!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes," he said simply, "and a good piece of work too; it is nearly a hundred years old. *She* did it; and to me it is priceless!"

"And what do you suppose will be your last piece of work?"

There was silence; the picture seemed waiting his reply.

Half a minute elapsed, then he said in a low, subdued voice strangely unlike his usual tones:—

"My latest work won't be a picture; it'll be to close the eyes of my last brother or sister; 'twas *her* legacy."

"She thought, then, that you would outlive the others?"

"She knew it the hour that I was born," he answered gently.

As I walked homewards a few days afterwards I thought upon Mat, and marvelled at the soul of the artist, imprisoned in the stunted body of the village dwarf, and grieved for the affectionate nature debarred from the companionship of wife and child by what seemed a cruel fate, and, puzzled at this one of Life's many enigmas, I happed on these lines :—

The Lord let the house of a beast to the soul of a man ;
And the man said : " Am I your debtor ? "
And the Lord said : " Not yet ; but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better."

II.—MISS HEADLAM'S LOVE-LETTER.

" OF remarkable love-stories there is no end," said my friend Don, and the tone in which he delivered himself of this commonplace assertion attracted my attention. I knew Don, and was therefore well aware that he never employed that tone unless he had a story to tell. So I observed by way of encouragement :—

" Yet the old theme—love—is always fresh and fascinating."

" Ha ! " he ejaculated, " I understand ; you're trying to get me to talk on that subject."

" Exactly," I answered, and forthwith he plunged into his story.

" I had not seen her for thirty years," he began, " but I knew her again. The meeting came about in this way. My wife's health had been failing for some little time and I saw that the house-work was a bit too much for her. I told her so and suggested a servant, but no, she would not listen to anything of the kind. The upshot was that on reaching home one November afternoon I found the house in darkness and my wife in a fainting fit. That settled the matter, and the next morning I sent in to our local paper office an advertisement for a smart girl of fifteen or so at a wage of half a crown a week. No entreaties moved me, having once made up my mind on the matter, and on the following Saturday morning the advertisement appeared. The day passed without an application, and Monday died down to dusk, when the door bell rang. Just one timid note, as though ashamed to break silence. I answered it, and a little old woman stood before me. I waited.

" ' Could I speak with you ? ' she asked hesitantly.

" ' Certainly ; but I don't seem to know you.' "

" ' No,' she assented. ' I've come about the advertisement.' "

" I invited her into the kitchen. ' You have a daughter,' I began.

" ' Oh no, I've come for myself ; I would serve you as well as a

girl. I'm turned sixty, but am active and experienced. I don't want more than the half-crown you offer.' This last with a slight quaver of tone.

"'But surely you could do better,' I urged ; 'a woman at your time of life——'

"She interrupted : 'You see I'm old and so many like the young ones. I'd be glad to come for half a crown and my food.'

"'But what have you been doing all these years that you are still obliged to work? Is your husband alive?'

"'I'm "*Miss*" Headlam,' she replied slowly with an emphasis on her spinster-hood, and, turning her back on me, she fumbled about for her pocket, and I felt that she was weeping.

"'Well, no matter,' I said, 'I'll ask my wife to speak with you a moment.' I turned to quit the room, and, in turning, something in the woman's attitude compelled me to look at her ; instantly a train of recollections was fired and I recognised her. As I have said, I had not seen her for thirty years. I was a madcap fellow of twenty then, and a junior clerk in a large silk-hat factory in the South-East of London. She was a crown-sewer, and her reticence aroused a deal of curiosity. There was a rumour in the workshops that she was a widow and a 'light of love.' A fellow in the office had a bet on with me that if she were followed for successive times when she left the works at the day's end she'd be found to be 'no good.' In a spirit of contradiction I wagered twenty to one against it, and we both followed her. The first night was dark and raw cold ; a biting east wind was blowing full in our faces, and we half repented our folly in the wager. Now and again the light from the street lamp fell on her figure, and showed the diminutive form, no bigger than that of a child of seven or eight years. She was in rusty black, and wore an old plush jacket. Her hands were gloved, and, mite though she was, she walked with dignity. Once the lamplight fell on her face ; it was wan and white. She hurried on ; the shops and houses were soon left behind and we commenced the ascent of a hill at the top of which was an old church and graveyard. My friend nudged me, and whispered : 'Queer.'

"'Funky?' I asked.

"'What-cher-think?' he replied, and we continued to follow for some minutes. Arrived at the iron gate she tried it ; it was fastened. She crept round the railings to the left, counting them, as we conjectured from the fact that she touched each one. Then, as we watched, she disappeared ! What could it mean? For what seemed to us an hour we lingered about the old building and its

graveyard, hoping to catch sight of the little figure again, but we saw no one.

“‘It’s uncanny,’ said my friend. ‘Let’s get away from this.’

“‘Keep it quiet,’ I suggested. ‘We’ll clear up this mystery before we talk about it.’

“The succeeding night I followed her alone; my companion excused himself, no amount of chaff could induce him to accompany me. She took the same course, but this time I was more watchful as she reached the railings. I was closer, but she evidently had no suspicion that she was followed. This time I noticed a gap; a rail was missing. Edging sideways I got through, and was in the precincts of the graveyard. The night was bleak but scarcely as dark as its predecessor. I peered into the darkness; I could see nothing but tombstones. Once I made for a prominent shrub, but soon discovered my mistake. Were there other gaps in the railings, and did she use the graveyard as a short-cut, I asked myself? I walked around, now on the narrow path, now unavoidably stumbling over mounds.

“I was at the rear of the church and had decided to retrace my steps and return home, leaving it for a third night to bring me better luck, when I heard a sigh. I stood motionless, looking hard in the direction whence, as it seemed to me, the sigh had proceeded. I could distinguish nothing. Twenty minutes must have elapsed. It began to rain. I proceeded towards the gate convinced that I had been mistaken, but no, immediately in front of me was the small figure, moving rapidly. Had she noticed me? A moment’s reflection served to assure me that I was unobserved; for, I argued, had she seen me, she would certainly have hidden until I had passed. That she had crossed on to the path from one of the graves near by I had no doubt, otherwise I should have spied her sooner. On the morrow I would be before her, and, favoured by the darkness, conceal myself near the spot where I had first caught sight of her. I was prepared to invent an excuse for my friend’s absence should he not do so himself. I need have had no doubts on this score; we had hardly met next day when he blurted out:—

“‘Can’t come with yer to-night, old man; I’ve promised to be home early. Awfully sorry, but it can’t be ’elped, cher know.’

“The day wore slowly to evening; I was impatient to play tec. Snow was falling sulkily, and the sky was luminous and heavy. Would she take her strange walk to-night? I asked myself. Then I caught sight of her and knew that the answer was in the affirmative. There was no time to spare, so, selecting some short cuts to avoid

and outstrip her, I was speedily edging through the gap, and making for the spot where I had come on her the previous night. Peering about me cautiously I made out that to the right of me were several upright headstones, while to the left they were levelled flat. To the right I turned, and walking back some hundred yards from the path I crouched behind a large tomb. From this hiding-place I looked searchingly before me. I was soon to discover her. I could distinguish that her back was towards me, and she stood motionless. The snow was falling fast now, but I was intent on discovery to-night and remained in position. She was speaking, I distinctly heard her, but what words she used I could not distinguish. A long time elapsed, quite half an hour as I subsequently reckoned, although to me it seemed two hours or more, before crossing to the path she made for the gap. Sure that I was alone, I rose and strode towards the stone before which she had stood so long. I struck a match and read, 'Sacred to the memory of John Smith. Born 18th —, at New York, and died on his birthday anniversary at the early age of twenty-five.'

Write me, I pray thee, then,
As one that loved his fellow-men.'

Nothing else, but I saw that the stone was not a new one, and striking a second match I read again the date of birth, and, adding to it the twenty-five years, knew that ten years had passed since John Smith deceased. I was more puzzled than ever. Her name was 'Headlam'; who was 'John Smith'? I was not to discover even a partial answer to that question for over thirty years. The succeeding night, and for many nights after, I was in bed with inflammation of the lungs, having taken a chill in the graveyard. A change of air followed my convalescence and the subsequent reconstruction of the firm in whose employment I then was led to my dismissal and a long search for a new crib.

"The discovery came about in this way. Headlam had worked for us for almost a year, and during all that time she had worn a shabby brown dress, but one morning she surprised us by appearing in a black gown and jacket. Very rusty they both were, but neatly mended and brushed. My wife spoke sympathetically: 'I fear you've lost a relative, Headlam?'

"'No, not a relative,' she said; 'but one who loved his fellow-men.'

"'An old friend, then?' said my wife.

"'Yes, a friend of many years. He died forty-one years ago to-day and I always keep his anniversary in black.'

“ ‘Why, you were quite a girl when you lost him,’ continued my wife. ‘Were you engaged to him?’ ”

“ ‘I was twenty and he was twenty-five. I never had no other sweetheart,’ she answered in a broken voice.

“ ‘Don’t upset yourself,’ urged my wife. ‘You must have loved him very dearly to cherish his memory so deeply. Tell me about him’—thinking that a talk with a sympathetic listener might relieve the mourner’s overcharged feelings.

“ ‘It’s little I know,’ she replied slowly, wiping away her tears. ‘I’ll tell you what the stone tells,’ and she quoted word for word the inscription.

“ ‘Have you any of his letters?’ asked my wife.

“ ‘I don’t know as he ever wrote none.’ ”

“ ‘Of what did he die?’ ”

“ ‘The stone don’t say.’ ”

“ ‘No; but probably you know.’ ”

“ ‘How should I?’ ”

“ ‘But surely, if you were engaged to him——’ answered my wife.

“ ‘Well, you see, ’twas like this; he was my sweetheart from the moment I see his grave, and in my mind John Smith was a faithful lover. I hev told him my troubles times and times. For fifteen years I went to his grave when the day’s work was done and never missed; then the graveyard was closed and none could get in; but I’ve never forgot him nor the words on his stone. They make the only love-letter I know.’ ”

“ ‘Then you mean to say that you never saw this young man?’ ”

“ ‘No, I never saw him, as you say, though I’ve his likeness plain enough in my mind; but why do you call him young?’ ”

“ ‘You said he died young.’ ”

“ ‘Yes, but we’re both old folks now; it’s forty years ago. Soon we’ll be together.’ The old voice was husky and a stifled sob from the large heart shook the small frame.

“ My wife murmured softly as her own tears fell: ‘Whom not having seen we love.’ ”

“ But I say,” added the narrator, “it looked as though after forty years the wager was mine, didn’t it? But it don’t always pay to think no evil.”

JAMES CASSIDY.

SOME SHAKESPEAREAN NAMES.

THE origin of many of the names in the Shakespearean plays is obvious enough. In the historical and classical dramas the names and characters are of course mostly borrowed from the pages of the chroniclers, or from the poetic tales and legends of antiquity. Several of the other plays are founded on Italian novels of the Middle Ages, and some of the characters bear designations drawn, with slight change, from these sources of the plays. The Montagues and the Capulets of "*Romeo and Juliet*," for instance, represent the Montecchi and the Capelletti of Italian mediæval tradition. The plot of "*Othello*" is founded to some extent on a story by an early Italian novelist named Cinthio; in this story a "virtuous lady of marvellous beauty, named Disdemona (*i.e.* 'the hapless one')," figures, and thence came the name of Shakespeare's heroine.

Many names explain themselves. Ariel is the very spirit of the air; the impish Puck represents the "Pouk" which, long before Shakespeare wrote, was a common name for an evil spirit or for the devil. "Pouk" appears in "*Piers Plowman*"; and Spenser, in his "*Epithalamion*," wrote:—

Ne let the Pouke, nor other evil sprights,
Ne let mischievous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we see not,
Fray us with things that be not.

Falstaff's follower, Nym—an expert in the art of "conveyance"—is evidently named from the old word "nim," to steal. "As I led him to his Chamber," says Manasses, in John Day's "*Ile of Guls*," 1606, "I nimde his Chayne and drew his Purse, and next morning perswaded him he lost it in the great Chamber at the Revels."

Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Dull the Constable, and others need no interpreter. Shakespeare was fond of poking fun at the old parish constables or watchmen. Dull was an early sketch for the more finished picture of Dogberry and Verges. The latter name is a dialectal version of the word "verjuice," and curiously

enough occurs in an ancient manuscript, now in the Ashmolean Museum, as the name of a usurer, whose epitaph is given as,

Here lies Father Varges,
Who died to save charges.

But whether Shakespeare knew of this penurious Varges or not, it is impossible to say. Dogberry is the vulgar name of the "dogwood," and has been found in use as a surname so far back as the time of Richard II. Since the production of "*Much Ado About Nothing*" it has become proverbially identified with all over-zealous and under-witted constables. "Dogberry," however, is a purely literary name for a constable. Popular names for the police are not usually of literary origin. Like other nicknames they are very abundant, and are derived from a curious variety of sources. The latest invention of the kind cropped up some months ago in one of the metropolitan police-courts. An old woman giving evidence alluded familiarly to the "swede-eaters." The puzzled magistrate asked for an explanation. The witness, surprised at the magisterial ignorance, replied that "swede-eaters" meant constables. "And why are they called that?" pursued the inquiring "beak." "Because they are such fine country chaps" was the sufficient answer.

Another Shakespearean name, that of Caliban, which by long familiarity seems so wonderfully appropriate to the strange half-man, half-monster of the "*Tempest*," remains a mystery. It has been suggested that "Caliban" may be a variant of "cannibal"; but this is pure guesswork. Schlegel says: "In the zephyr-like Ariel the image of air is not to be mistaken, his name even bears an allusion to it; as, on the other hand, Caliban signifies the heavy element of earth;" but the critic makes no suggestion as to the origin of the name. No reasonable explanation of the strange but most fitting appellation can be offered. Holofernes, the pedantic schoolmaster in "*Love's Labour's Lost*," was probably christened after the Rabelaisian Tubal Holofernes, who, in the course of five years and three months, managed to teach the youthful Gargantua to say his A B C backward. Some writers have thought that in the person of the schoolmaster, Shakespeare meant to ridicule the character of the dictionary-maker John Florio, because Holofernes, by a little twisting, can be represented as an anagram of J'hnes Floreo; but there seems to be little or no foundation for this story. The intention in the portrait of this absurd wielder of the ferrule is evidently to ridicule the absurdities and affectations of the euphuistic school of writers, of whom John Lyly was the chief.

Some Shakespearean names have given rise to considerable discussion. Falstaff is an instance. It has been attempted to identify him with Sir John Fastolfe, an historical personage who fought in the wars with France. Shakespeare introduces him in "Henry VI." and represents him as running away from a fight with the French under Joan of Arc; but there seems to be little historical foundation for this. The real Fastolfe fought with distinction at Agincourt, and also played a conspicuous part at various sieges of French castles and towns. For four years he acted as Governor of Normandy, and when he returned home received honours and rewards. There is really nothing in such a character and career as this to serve as model or original for the jolly, toying, cowardly braggart renowned as Sir John Falstaff. Yet more than one old writer seems to have thought that it was Shakespeare's intention to vilify the real Sir John Fastolfe in his portrait of the debauched Falstaff. Fuller, in his "Worthies of England," warmly defends Fastolfe's character, and regrets the poet's supposed attack upon him. "Nor is our comedian excusable," he says, "by some alteration of his name . . . few do heed the inconsiderable difference in spelling of their name." And again, the same writer says of Fastolfe: "To avouch him by many arguments valiant is to maintain that the sun is bright, though the stage hath been overbold with his memory, making him a thrasonical puff, and emblem of mock valour." When the real Sir John Fastolfe died he left certain estates to Magdalen College, Oxford, and part of their proceeds was to be devoted to the purchase of liveries for some of the senior scholars. In time, however, the benefactions yielded no more than a penny a week to the scholars who received the liveries, and, says Warton, were called by way of contempt "Falstaff's buckram-men."

It has been suggested, with some plausibility, that by the name Falstaff, Shakespeare simply meant punningly to indicate that the fat knight was a "false staff," a broken reed not to be depended upon. This would be in accordance with the poet's practice in some other cases—a practice which was very common in the plays of that day—of indicating character by name. Dull, the constable, and Nym, already mentioned, with Ancient Pistol, Justices Shallow, Slender, and Silence, Simple (Slender's servant), Proteus in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Starveling, the tailor, Sir Oliver Martext, the parson in "As You Like It," and others who might be named, are all examples of this rather cheap device for indicating character or profession. One curious point in connection with the name of Falstaff deserves to be mentioned. It will be remembered how eloquent Sir John was upon

the virtues of wine, and especially of that excellent "sherris" which produced valour—so "that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack." Strangely enough, Mr. FitzPatrick, the biographer of Charles Lever, discovered some years ago that another historical Sir John Fastolf¹ was appointed Wine Butler for Ireland in the reign of Henry IV. ; and, in addition to holding that singularly appropriate office, was later in his career the "hero of various battles, not to speak of some retreats."

Sir John's belief in the inspiring power of his favourite drink reminds one of a curious anecdote which is told of Sir Thomas More. That grave Chancellor was at one time ambassador to the Emperor of Germany from King Henry VIII. On the morning that he was to have his first audience, Sir Thomas called for a good large glass of sack. This was brought and drunk, and the servant was ordered to bring another. The attendant would have dissuaded him, but the ambassador persisted in drinking a second and a third glass. He asked for a fourth, but, yielding to persuasion, let it alone. Sir Thomas went to his audience, but on his return called for his servant and, threatening him with his cane, said: "You rogue! what mischief have you done me? I spoke so well to the Emperor on the inspiration of those three glasses that I drank, that he told me I was fit to govern three parts of the world. Now, you dog, if I had drunk the fourth glass, I had been fit to govern *all* the world!"

Another Shakespearean name of much interest is Shylock; but nothing positive can be said as to its origin. The name, or one very similar, was familiar in Shakespeare's time, for among the Pepysian ballads is one with the title "Calebbe Shillocke, his Prophecie: or the Jewes Prediction," which, from internal evidence, must have belonged to the year 1607. A prose pamphlet with a very similar title was in circulation much about the same time; but it cannot be stated with certainty whether play or pamphlet was printed first. Whence "Shylock" or "Shillocke" was really derived must now remain a mystery. The name of Jessica, Shylock's daughter, is appropriately of Hebrew origin—the word Jiscah meaning a spy or looker-out. It may not be altogether fanciful, perhaps, to see some connection between this meaning of the name and Shylock's warning to his daughter not to clamber up to the casement—"Nor thrust your head into the public street"—when the sound of the drum and the squealing of the wry-necked fife should announce the passage of the masquers.

In "Hamlet," the names of the prince and his mother, Queen

¹ See "The Original of Sir John Falstaff," *Gentleman's Magazine*, May 1887.

Gertrude, are obviously taken from the Amleth and Gerutha of the "Danish History" of Saxo Grammaticus, whence, with many changes and variations, Shakespeare drew the plot of his play. The name of Ophelia, the beautiful and hapless daughter of Polonius, is rather puzzling. It is an exact transliteration of a Greek word meaning utility or profit, benefit or emolument—words which certainly have no suggestiveness as regards Ophelia's character. Only one previous use of the name in literature is known. It was recently pointed out that in an early Italian pastoral story by Sannazaro, one of the herd-folk is named Ofelia; but no possible connection between this use of the name for a male shepherd, and its application to the daughter of Polonius, can be imagined. Whether Shakespeare borrowed the name from Sannazaro, or whether he invented it, and, if the latter, what prompted or suggested its invention, are questions which cannot now be answered. The name of another of the poet's sweet, womanly creations is more easily explained. "Miranda" in Latin or Italian means wonderful, and is an appropriate name for the daughter of Prospero, the lady whom Ferdinand ecstatically addresses as

Admired Miranda !
Indeed the top of admiration ! worth
What's dearest to the world !

One name—that of Antonio—Shakespeare seems to have been particularly fond of, for it appears in no fewer than five of his plays. There is an Antonio in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," in the "Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado about Nothing," "Twelfth Night" and the "Tempest." Some years ago, Mr. S. L. Lee, the present editor of that great undertaking, the "Dictionary of National Biography," offered an explanation of the frequent use of this name, which seems very plausible. He pointed out that Don Antonio was the name of a fugitive pretender to the crown of Portugal, who arrived in England about the time of the Armada, and was received with great enthusiasm by the English people. It would have been quite natural for Shakespeare to borrow the name of a man who, for a time, was so popular; and Mr. Lee further pointed out that the Antonios of the three plays, which were probably written before the pretender's popularity had waned, "are all marked by the magnanimity which was generally ascribed to him by Englishmen of the time." It is at least a curious coincidence that Antonio should have been so frequently used as a stage-name, not only in the plays of Shakespeare, but in those of contemporary dramatists, just after the appearance of the popular Don Antonio in England.

Three more names, of miscellaneous origin, may close, without by any means exhausting the subject, this discursive study of Shakespearean nomenclature. "Lear" is taken direct from an old Celtic legend, of which several versions are in existence. In these the name is generally spelt either "Leir" or "Leyre." The story is found in many of the old Chronicles, and Spenser narrates it in the second book (tenth canto) of the "Faery Queen." "Rosalind," in "As You Like It," is borrowed from the Rosalynd of a story by Thomas Lodge, from which Shakespeare derived the plot of his beautiful woodland play. Autolycus, the "snapper up of unconsidered trifles," is a descendant of him of the same name who was grandfather to Ulysses. Homer describes him in the "Odyssey" as follows, as rendered by Chapman—

Autolycus, who th' art
Of theft and swearing (not out of the heart,
But by equivocation) first adorn'd
Your witty man withal, and was suborn'd
By Jove's descend'nt, ingenious Mercury.

The relationship between this Autolycus and the worthy of the "Winter's Tale," who described himself as "littered under Mercury," is unmistakable.

G. L. APPERSON.

GOBLETS AND DRINKING-CUPS.

AMONG the scanty personal possessions of our ancestors in early times the drinking-cup was one of the most highly prized. The banquet ranked in importance with war and the chase, and a wealth of associations has gathered round the vessels used at these feasts, which helped to while away the more or less monotonous hours when the hunt was up or the foray ended. Later on the decoration of goblet and mazer employed the devoted skill of artists and sculptors, and the most splendid specimens of the gold and silversmiths' art are in the form of one or other of these utensils. In some instances legend and romance have stepped in to heighten the value of a cup, of perhaps little intrinsic worth. Who has not heard of the Luck of Edenhall, the small painted glass with whose fate the fortunes of the Musgrave family are bound up? The fairy folk who, as the story goes, were disporting themselves on a day around the margin of St. Cuthbert's Well, were surprised by one of the Musgraves, and were forced to abandon the goblet, though not before Oberon their King had uttered a parting warning in the words :

Remember and your luck shall be,
While shines the sun and flows the sea,
But broken once that magic glass,
The star of Eden Hall shall set.

This precious relic has always been carefully guarded, and no small consternation, it is said, was caused on a certain occasion in the last century when a guest—the dissipated Duke of Wharton, according to some—let it fall, though the nimble fingers of the butler, who caught it in a napkin, prevented a catastrophe. The legend has often been told in verse, and is commemorated in Uhland's Ballad.

Another Cumberland tradition attaches to the so-called "Luck of Muncaster." This bowl, of greenish glass, only two and a quarter inches in height, is said to have been given to Sir John Pennington by King Henry VI. after the battle of Hexham. Sir John was a faithful adherent of the House of Lancaster during the Wars of the Roses, and the King on leaving the hospitable shelter of his castle is

traditionally supposed to have put the glass into his hands with the words, "Your family shall prosper so long as they preserve this glass unbroken." The subject, worked up into a metrical story of different character, is preserved in Roby's "Traditions of Lancashire." There the King is made to speak of the cup as a hallowed thing

Which holy men have blessed.
In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre,
This crystal once did rest,
And many a martyr and many a saint
Around its brim have sate.

In troublous times this treasure was frequently buried, and its appearances in public have been rare, though it is said that all the members of the Pennington family have been christened from it. An agate cup, called the "Luck of Workington Hall," was presented, we are told, to Sir Henry Curwen by Mary Queen of Scots, who landed near here, where the river Derwent falls into the sea, after her escape from Loch Leven and the disastrous battle of Langside. The cup was given to her host on the morning of her departure for Cockermouth, 'where she remayned untill the Deputie of Carlisle had assembled the whole number of the gentlemen of the county to conduct her as honourably as the manner of the country would yield to the castle of Carlisle.' The same luckless Queen bestowed a curious cup of Nuremberg work on Perth Cathedral. At the dawn of English poetry we read in "Beowulf" of "the solid cup, the costly drinking vessel," as forming one of the treasures in the ancient barrow guarded by the monster Grendel. Cups were often buried with their owners, and have been found in Anglo-Saxon tombs. The skull of a fallen foe was sometimes used in barbaric fashion as a cup, but a more common material was horn. Even before the Roman Conquest some art was expended on the drinking-vessels, for Julius Cæsar mentions the great spreading horns set in silver which he appears to have seen. The celebrated horn of Ulphus preserved in York Cathedral is made of an elephant's tusk encircled about the mouth by a belt of carving representing griffins, a unicorn, a lion devouring a doe, and dogs wearing collars. It would appear to date from a period shortly before the Norman Conquest, and was laid on the high altar—after a parting draught perhaps—by Ulph, the son of Thorald, the lord of a great part of Eastern Yorkshire, in token that he bestowed certain lands on the Church of St. Peter. Some have it that the reason of this decision was that his sons quarrelled as to the succession to his estates. However this may have been, this valuable relic disappeared during the Civil War, but came into the hands of the Fairfax family, one of whom restored it

to the Church, though the golden ornaments had been removed. A Mercian king gave a drinking-horn to the Abbey of Croyland, "that the elder Monks may drink from it on feast days, and remember the soul of the donor." Horn was doubtless so often employed as a material for drinking-vessels as being unbreakable, but with respect to those fashioned from the horn of the narwhal or sea-unicorn, an additional advantage was their supposed efficacy in detecting poison. According to popular superstition, horn was thought "to sweat at the approach of poison." Several existing horns besides that at York Cathedral have interesting associations connected with them. The wassail horn of the 14th century belonging to Queen's College, Oxford, now used as a loving-cup, consists of buffalo horn, and is said to have been presented to the college by Queen Philippa, the wife of Edward III., whose chaplain, Robert de Eglesfield, was the founder of the college. The Cawdor horn, again, is supposed to have been the first drinking-vessel used by Henry, earl of Richmond, after landing in England in 1485, and was presented him by David ap Evan. Cornage is one of the most ancient of land tenures, and the Pusey family held its estates by virtue of the horn, which was the gift of King Canute. This material, in addition to its other virtues, was supposed to be a touchstone of fidelity. Thus Morgan La Faye sent King Arthur a drinking-horn from which no lady could drink who was not faithful to her husband, and no knight who was not true to his liege lord. Ariosto's enchanted cup possessed a similar spell. A curious ordinance of the time of King Edgar enacts that pegs should be fastened in the drinking-horns at intervals, and that whosoever drank beyond these marks at one draught should be liable to punishment. We also hear of the same King, under the direction of Dunstan, putting down many alehouses. One of these peg-tankards, which usually contained about two quarts—divided into eight draughts by means of the pegs—was found in the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, and is made of oak. The sculptor has chosen the sacred subject of the Crucifixion for its decoration, while round the sides are the figures of the Apostles. One of the earliest specimens of the art of the worker in precious metals is the cup traditionally said to have been given to the Borough of Lynn by King John. But, like the sword which was bestowed at the same time, the vessel is of later date, its panels containing figures in costumes of the 14th century. The Goldsmiths' Company of London was incorporated in the year 1327, so that this delicately enamelled cup, on which no small degree of taste has been expended, may date from about that time. The mazer was a form of drinking-

bowl very common in the Middle Ages. It is said to derive its name from "mazarn," the Celtic equivalent for "maple," the wood of which was then largely employed for drinking-vessels. One of the earliest examples is preserved in the Hospital of Harbledown, near Canterbury, Chaucer's

little toun
Which that ycleped is Bob-up-and-down.

Here, it will be remembered, the last story of the "Pilgrimage," in the form of a sermon, was told. This maple bowl, which dates from the time of Edward I., stands on a low foot, and measures about eight inches in diameter at the upper edge. The rim and base are mounted in silver-gilt. At the bottom of the bowl is a silver-gilt medallion representing the equestrian figure of Guy of Warwick piercing a prostrate dragon with his lance, whilst a lion is making ready to attack him. It has been the custom to use this vessel at the annual feast of St. Nicholas, when the brethren and sisters of the hospital assembled in honour of their patron saint. A mazer such as the above is referred to by the poet Spenser :

Then lo, Perigot, the Pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the Maple ware,
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight
Of Beres and Tygres that make fiers warre.

The same vessel was called in France "madre," which term, we are informed by Cotgrave, is used of wood whose grain is full of crooked and speckled streaks or veins. In the reign of Edward III. the Manor of Bilsington Inferior was held by the service of presenting three maple cups at the King's coronation. A mazer of the time of Richard II. bears the legend :

In the name of the Trinitie,
Fille the kup and drink to me.

The Valence Marie Cup, perhaps dating from the closing years of the 14th century, in the possession of Pembroke College, Cambridge, was probably once a mazer, which has been transformed in the process of time, its mottled and veined maple-wood being replaced by a metal bowl which was made to fit the original Gothic rim. It derives its name from Marie de Valence—the mother of Aylmer de Valence—the foundress of the college. It was formerly the custom for Kings and men of eminence to quaff their liquor from goblets of great price. Thus King John of France while a captive in England paid to one John Corbière, goldsmith, of London, 309 *moutons d'or*

for a goblet weighing nearly six marks, from which he drank till the English King, as a mark of polite attention, sent him his own for a present. A few years later, we gather from the inventory of the possessions of the Duke of Anjou that that prince owned thirty-nine gold and silver drinking-vessels, while Charles V. of France had an even larger number, including one of jasper. Pope Clement gave the unfortunate Charles VI. a pot-bellied goblet in rock crystal—a very favourite material for these vessels—with gold mounts. The large covered cups—which sometimes stood on the table—in which the wine was received from the butler's hand after it had been duly assayed, were called "hanaps," from which the "hamper" is supposed to be derived. The word is still equivalent of that of "Gobelet," in Picardy, and is frequently to be met with in mediæval chronicles and stories, as well as in the carefully compiled inventories of those days. William Lord Latimer's will, of the year 1381, makes special mention of "le grant hanaper d'argent endoere appelle Seint George." The word was in common use in the 13th century, for a statute of that period, speaking of the security for good conduct to be given by tavern keepers, enacts that an offender should be bound over by "soen hanap de la taverne ou par autre bon gage!" Cups were frequently given names, and were counted among the most precious effects of a testator. A King of Anglo-Saxon times bequeaths his gilt cup, engraved without with vine-dressers fighting dragons, which he called his cross-bowl, because of a cross marked within it. Edmund de Mortimer, earl of March, possesses a gold cup, with an acorn, to which he gives the name of "Benessonne," and yet another called "Wassail." Another nobleman leaves his wife by will her own cup, called "Bealchier." In the first half of the 15th century a prior of Durham calls one of his cups after the revered name of Bede, whilst styling another "Abell." The fear of poison was always a present one to our forefathers even in England, and to a much greater extent in countries like Italy, where intrigue found a more congenial soil. Many devices to avoid its effects were contrived. Various kinds of precious stones were deemed to possess the virtue of discovering its presence, on account of which they were frequently employed in the decoration of drinking-vessels. Certain crystals were said to become clouded, and the blue of turquoises to become of paler hue. Few gems, indeed, were invested by mediæval credulity with more wonderful properties than the turquoise. It strengthened the eyes and cheered the soul of the wearer, and exercised a protective influence against falls. It grew pale not only at the presence of poison, but with the sickness of its owner. It lost its colour entirely on his death, but recovered its

usual hue if placed on the finger of a new and healthy owner. The "poison cup" of Clare College, Cambridge, has a crystal mounted in the centre of the lid. A sapphire surmounted the cover of a cup belonging to the Queen of Philip the Fair of France. The amethyst, on the strength of its Greek signification, was invested with the virtue of acting as an antidote to the effects of wine. In Petrarch's "Phisicke against Fortune" we have a dialogue of "cuppes made of precious stones," and "Joy," one of the speakers, says, "I am desyrous to drynke in cuppes of precious stone," to which ambitious request the other character, "Reason," responds, "Perhaps there is some other cause of so fervent a desire : for it is not the glistering only that allureth thee, but some hidden virtue, for who is able to declare all the operations and virtues of precious stones?" He goes on to tell us that some believed that by virtue of the amethyst promising them sobriety, "they might boldly quaffe without fear of drunkennesse." Pliny expresses himself sceptical as to the magical gifts of the amethyst, which was thought to be serviceable to persons having petitions to make to princes—as well as an aid in warding off hailstorms and flights of locusts. A carved amethyst cup, shaped as a shell, figured among the former treasures of the French crown. Queen Elizabeth's silver-gilt cup has its cover, sides, and knobs covered with amethysts and small turquoises. Rock crystal was extensively used by the Romans under the Empire for drinking-cups, which substance, equally with the murrhina, came under the lash of the satirists. Lucius Verus, indeed, possessed a crystal bowl—called "Volucer," after a favourite racehorse—which was too large for any man to drain at a draught. At his famous dinner the guests carried off as presents the murrhine and Alexandrine crystal cups they had drank from. Every variety of shape was given to drinking-vessels, especially during the period of the Renaissance, when exuberant fancy was so rife. Early Elizabethan cups are found fashioned as gourds or melons, the feet representing their twisted stems and tendrils. Cocks and peahens even were impressed into the service. Many city companies and Oxford colleges possess cups made of cocoa-nut. At Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, is a very ancient ostrich egg, in which it is supposed the Host was wont to be carried about. This cup became broken in the middle of the sixteenth century, and is said to have been renewed later on at the expense of Richard Fletcher, Bishop of Bristol, and afterwards of London. This prelate seems to have been fond of a pipe of tobacco, and Camden, who had no love for the new-fangled notion of smoking, attributes his death to this habit. His son, the dramatist, was destined to render the name famous.

One of the most famous specimens of ivory standing cups is that long preserved at Corby Castle, bearing the initials T. B. and a mitre, which has led to the supposition of its having belonged to the great Thomas à Becket. Though probably of later date, it has an interesting history, having been given by Sir Edward Howard, Lord High Admiral (who died fighting the French off the coast of Brest), to Queen Katherine of Aragon. Afterwards this relic reverted to the Earl of Arundel. A gilt goblet, made like a lamp, figured in the trousseau of Mary of Burgundy, Countess of Cleves, in 1415, while the Duke of Burgundy possessed one in the shape of a candlestick. During the sixteenth century guilds of goldsmiths flourished in several cities of Germany, notably Augsburg and Nuremberg. One of the most remarkable pieces of plate at the South Kensington Museum is a covered gilt cup made after the shape of one of the towers of Nuremberg. The supports are little fortified works. Round the base and waist of the cup run galleries fortified by sentry turrets and larger towers, and the cover is a representation, actual or conventional, of the citadel. In commemoration of the union of the Barbers with the Surgeons, a splendid silver-gilt grace-cup and cover was presented to the company by Henry VIII. in the year 1540. This cup, which weighs rather over 26 oz., is elaborately chased, and enriched with the badges of the Tudor Rose, the Portcullis, and the Fleur-de-Lys. The cover is surmounted with the crown, under which appear the arms of France and England quarterly. Four bells hang from the cup, "which every man," notes Mr. Pepys in his "Diary," "is to ring by shaking, after he hath drunk up the whole cup." This vessel has seen many changes of fortune, but though pawned and sold, has always reverted ultimately to its original donees. The Barber-Surgeons also possess the celebrated Royal Oak Cup, given them by King Charles II. in commemoration of his escape at Boscobel. The bowl of this handsome parcel-gilt goblet is surrounded with oak-leaves, branches, wreaths of flowers, scallop-shells, and acorns, which serve as bells. The term "parcel"—*i.e.* partially gilt—reminds us of Falstaff and the goblet of the Boar's Head Tavern. "Thou didst swear to me," says Mistress Quickly, "upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire . . . as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife." Washington Irving on visiting Eastcheap in 1818, misled by true antiquarian zeal, supposed he had discovered this identical vessel when shown a sacramental cup belonging to St. Michael's Church, but then at the Masons' Arms. Shakespeare's cup, carved from his mulberry-

tree, and standing on a silver base, with a cover surmounted by a branch of mulberry-leaves and fruit in silver-gilt, was presented to Garrick on the occasion of the jubilee at Stratford-on-Avon. It was sold in the present century, and is said to have been the first article which came under the hammer of Mr. Christie. It realised, we are told, 121 guineas. Cups which required a certain dexterity in drinking from, or contained some trap for the unwary, were very common in former times. Wager cups—a specimen of which is possessed by the Vintners' Company—were made in England, as well as on the Continent, in the form of a woman holding a smaller cup over her head, with upstretched arms. Surprise goblets were common in France in the 16th and 17th centuries. The *gobelet-a-moulin* had a little whistle attached to it, which when blown set in motion the sails of the mill, and the cup was to be emptied ere they ceased working. Puzzle-jugs made of earthenware had usually many spouts, from most of which it was difficult to drink owing to perforations in the neck. One of Delft ware, dating from the year 1770, has a motto in the words :

Within this cup there is good liquor,
Fit for Parson or for Vicar,
But how to drink and not to spill,
Will tax the utmost of your skill.

The grotesque, which is so frequently to be met with in mediæval art, is largely represented in drinking-vessels. An example of this is to be seen in the Bellarmine, a greybeard, with its rotund body, narrow neck, and Silenus-like mask in front. It was made of greyish coloured stoneware, covered with a mottled brown glaze, and is supposed to derive its name from some fancied resemblance to the features of the Jesuit Robert Bellarmine, who died in 1621. The earliest notices of stoneware jugs occur in the first half of the 16th century. They were common enough for some years, eventually going out of fashion for a time. These jugs were probably imported from Cologne, and were often enriched with silver covers and neck-mounts. A small specimen of this kind of ware, dating from the year 1560, realised a few years ago the sum of £71 8s. Tankards came into use somewhat later than stoneware jugs. The men who fetched water from the conduits in London were called tankard-bearers, and smaller vessels with a lid were given this name, the derivation of which is uncertain. Specimens of the seventeenth century are tall and often ornamented, the poison cup of Clare College, previously mentioned, being of glass enclosed in silver filigree. Later on these vessels

became plainer in character. In France one of the first notices of earthenware cups is contained in the inventory of the effects of Mlle. Desmares, the celebrated actress, in 1746, who was the possessor of six Japanese goblets with handles. About this period the custom of drinking milk grew up, and the numerous *laiteries*, *bergeries*, and so forth, in which the affected simplicity of the age delighted, gave evidence of changes in taste which were destined to influence the art of the worker in precious metals. In England the pottery designs of Josiah Wedgwood were not without influence on gold and silver work, and a classical direction was given to most artistic productions of the period by the discovery of Pompeii. A considerable influence was also produced by the mania for Chinese porcelain, which grew up in the reign of William III., and was so prevalent in that of Anne, when Chinese cups and vases, to say nothing of monstrous figures of dragons and the like, were to be seen upon every shelf. The silver cups of this period were massive, though very simple in taste, and possessed two handles, while later on, in the shape of urns (under the influence of the Adam school), the old richness of design and elaborateness of detail became a memory of the past, partially, however, to be revived in our own day.

A few words in conclusion as to the leathern vessels so frequently alluded to in old authors. Such was the black-jack, so called "because it resembled a jack, or coat of mail or leather." We do not hear of the existence of this vessel earlier than the sixteenth century. The bombard was nearly akin to it, but of larger size. The name is supposed to be derived from the huge piece of ordnance so called. In the "Taming of the Shrew," Grumio says to Curtis: "Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without;" and again, in the "First Part of Henry IV.," Prince Hal describes Falstaff as "that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack." Heywood the dramatist says: "Small jacks wee have in many alehouses of the citie and suburbs tipt with silver, besides the great black-jacks and bombards at the Court, which, when the Frenchmen first saw, they reported at their returne into their country that the Englishmen used to drink out of their boots." Bishop Hall, in his "Satires," speaks of "charging whole boots' full to their friends' welfare," and actual boots have sometimes been employed as goblets. Marshal de Bassompierre, who was on an embassy to Switzerland in 1625, is said to have drunk his friends' health, before retiring, in one of his military boots—finding the ordinary vessels too small for the purpose. As is well known, it was once no exceptional thing to toast a lady from her shoe. Occasionally the silver rim of the black-jack was

gilt, and at times decorated with little bells, and it was deemed a good test of sobriety to drink from such a jingle-box without producing a tinkling. The Jeroboam, on the other hand, was generally wrought of metal. The Corporation of Ludlow formerly possessed a two-handled silver vessel, so called, which was used as a grace or loving cup at the bailiffs' feasts. These vessels were replaced to a great extent by earthenware, from the days when John Dwight established his famous pottery works at Fulham, in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Drinking-cups thus serve to illustrate the history of manners and customs, whether in the shape of precious relics, like that of Eden Hall, or in that of the homely "old brown jug," such as was never far from the lips of John Willet, of the Maypole Inn, or as forms such an appropriate appendage to the inimitable rustics in "Far from the Madding Crowd."

PELHAM GORDON.

THE FATAL DOWRY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

IN 1703 Rowe produced his "Fair Penitent," which is, in essence, a colossal theft (of course without acknowledgment) from the "Fatal Dowry." When Johnson criticised and praised what he took to be Rowe's piece, he did not evidently know the "Fatal Dowry," and was not acquainted with the greater Massinger. Rowe never acknowledged his obligations to Massinger's far nobler work. When the audiences of the time applauded Rowe's piece, they did not know that they were really admiring the "Fatal Dowry," seen through an inferior adaptation. Garrick made, however, one of his great successes in "Lothario." A suggestion from and of Massinger's "Guardian" will be found in Farquhar's "Inconstant."

It is said that Massinger was assisted in writing the "Fatal Dowry" by Field, who co-operated most distinctly in a portion of the second act and in the first scene in the fourth act. In reading the work in Gifford's edition the writing seems to be wholly that of Massinger. It is hard, if not impossible, to detect another hand. In any attempt that we may have to make in the way of comparing and balancing the Shakespearean and the present currencies, or values of money, we must bear in mind Mr. Halliwell-Phillipp's caution "that the former (the Shakespearean) may be roughly estimated from a twelfth to a twentieth of the latter (our own) in money; and from a twentieth to a thirtieth in landed or house property." The first folio of John Heminge and of Henry Condell was published in 1623. Richard (or Dick) Burbage died in 1619; and Shakespeare, as well as Massinger, was closely connected with the great Southwark Church, in which his brother, Edmund Shakespeare, a player (who made him one?), was interred in 1607. Massinger left a widow, but there is no record of any children that might have inherited his misfortunes, trials, disappointments, and sorrows.

The style, the "line," of Massinger is direct, forcible, nervous, sonorous, and is, when he is not over-hurried, essentially dramatic; but he has not those fine rhapsodies of loftiest poetry, or those

immortal abstract thoughts which bridge over the distance between earth and heaven. The most special distinction of Shakespeare is not, as Gifford maintains, his wit; but consists in those thoughts, almost beyond the reaches of our souls, which, suggested by objective events or born of created character, lead our minds up to the infinite, to the highest relations existing between Creator and creature.

Massinger has nothing even remotely akin to Prospero's "Cloud-capped towers," to Claudio's "Ay, but to die, and go we know not where"; or to Hamlet's "To be or not to be." It would, of course, be easy to cite many more instances from Shakespeare of poetry and thought which sublimely transcend Massinger's highest flights; nor in his lyrics is he anywhere really excellent. Such a song as "Drink to me only with thine eyes," is whole heavens above the range of the author of the "Fatal Dowry," but, notwithstanding, that work is truly great and romantically dramatic. Let us revere and enjoy it.

No, the development of the older drama into that of the present day is not progress or advance. The tone of the drama in any particular day is conditioned by the tone of national feeling; and our passing day is sentimental, flabby-minded, and trivial. There is an abstract, ideal quality in drama, and that highest ideal quality was attained in the grand national period of Elizabeth's time, in the time of the national heroism called forth by the invincible Armada, and the ennobling effects of the Reformation. In our weaker and poorer time there is but little in the national life which can produce a virile or a noble drama. There is a difference—a difference which extends to very essence—between the pre-Christian and the post-Christian drama; but, the latter reign being once established, there are fluctuations of fashion, variations of sentiment, and a retrograde tendency in craftsmanship. The ages in which the drama most flourishes, in which it has the deepest influence, are the objective ages, those times in which men want to see rather than to read, in which they long to hear and see Othello or Richard III., and to learn history, or feel passion, rather through the eye of the spectator than through the eye of the solitary reader. The contagious sympathy between masses of men worked upon by the cunning of the scene, helps dramatic effect, and furthers the result of fine acting. Audiences meet together to see poetry and morality in action. The shadow then acquires life. Acting is an art expressed through the human figure, eye, gesture, voice. Acting stands apart from all other arts in respect that its only instrument of expression is the glorious human body. The intellect of our day which would, had talent taken the same direction as in the spacious times of great

Elizabeth, have flowed into the drama, now seeks, the time being so highly subjective, other forms of art for its expression ; and the men who would then have written dramas, are now poets, novelists, historians, essayists. Imaginative intellect now finds its fitting expression mostly in the novel. Thackeray, George Eliot—nay, even perhaps Carlyle—would, had they been contemporaries of Shakespeare, or of Ben Jonson, have been playwrights. Emotions, sorrows, passions, events, would have been shown in action instead of being told in narrative fiction. When we had the drama, Italy had the *novella*, or short story.

We can now mount a Shakespearean play with care and cost ; we look upon it mainly as a spectacle, and do not appeal to or trust the imaginations of spectators—but we can no longer act Shakespeare. Our dramatic ideals have sunk so low that we cannot now incarnate beings so strong, so noble, so chivalrous, or at times so mighty in villany and crime. Our actors cannot attain to heroic or dæmonic altitudes or depths, cannot express poetry of diction, tenderness of sentiment, or power of passion. That reverence for Shakespeare which is the legitimate offspring of comprehension, feels dejectedly the insufficiency of the actor of the hour to represent or personate the great creations of the greatest of all dramatists.

It is more than probable that a great play like the “Fatal Dowry” is now read only by a few students of the Elizabethan drama ; and it therefore seems proper to give an outline of the plot and story of a play so sad, so high, and working. At the opening of the drama, Marshal Charalois, the greatest, bravest, and most patriotic soldier of Burgundy, has just died. The dead Marshal had fought at the disastrous battles of Granson, Morat, and Nancy ; battles which were lost owing to the headstrong obstinacy of Duke Charles—that Charles the Bold of whom Sir Walter Scott gave so graphic a study in “Anne of Geierstein”—a commander who held his enemies in such contempt that he wasted the magnificent army of Burgundy, and lost his own life, in an attempt, as haughty as it was vain, to crush foes who were too mighty for his powers as a leader of men. Rash as brave, Charles was signally and overwhelmingly defeated by those Swiss that he so arrogantly despised. He was an incapable general, and had so little judgment of men that he was deceived and betrayed by an adventurer so mean and treacherous as Campo Basso ; and Charles probably would distrust a soldier so loyal and so able as Marshal Charalois. Granson, Morat, Nancy, were fought in 1476, five years after Tewkesbury, the last battle between our York and Lancaster dynasties. But the exact date at which the

"Fatal Dowry" plays is unimportant. Archæology and time colouring were not much regarded by some of the Elizabethan dramatists ; and it may be convenient to assume that this drama acts in Massinger's own day. The time of Louis XI. and of Edward IV. is not depicted in this fine work. The scene is laid in Dijon ; but—though Beaumelle is very French—the tone of honour and of the morality of chivalry are English in character. Hamlet is really a tragedy which plays, not in the heathen times of the legend narrated by Saxo Grammaticus, but in the England of Elizabeth, and in the day of rapier and of dagger. For the French law which is described in the "Fatal Dowry," Massinger must be responsible ; and a dramatist may often be a satisfactory lawgiver. We may accept the law laid down by Massinger without much inquiry into its correctness. It is enough that the law serves the purpose of the drama. The brave Marshal, who could not win victories when Charles the Bold was in supreme command, has just died in prison, in which he was incarcerated for debt ; debt for sums which the patriotic "master of the art of war" had taken up for the general good, and for the payment of soldiers. The Marshal had spent his own patrimony for public purposes before he borrowed more money to be used in the same way. The Marshal has left one son who, from his father, "inherits the fame and virtues only." The young Charalois, now twenty-eight years of age, has been a soldier since he was seventeen, and a soldier worthy of such a father. He is of "heavenly virtue in high-blooded veins" ; brave, gentle, honourable.

Charalois is gentle and lofty, but when his honour is touched he can—and this is true of many gentle men—execute stern, severe, deadly justice upon an adulterous wife and upon her base paramour. Romont, aged forty, is one of the greatest captains trained by the great Marshal in the wars. He knows (in the play) no love of woman, but he loves honour, and is most fervent in his friendship for the younger Charalois. The Presidents of the high court of justice are, firstly, Rochfort, who resigns ; and then Novall, senior, who succeeds to the high office. Rochfort is an ideal judge and a most noble man ; but Novall, who is said to have been drawn from Sir Edward Coke, is venal, base, and harsh. The three creditors of the late Marshal apply to the Court to grant them the corpse of their dead debtor, to which they would refuse Christian burial, intending to keep it above ground for ignoble purposes. The case is heard before the new Chief Justice Novall ; and Charalois with his friend Romont, and assisted by counsel, opposes the application. Novall is bribed and decides in favour of the creditors, in spite of Romont's

vehement expostulation, but Charalois claims the body on condition that he shall undergo life-long imprisonment. Novall allows that, and the creditors accept the proposal. Novall had browbeaten Charalois' counsel and imprisoned Romont for bold-speaking; but the generous and just Rochfort, who tried to dissuade Charalois, obtains the release of the impetuous Romont. Charalois sacrifices the liberty and joys of youthful life in order to obtain burial for his great father; and Rochfort is

Strangely taken with this Charalois.
Methinks, from his example the whole age
Should learn to be good, and continue so.
Virtue works strangely with us; and his goodness,
Rising above his fortune, seems to me
Prince-like to will, not ask, a courtesy.

Shakespeare brings the corpse of Henry VI. upon the stage, and Massinger displays the dead body of the Marshal on its way to burial; and even "Romont weeps" as the coffin passes from the prison to the grave. Charalois had been instructed to "solicit his judges," and there is pathos in the unwillingness of the proud young hero to stoop to such base means of influence. Even Romont, despite his iron will and stalwart rectitude, urges his friend to try the plan recommended by the advocate; and Massinger paints a striking picture of the administration of the law by judges such as Novall. In the second act the predilection of the worthy Rochfort for Charalois leads him to noblest action. He cannot bear to think of the brave young soldier a prisoner for life, shut out from all hope of happiness and all prospect of fortune, and the ideal ex-president pays off the creditors who allow Charalois to moulder in a dungeon; and does more—he even offers to the chivalrous Charalois the hand, with a fortune, of his only child, the fairest maid in Dijon. We have, before this princely offer is made, learned to know something of Beaumelle, and we find her to be a wanton who hides frailty behind a mask of guile. She is cunning past man's thought, and is aflame with lawless passion. She has one waiting-woman, Bellapert, who is the facile, willing, suggestive panderer to her mistress in any lewd wickedness, even to the length of adultery; but Beaumelle has another attendant, Florimel, who is honest, true, and good.

Beaumelle has tolerated as her "servant" the young Novall, who is a fribble and a fool, unprincipled, a coward, and a libertine, and cares only for dress; but, when Charalois asks her in their sudden wooing, "Fair Beaumelle, can you love me?" she replies, "Yes, my lord"; and thus to Charalois ("a braver hope of so assured a father, did never comfort France") come at once, owing to the magnificent generosity

of Rochfort, freedom, wealth, and wife. Such gifts form a splendid, though they may even prove a fatal, dowry ! Romont exclaims :

Come, my Charalois. March then forth,
And with a step as full of consciousness
As was the martial tread in days of old
Of toga'd Romans to the Capitol.

The wedding is solemnised ; the fortunate Charalois possesses as his wife

The rarest beauty France could ever boast.
. And her matchless form
Is bettered by the pureness of her soul.

Can he be mistaken ? Can this Cressid, in the first flush of fire new marriage, prefer Novall to Charalois ? Romont says to young Novall :

Why, God-a-mercy !
When I look upon you, 'tis a miracle
That any woman should, for such a thing
As thou art—such a jay bedizened in
The feathers of a peacock—leave the wing
Of a fine eagle spirit—

such as Charalois. But she means treason to marriage ; and her guilt will awaken direst tragedy.

Novall presses his ignoble suit, and the newly-married Beaumelle assures him that :

My passions are much fitter to desire
Than to be sued to.

The good Florimel brings Romont to see the dalliance of his friend's wife with the contemptible but vicious Novall ; and the indignant soldier sees, with ruth and rage, the pair :

Tied heart to heart, one in another's arms,
Multiplying kisses, as if they meant
To pose arithmetic ; or whose eyes would
Be first burnt out with gazing on the other's.
I saw their mouths engender, and their palms
Glew'd, as if love had lock'd them ; their words flow
And melt each others, like two circling flames,
Where chastity, like a phoenix, methought burn'd,
But left the world nor ashes nor an heir.

Romont burst in upon the illicit lovers. He soon frightens away the poltroon Novall, and is left alone with Beaumelle, who, in a masterly scene, pours out the torrents of her scornful jeers of keen, angry wit, and exhibits the dissolute craft of a clever, shameless woman. Charalois enters, and Romont, in his zeal for his friend's honour, possesses the husband with his fears of Beaumelle's chastity. The besotted Charalois, in the faith of love and in the flush of

honour, is full of proud trust in his frail wife, and will not believe anything against her ; the result being that the two friends quarrel. Oh, the pity of it ! Two men, so entirely noble, so devoted in friendship, are thus driven to quarrel—almost to fight—by the wantonness of a lewd, false woman.

Light hearted wanton !

Thy mirth will wake a shriller music—death !

Rochfort also resents Romont's warnings, and the soldier's devotion brings him only wrong and insult.

The stately, sorrowful march of sad events quickens somewhat when tragedy—as is her wont—intensifies, spreads, and darkens. The moral conflict between man and fate becomes more intense ; and we feel the strong tension of pity, terror, pathos, as crime impels honour towards vengeance. Everything seems so inevitable, and events culminate towards most terrible and tragic issues. We see that nothing can prevent or alter the fatal result that awfully impends. The poet holds us spellbound in his remorseless grasp.

In the fourth act we find the debased fribble, young Novall, dressing, with ferocity, in order to complete his conquest of Beaumelle. Amongst his henchmen, flatterers, panderers, Novall has one brave and honest follower, Pontalier ; and this true friend dares to remonstrate with his patron about his illicit and dangerous pursuit of a married lady. Pontalier also urges Novall to challenge Romont, but the lecherous fop is too great a coward to think of meeting such a swordsman as the fiery soldier. After kicking out the loose mob of Novall's attendants, the fierce warrior demands to know :

How far the passages have gone

'Twixt you and your fair mistress Beaumelle ?

and the intimidated Novall (Romont is desperate of his own life, and can command that of the cowardly lover) confesses, under the terrors of a "dag," or small pistol :

She's yet untouched, more than her face and hands.

I cannot call her innocent ; for, I yield,

On my solicitous wooing, she consented,

Where time and place met opportunity,

To grant me all requests.

Romont compels the doubly base lover to sign a paper in which he confesses and undertakes to renounce his dishonest suit :

And here you wish a sudden death may light

Upon your body, and Hell take your soul,

If ever more you see her, but by chance ;

Much less allure her.

As Romont leaves hastily, carrying with him the extorted paper, enter Bellapert to tell Novall that a guilty assignation is arranged for him with Beaumelle. "Hence, fear!" cries the perjured lover, and he leaves with the cunning *soubrette* to meet the married lady. "The caroch stays" for him and bears the guilty couple to the convenient, lent rooms of one Aymer, a musician. To him enters Charalois, who hears his wife's voice as she laughs with Novall, and calls him, Charalois, "such a groom." Discovery follows, and to the outraged, trusting husband is granted that "ocular proof" which Othello so much desired. He re-enters Aymer's room with his sword drawn, pursuing Novall, Beaumelle, and Bellapert. He will not slay Novall, but bids him "draw!"

Undone, undone for ever!

cries Beaumelle, and her paramour, driven to despair, exclaiming:

Despair of safety now in me prove courage,
does draw.

They fight, Novall falls.

There could be but one issue to such a duel; and Charalois has avenged his honour upon the seducer of his wife. The brave Pontalier meets and challenges, for insults done to Novall, the noble, fighting Romont, who at once accepts,

And with the next day's sun you shall hear from me.

They do not know what has happened in Aymer's house.

Massinger probably allows Charalois to obtain such full proof of his shame in order to warrant his stern, un pitying justice. He judges the culprits—not wrongly—but is wrong when he himself sentences, and himself executes his own dread sentence. As a tragic poet, Massinger rises with the terrors of the scene. Charalois declares:

By Heaven, I will do nothing
But what may stand with honour.

And yet his scene with penitent Beaumelle is pathetic, as it is powerful, terrible. She says:

Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet
I dare not yet live one.

Ambitious of no honour after life,
But that, when dead, you will forgive me.

To the husband and wife enter Rochfort. It is a fine touch that the noble, trusting, ideally honourable Charalois feels:

How pity steals upon me! Should I hear her
But ten words more, I were lost—
That to be merciful should be a sin!

Enter some with the body of Novall, junior. Rochfort exclaims in wonder :

Novall slain !

And Beaumelle, my daughter, in the place
Of one to be arraigned.

Charalois binds the eyes of Rochfort, and calls upon him to act once more as judge. There is a case to try, and the husband claims "a day of hearing" Beaumelle confesses and pleads "most miserably guilty."

The wretched Rochfort, upright judge, and, at the same time, fond father, decides, upon hearing Beaumelle's confession :

Heaven take mercy

Upon your soul then ! it must leave your body.

And when Charalois asks if her crime may be forgotten "in her fair life hereafter?" the righteous judge decides :

Never, sir.

The wrong that's done to the chaste married bed
Repentant tears can never expiate ;
And be assured, to pardon such a sin
Is an offence as great as to commit it.

Whereupon Charalois, with his father's sword, strikes dead his adulterous wife ; and Rochfort, once more the tender father, is overcome with hopeless grief. Novall, senior, enters with officers and arrests Charalois—who had reconveyed to his father-in-law all the property which Rochfort had conferred upon him. The fifth act of all, which ends this strange, eventful history—a history shown in action—concerns itself chiefly with the trial of Charalois. He has killed in a duel the man who dishonoured him ; he has slain, under the judgment of her father, the wife guilty of adultery. Sorrowful as these deeds and their causes have been, he has yet a consciousness of having acted honourably and even justly, and is prepared to plead his cause :

I, who dare kill, am not afraid to die.

Old Novall is the prosecutor, and accuses Charalois of having murdered his son. Being plaintiff he cannot act as judge, and the case is tried before du Croy and Charmi—the latter the advocate of Charalois in the matter of the late Marshal and the creditors.

A reconciliation between Romont and Charalois takes place ; and very beautiful is the delicate shame of Charalois for having misconstrued and mistrusted such a true and fervent friend :

To look on you,

Whom foolishly I have abused and injured,
Must of necessity be more terrible to me
Than any death the judges can pronounce.

The poet always maintains the wronged Charalois as an ideal cavalier.

The conflicting feelings of the noble Rochfort during this sad trial are painfully pathetic. Old Novall is hard, furious, revengeful. Rochfort leaves the Court "to seek a grave," but he first bears honest witness to his daughter's admission of her crime, and Romont produces the damning document, at once a confession and an undertaking to abstain, which he had extorted from young Novall. Aymer and Bellapert, rather than endure the rack :

Confess the time, the meeting, nay, the act.

On the production of this evidence, old Novall, baffled and yet in a rage, hastily leaves the court. The judge says :

Lord Charalois,

The injuries you have sustain'd appear

So worthy of the mercy of the court

That, notwithstanding you have gone beyond

The letter of the law, they yet acquit you.

Whereupon Pontalier, from a feeling of duty towards his former friend and patron, young Novall, stabs Charalois ; and Romont answers Pontalier's former challenge by giving him his death. Massinger ends his drama with "a dirge," a dirge not distinguished as a piece of lyric work, and unmeaning as a conclusion to his impassioned and awful tragedy. Romont is banished for killing Pontalier.

The acting version differs, in this last scene, considerably from Massinger's treatment of it ; and Charalois commits suicide.

Compared with the futile dirge, we prefer the ending in which the conclusive green curtain shuts out from our view the stern, impetuous, high-hearted Romont as he stands alone, a ruined tower, undermined and crumbling, amid the dust of the fair woman and the brave man who have played the principal parts in the main action of this sad, deep, fine, sombre tragedy. Romont had worked through and round their sins, their sorrows, and their sufferings ; and had strength, though a banished man, to outlive them all. *Vale !*

I have now given in outline, and no more, a sketch of this mighty play, with its characters, its incidents, its crimes, and its infinite sadness ; and have, I hope, sustained my contention as to the position of the play among the works of Massinger and in the Elizabethan drama. I wish that our audiences of the day were worthy to witness, and our actors competent to render, such a strong and lofty play.

There is one note of the greater Elizabethan dramatists which is

worthy of notice. They are, in essence, moral ; and yet they indulge in a certain frankness in relation to sexual relations—which frankness is yet not depravity. For depravity we have to look to Dryden, and the playwrights of the Restoration ; to Wycherley, Congreve, Farquhar, and other lesser men. If Shakespeare draws a brothel, it is done in order that the filthy surroundings may throw up and set off the purity of Marina. In our own day and hour we get a loathsome delineation of the heartless trading career of a merely venal wanton ; who knows nothing of passion even, and is wholly, solely, basely mercenary. Othello, if a mistaken, was yet an honourable murderer, and Lucio is useful—as a foil to Isabella. The Elizabethans know that men may be honourable, brave—and yet frail ; but they feel as Shakespeare sings :

All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;

and their art did not pander to prurience, or degrade frailty to depravity. Our ancestors were virile. The unvirile school of our day is far more guilty of suggestive licentiousness and morbid indelicacy. The virile, even when in error, may remain human and faultily sympathetic.

Once Massinger had the misfortune to come into dramatic—not personal—contact with Charles I. The King was at Newmarket, and the play “The King and the Subject,” was submitted to him for approval. In the work occurred this passage :

Monies ! We'll raise supplies what way we please,
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
We'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Cæsars
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws
But what their swords did ratify ; the wives
And daughters of the senators bowing to
Their will, as deities.

Under these lines the King wrote : “This is too insolent, and to be changed.” It may be that the passage somehow put his Majesty in mind of ship-money.

By the way, Massinger's title of one of his plays, “Believe As You List,” is very near akin to “As You Like It” ; and other such names of other plays.

We cannot feel certain that Shakespeare witnessed the performance of any one of Massinger's plays. The “Virgin Martyr,” in which Massinger was assisted by Decker, was first published in quarto in 1622 ; but Malone holds that the drama was played before 1620. “Before” is a somewhat vague expression ; but Shakespeare

died in 1616, and had certainly retired definitively to New Place in 1613, if he had not practically left London at a still earlier date ; so that he may never have seen the "Virgin Martyr," and would not, probably, have been present at the representation of any of Massinger's later plays. In many cases the casts of Massinger's dramas are given, but the cast of the "Fatal Dowry" is not recorded. We should like to know by which actors Romont and Charalois were first performed. The Charalois of Macready's revival (Wallack) would scarcely, we should fancy, have been an adequate representative of so fine a character ; so that, in our times at least, this splendid part has not been satisfactorily rendered. What two great parts are Romont and Charalois for tragic actors of the very first ability and power !

Betterton revived the "Roman Actor," and the "Bondman," for the sake of playing Paris and Pisander. He is said to have been very successful in both parts. Why did he not also act Romont ? The Roman actor, Paris, is done to death by Domitianus Cæsar because his wanton empress, Domitia, falls in love with the great actor. The part of Paris was originally acted by Taylor, who is supposed to have played Hamlet and Iago ; while Cæsar was rendered by the renowned Lowin. Massinger could then evidently command good casts. Domitia was played by one Tompson, of course a male actor, whom we find acting other female parts.

The first edition of Gifford's Massinger appeared in 1805, and the second in 1813. The always generous Sir Walter Scott blames Gifford for the rancour with which he treated the previous editors of Massinger, Coxeter, and Monk Mason. "A misconstruction or misinterpretation, nay, the misplacing of a comma, was in Gifford's eyes a crime worthy of the most severe animadversion. This lack of temper probably rose from indifferent health." Thus Walter Scott. But it is greatly to the credit of the astringent Gifford that he should have discerned the high merit of Massinger, and he deserves recognition for the honest labour which has enabled him to give us so good a version of the text of Massinger ; a text which can scarcely be much improved upon, and which is as pure as we need. Gifford's edition was assisted by the critical notes of his friend, Dr. Ireland, Dean of Westminster, and founder of the Oxford Scholarship ; and Gifford further included in his edition a critical essay on the dramatic writings of Massinger by Dr. Ferrier, who wrote in 1786. Gifford himself died in 1826. Cumberland need not detain us. The most eulogistic critic of Massinger is Hallam. Hazlitt failed to recognise the full greatness of the poet ; and says of him : "Massinger makes

an impression by hardness and repulsiveness of manner. In the intellectual process which he delights to describe 'reason panders will'; he fixes arbitrarily on some object which there is no motive to pursue, or every motive combined against it, and then, by screwing up his heroes and heroines to the deliberate and blind accomplishment of this, thinks to arrive at 'the true pathos and sublime of life.' That is not the way. He seldom touches the heart or kindles the fancy." Charles Lamb is another instance of critical failure to detect the merits of Massinger; and yet, leaving Shakespeare out of the question, the "Fatal Dowry" is one of the strongest, finest, and most pathetic plays which have been produced by the dramatic school of Elizabeth and James. It is full of majesty, dignity, fatality, splendour; and the construction of the play is worthy of its truly tragic theme. In comedy Massinger, distinguished as he is, is not the equal of Ben Jonson. Massinger created no Bobadil; and did not even depict the humours of his day with the force of, for instance, "Bartholmew Fair."

Gifford owed to Malone copies of the first editions of Massinger's plays. Ferrier, though like Gifford himself an admirer of the poet, is also conventional in criticism. He says, for instance, "He (Massinger) is as powerful a ruler of the understanding as Shakespeare is of the passions"; and Ferrier then adds the commonplace consideration that "there is much original beauty in his (Massinger's) works." But, in order to estimate more easily the tone of Gifford's intellect, it will be sufficient to quote two of his sentences which deal directly with Shakespeare himself. The first is: "Mr. M. Mason has remarked the general harmony of his numbers, in which indeed Massinger stands unrivalled. He seems, however (this refers to Mason), inclined to make a partial exception in favour of Shakespeare, but I cannot admit of its propriety. The claims of this great poet on the admiration of mankind are innumerable, but rhythmical modulation is not one of them. . . . Indeed, if I were asked for the discriminating (?distinguishing) quality of Shakespeare's mind, that by which he is raised above all competition, above all prospect of rivalry, I should say it was WIT." Surely wit is only one of the brilliants in the crown of Shakespeare, while splendour of the mighty and melodious line is another.

All the regal gifts conferred by fortune upon unhappy Charalois—as valour, wealth, beauty—are rendered worse than nugatory by the wanton crime of a foul, frail woman. The strong, sad play, full of dignity as power, is a product of the sanity of genius, and an emblem of the moral sense of our ancestors. If not a gorgeous,

the "Fatal Dowry" is a stately tragedy. It may not sweep by in sceptred pall ; it does not deal with Pelops' line ; but it is a tragedy which wrecks the happiness of two of the noblest men—Romont and Charalois—who have been created even by the Elizabethan drama. Two such grand acting parts are scarcely to be found elsewhere. We have lost much who have not seen Macready as Massinger's Romont.

The great play—at least in the acting version—ends with the fine lines, spoken by strong, solitary Romont :

He (Charalois) is dead.

These tears that I was never given to shed,
Flow from me like a woman's. I have now
No task left to fulfil, except—to earth
Resign thee with a fitting epitaph,
That shall record thy virtue and my friendship.
O Charalois ! in that the world esteems
A precious gift from fortune—in the wealth
And beauty of thy bride, did'st thou receive A FATAL DOWRY.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

*THE TORCH-WEED.**(FROM RÜCKERT.)*

OBERON, the Elf-king, dances
With Titania his Queen :
Surely such a dainty couple
Out of Elf-land ne'er was seen !

All the grasshoppers and crickets,
How they flock from near and far,
Striking up in clear-toned music
Each his tiny sweet guitar !

See! the Torch-weed tall and slender
Fair upspringeth from the ground
While in gay and airy gambol
All the Elfin choir dance round.

Hopping on the glowing branches
As they circle it in glee,
How their mischief-loving fingers
Snatch its tapers from the tree !

Not an Elf but tries his hardest
To put out each glittering spark,
That, with none to check their antic,
They may gambol in the dark,

Lest Titania's stern consort,
Whom all fairies own as King,
Drawing near with awesome sceptre,
Should break up their merry ring.

But the Torch-weed, true and loyal,
At high Oberon's behest,
Growing still despite the Elfin,
To shine brightly does its best.

As each naughty fay upreaches
To put out a lower light,
He marks not above it kindled
A new taper full as bright.

When the morning breeze blows freely,
Of the Elves no trace is seen ;
Naught but a pale "ringlet" marketh
That gay ball-room on the green.

But the Torch-weed tall and lovely
Stayeth yet to tell its tale—
How the Elves strove hard to hurt it,
How most sorely they did fail!

ISABELLA J. POSTGATE

TABLE TALK.

RECENT STAGE EXPERIMENTS.

AMONG the noteworthy features of the past season, the first performance at the Botanical Gardens of a representative Nāṭaka, or Indian drama, exhibiting god-like or heroical personages and deeds, and the revival of the masque of Tudor times, stand pleasantly and honourably conspicuous. It has not been my wont to deal with what may be called minor theatrical experiments. In the cases named, however, the entertainments had genuine and, it may well be hoped, enduring interest, and deserve serious consideration. Of the two, the production by the Elizabethan Stage Society of the "Sakuntalā, or the Fatal Ring," of Kālidāsa, is the more noteworthy. Considering the nature and extent of our stake in India, and the responsibility that rests upon us for the future of what is still the most picturesque portion of the Oriental World, we have been strangely neglectful of its language and literature. That much has been done of late, and is still being done, to wipe off this reproach, I admit. Many eager and devoted scholars, and a certain number of destined rulers of India, study patiently Sanskrit and the Indo-Aryan vernaculars and dialects, and the great educational establishments in that country are doing, I am told, fine work. In our home universities, however, where the base of scholarship rests upon dead languages, a more prominent position should be assigned to early Indian literature. In its way, the early Brahminical literature is almost as important to the study of primitive thought and culture as that of Egypt and Greece. We have, of course, a Boden scholarship for Sanskrit at St. John's College, Oxford. I want, however, something more than this, and would fain see Indian scholarship as indispensable to the educated Englishman as French scholarship is to the educated Russ.

THE INDIAN SANSKRIT DRAMA.

IN India, as in Greece and elsewhere, early dramatic efforts are closely associated with religious ceremonial. To this day in Indian villages the dancing girls lead the procession in

honour of the Temple Deity; and the whole performance that follows, often at an interminable length, consists of a species of miracle play celebrating the deeds and the deserts of Krishna. The classic Sanskrit drama differs widely from these rather primitive proceedings, and has so much in common with the plays of Terence and Plautus, that the question whether it owes its form to Greek and Roman sources is still debated. The two great classic dramatists of India are Bhavabhuti and Kālidāsa, the author of "Sakuntalā." Their works are highly studied compositions; the Sanskrit portion, unintelligible to the general public being intended for the delectation of the learned. Space naturally fails me to deal with the general question of the Indian stage, which those anxious for information may study in Horace Hayman Wilson's "Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus," Calcutta, 1827, or even more conveniently in the recently published "Literary History of India" of R. W. Frazer, LL.B.¹ The choice by the Elizabethan Stage Society of a piece by aid of which to give the English playgoer an idea of the character of the classic Indian drama is probably the best that could have been made, since the work has a tender and sustained interest, and for a product of Oriental imagination may be regarded as short. Such, at least, it appeared when the excisions necessary to representation in England had been made.

"SAKUNTALĀ."

LIKE almost all dramas which have taken a firm hold upon the public, "Sakuntalā" tells a simple story of love. Its origin is legendary and mythical, and is treated by Kālidāsa in a fashion similar to that in which the stories of Greek mythology are treated by the "lofty grave tragedians" of Athens. Sakuntalā, the daughter of Vismavitra, one of the great Poet-Priests concerning whom legends are preserved in every Hindu home, and Menakā, a water nymph, has been brought up by Kanva, a hermit of notable piety. She is seen by Dushyanta, a monarch of the Lunar race, who, following in the chase a flying deer, trespasses upon the ground of the hermits, where animal life is safe. Finding that this reputed daughter of a Brahman, with whom he falls passionately in love, is in fact of birth as illustrious as his own, Dushyanta affiances himself to her by a ceremony of troth-plight, held as sacred as marriage, and begets a son, Bhārata, the founder of the great race of the Bhāratas. He is then summoned back to his kingdom, and departs, leaving in the possession of Sakuntalā

¹ Fisher Unwin, 1898.

his finger ring. During his absence the hermitage is visited by a Brahman of sanctity so considerable that the very gods shake in their shoes at his approach. Wholly occupied with her happiness, Sakuntalā neglects to show him the customary hospitality. Like a malignant fairy, accordingly, he lays on her the curse that her husband shall be unable to recognise her. When, with her son and heir, Sakuntalā goes to court, her spouse treats her as a stranger, and refuses to admit her to his heart and his throne. For this he is soundly rebuked by the hermit and the nurse who have gone with her as an escort. The heroine is then protected and hidden by a priest, who treats her as Friar Francis treats Hero in "Much Ado about Nothing," and gives out that she is dead. Ultimately her ring, which in course of her ablutions she has lost, and which has been swallowed by a fish, is recovered and recognised by the king, who then clasps his wife and his child to his breast.

ENGLISH PERFORMANCES OF INDIAN DRAMA.

AS presented by the Elizabethan Stage Society, which for once employed some rough but effective scenery, this specimen of the Indian drama proved moving. It is wholly edifying in tone, the seduction of Sakuntalā being under the circumstances palliable if not justifiable. The scenes of wooing had a pensive, plaintive tenderness, with an undercurrent of passion. Very exemplary was the conduct of the monarch, who, finding thrust upon him a woman he believed to be the wife of another, refused to have anything to say to her, though he yearned for her with the old passion, and submitted meekly to the liberally awarded censure of her attendants, male and female. The appearance of the various characters was thoroughly Indian; the lamentations of Sakuntalā were impressively rendered by Miss Imogene Surrey, and Mr. Frank Dyll was fairly heroic as the king. Some few of the exponents were Asiatics, though none of those who took the leading characters. Mr. Frazer's description of the heroine has much poetry, with, to me, a pardonable trace of exaggeration. He says, "Gentler, more winning in her grace, more youthful than Gretchen or Juliet, she has a deeper note, a more human charm than either. Eastern, subtle, evasive, throbbing with love, veiled with reserve, there yet grows within her a passionate and seething love for the king, which she tries to stifle, but from which she can get no peace."¹ In giving us this appetising taste of the Indian drama, the Elizabethan Stage Society has rendered a genuine service to literature and to the stage.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ *Literary History of India*, p. 287.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1899.

HERVEY DE LYON.

BY KATHARINE WYLDE.

I.

WHEN Hervey de Lyon (he was afraid to spell it Hervé de Leon, *à la Froissart*) appeared at the Parochial Working Party, brought by Miss Temple as her contribution to the "Entertainment," a whisper ran round the tables where the poor woman sat,—
"What a very beautiful gentleman!"

And, indeed, the ladies and the partly ladies looked at him also, not without some wondering admiration. His style was that of the proverbial hairdresser's block; florid cheeks, curly hair, straight nose, eyes very large and rather prominent under arched eyebrows. It was the eyes which had struck Etta Temple; whatever quarter of earth or heaven she intended to survey, those eyes somehow entrapped her own. At first she was provoked, then ashamed; now she had given in, and when she was caught looking at the musician, she scarcely coloured. To complete Hervey's description, he had very small hands, a tendency to *embonpoint*, brown boots, and very, *very* well-fitting clothes. Only ignorant people mistook him for a gentleman, and of these Etta was not one. Nevertheless, she pretended; for she could not vanquish the desire to please him, and there was nothing in all the world which pleased Hervey de Lyon so much as to be taken for a gentleman.

"De Lyon is my professional name," he expounded to Miss Temple, "but as matter of fact I have full right to it. We are descended from the De Lyons, whose monuments—cross-legged—are in our village church. I don't know why my great grandfather dropped the name."

This story he had told so often that he really quite believed it ; and indeed it had some flimsy foundation in fact.

"I think," he continued musingly, "I shall take out a patent and resume the name formally. I am already known by it, and have practically dropped the other, except when I visit my mother in the old home."

"Yorkshire, isn't it?" said Etta, humouring him. "I suppose your mother has a nice house?"

"Oh yes. A beautiful little place. I was born there. An old Tudor building, with a garden—the old style of garden—and looking out on a bit of a park."

However, he did not tell her the name of the village, nor explain that it was in Suffolk, not Yorkshire. Nor did he mention the name he had dropped for that of De Lyon : it was that name we have heard before—Smith.

As for Etta, she was an independent damsel of twenty-five, tolerably pretty and inclined to be sarcastic. She dressed well, and lived in a flat near Victoria, and had a chaperon who was not suffered to chaperon much. Etta's maiden aunts were rather scandalised by her ; but being a modern young lady she was quite harmless, and very well able to take care of herself. She had more comrades than friends, and more friends than lovers ; and she had no more intention of falling in love than of exploring the seven wandering stars.

"What a ludicrous little humbug he is !" was her reflection when Hervey de Lyon talked of his cross-legged ancestors and his mother's Tudor residence.

II.

"Now, Etta," said the clergyman's wife, at the Parochial Sewing Party, "I think you might put up your man to sing. Shall I play his accompaniment?"

"No," said Etta, "he'll play everyone else's!"

Mrs. Clergyman looked at him more attentively. He was talking music with the curate, who seemed impressed. Technical terms fell common as blackberries, and Mr. de Lyon was, it appeared, bosom friend to all the head musicians of Europe.

"He's rather good, I suppose?" said Mrs. Clergyman, doubtfully. "Will he despise this piano? Really, Etta, I'm afraid he's too good for us! I wish you had kept him for the Bazaar Concert!"

"He shall sing for that too. I brought him to-night because he's the only man I know who will take as much pains for this audience

as he will for the Princess at the Bazaar ! He's the kindest hearted creature that ever lived !”

Etta spoke so warmly that Mrs. Clergyman was amazed, and inspected the hairdresser-block little man again. Then Miss Temple, her cheeks flushed, walked over to Hervey de Lyon.

“You are to begin,” she said ; “what will you give us ? some nice old ballad which these poor women will understand ?”

Etta was not aware that when he smiled at her, she smiled in return ; Mr. de Lyon, however, observed the fact with deep-seated satisfaction. He moved to the piano, sat down and rambled his fingers over the keys, while in thought he selected a ballad. The ladies and the partly ladies, who understood something of music, looked up from their sewing, perceiving that he knew what he was about. Then he sang the old song of the Miller's Daughter.

His voice was sweet and powerful, exquisitely modulated, and perfectly trained, true and thrilling as a clarion. While he sang, his fingers produced, somehow, the whole country village from the key-board. You heard the mill stream plashing, you saw the mill wheel turning. Birds sang in the hedges, and a lark in a blue sky. You perceived green fields, and cows chewing the cud ; perhaps also a Tudor house in the background looking out on a bit of a park. You saw small children wandering hand-in-hand, and wondering at the miller's daughter who smiled no more after the soldier went away, and who lay a corpse before the coming of the Spring, “full of sweet days and roses.”

The Missionary sewing was at a standstill and all the thimbles were laid down, for the women were listening, their eyes fixed on the musician, who sang quite simply and naturally, as much pleased by the country ballad as any of his audience. When it was ended, he did not leave the piano, and there was no applause, because he was still rambling over the notes, through this key, into that one, dropping a bit of tune out of the bass, catching it up in the treble, turning it round and playing with it, starting something else—as if he were thinking aloud, and pleasant thoughts. No one wished to lose a single note, so no one applauded. And none of the other “entertainers” did anything. They kept Hervey de Lyon on the music-stool ; and he played and sang, on and on, good things and bad things, a silly music-hall ditty, and Schubert's “All Souls' Day ;” and selections from Grieg and Beethoven and Scarlatti and everyone else ; and the Belle Dame Sans Merci, at which everyone shivered, and at last

The oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,

and there was the sweet country village again ; and Etta knew he was thinking of his old home and his mother, and his childhood before he called himself Hervey de Lyon.

She went away, not a bit taken in by him, but under the spell of the music. And her chaperon began to feel very distinctly uneasy.

III.

His history was that of a hundred others. A little boy named Johnny Smith, he had sung in a cathedral choir ; and so well that people took him up and saw after his education, musical and otherwise. Then he went out into the world to earn his bread by his talents ; and he earned a great deal of bread, and of butter too, which he shared loyally with his mother and sisters. He sang a little at the opera with mediocre success, and he sang very well at concerts, and he sang most beautifully in drawing-rooms. Drawing-rooms were his weakness ; he liked drawing-room society so much, and he gave himself no airs about his music, but always did his best whether his audience were two persons, or a crowd ; and always he sang on, and on and on, as long as ever they asked him (longer sometimes), for he was always anxious to please, and also he loved the music for its own sake, and at times entirely forgot he had an audience at all. In addition to all this he composed, and his compositions, if they had not yet caught the fancy of the public, were the admiration of connoisseurs, and the joy of his own existence, and would, he hoped, eventually secure him a niche in the Temple of Fame.

Never was a more simple and successful existence ; but the great moment of the musician's life came at last, and it was no longer possible for him to pursue the even tenor of his unhesitating way. He fell in love with his pupil, Etta Temple ; who was a real lady, and fashionable and pretty, and inclined to mock at people even when she liked them. Writing his weekly letter to his mother in the Tudor house—it was very old, certainly, but a mere poky cottage, and the park it looked out upon belonged to a neighbouring nobleman—Hervey de Lyon said for a long time uncommonly little about Miss Temple. He called her a maiden lady who had asked him to sing at a parish meeting, and old Mrs. Smith supposed her entirely harmless. But Hervey suffered huge harm from Miss Temple. She kept him awake at night, and put him off his food. She made him inattentive at his work, and set him surmising the future, and asking himself headachy questions. Sometimes he got

out his account-book and considered his finances. Lovers when not entirely depressed are unduly elated; so he decided that he was almost rich. He looked in the looking-glass, and it struck him—not, perhaps, for the first time—that he was handsome. He reflected upon his genius: never till now had he called it by so lofty a name, yet surely he had genius! He could sing so well, so very well! That symphony he was writing, surely it would put him in the class with Lamech and Handel and Wagner. Etta would appreciate all that. To be the wife (wife!) of a genius would appear to her a very high and noble vocation. But now a sort of hot wave ran down his spine, and certain discomfortable recollections filled his mind. Etta might be satisfied with his purse, and might like his appearance and his genius. But she liked other things too: fine friends, and ancestors, and names like De Lyon, and Tudor houses looking over parks; and a picturesque mother sitting in an oriel window, robed in point-lace, or driving in a carriage wrapped in furs, and waited on by elegant daughters. He had claimed these things; but—but—remembering all he had said, thinking it over in cold blood, he could not but confess to himself that he had—well, *exaggerated*. His little exaggerations were useful, so he imagined, in getting him introduced to ladies; without them he would, to Etta, have been a mere music-master; but when it came to a question of—of marrying, he grew very hot indeed, and sank nervously into a chair. What on earth was to be done? To tell Etta he had “*exaggerated*,” would be to dissolve his whole lovely dream at once. He had a repugnance to downright, deliberate lying. Besides, what lies even would serve? Etta had a chaperon, and uncles, and aunts, and two very sharp eyes herself. She would insist upon visiting his mother in the Tudor house. She would see the nakedness of the land. She would hear the name, the history of Johnnie Smith. Alas! the position was impossible! With lies, or without them, Etta Temple was beyond his reach; and he tore his hair in distraction and despair.

IV.

While thus debating and ill at ease, two letters were brought to him. One was from Etta herself, a dear, pretty little letter, beginning, “Dear Mr. de Lyon,” and ending, “yours very truly.” How sweet of her to write to him so! She wanted him to sing at her bazaar, her very grand bazaar, before the Princess of Wales and all the duchesses. “Please say you will,” so she wrote,

"as a favour to *me*." He sprang from his chair and walked up and down the room in a frenzy of delight. He would have sung to Behemoth as a favour to Etta ; but he vastly preferred duchesses and the Princess of Wales. He kissed the letter. He kissed the two complimentary tickets she had enclosed, "for any of your friends." He felt quite convinced that Etta loved him. He imagined himself proposing for her in the course of the bazaar. He was the happiest man in the world ; in a Fool's Paradise, forgetting his "exaggerations." Presently he sobered a little, and opened his second letter with a sigh. It was from his mother, the dear old lady, who did not write often, not because she lacked good-will, but because a pen was strange to her fingers, and spelling was strange to her pen. Hervey did not care. He was very fond of his mother.

"MY DARLING JOHNNY,—

"This is a pore return for your kindness to me and your sisters, which I vally more nor you know. Your letters is my week's gladness, my dear ; and we read 'em over and over, like you'd never guess. It's about your sisters I'm writing to you, my boy. Mary Ann's going to act Christian, and make it up with her man, and go to Ostraly with him. She took him for better, for worse ; and she's had the worse, and maybe she'll have the better now. It's her dooty, and maybe she'll get a blessing. They sail in a fortnight. My boy, for the love of Christ and your mother, send pore Mary Ann a trifle to buy warm things for the voyage, and for them two pore babies. We'll never see none of 'em no more, for Ostraly's a far country. I pray God it's right for Mary Ann, and she a sickly woman, and no kind brother to help her where she's agoing, and no mother for her to be a blessing to.

"I thank the Lord for my three blessed children ; if ever a woman's been blessed it's me. But there's pore Allie, my dear ; so gentle, and can't speak. My boy, when I'm gone, I'd like my Allie put in the Home for 'em. It'll cost a bit to get her took in at once, pore dear ; but she'll have more consideration, being paid for ; and there ain't no place for her in the world once her mother's gone. 'Johnny'll pay,' she spells out on her fingers when I tell her ; knowing the good brother she's got. Without I had some place to send my Allie to I'd never die happy.

"My boy, it's the disease. I never told no one, but I knowed it myself this seven year as I was a doomed woman. And now it ain't much longer. Doctor says two months. I ain't afeard. I ain't got no pain, nor I ain't abed, nor nothing different from usual.

I'm very happy. And I'll go off quiet ; and you'll lay me in the ground, and care for Allie, and remember your mother what loved you. And your poor father what sang so beautiful, more beautiful nor you, and died twenty years ago of the pleursy. I'd like to have seen you once, Johnny, where you live in London, like I seen you in your surplus in the cathedral, and heard the folks say, 'Ain't he sung it beautiful?' like I heard 'em then ; and like I always heard 'em when your father sung. And I'd like to have seen you married, and have knowed the sort of woman I was leaving you to. But the Lord's will be done ; I been a very happy woman. Doctor says two months. And that's all ; and God bless you, Johnny."

Hervey de Lyon dropped the letter from his hands, and burying his face he cried like a child.

V.

His impulse was to go and tell Etta everything ; but those wretched exaggerations stood like a wall between her and him.

He went home instead, to the dear mother herself in her simple cottage, the dear mother to whom he had never failed. He was not a bit strange in the old home, though he had outgrown it, and his heart was far away with Etta the lady. There were so many dear things to say to his mother, who though stricken with death—what ! seven years ! and not one word ! one cry !—was still quite unchanged, and just her dear old self. He was very gentle to her, and to poor speechless Allie ; and he gave immense presents to Mary Ann, and even to his objectionable brother-in-law. And he played the organ in the village church, and visited in the cathedral city the two kind old canons who had paid for his schooling. Johnny Smith was a nicer person than Hervey de Lyon ; only it never entered into his stupid head that anyone could possibly think so.

And in the returning train he reflected—certainly with a vague remorse—that the difficulties were being smoothed from his path by the removal of his relations. Etta need never see any of them ; for Mary Ann was gone to the far country, and Allie would be a paying inmate of a deaf and dumb hospital, and his mother, his dear, sweet old mother would, alas ! be in her grave. It would be easy to cover it all up in some beautiful embroidery. He might bury the dear woman in some distant place, and take Etta to visit her grave, without revealing the Tudor cottage and the nakedness of his native land.

His eyes filled, for he seemed somehow to be betraying his

mother; who had smiled last night when he had told her his love story, believing, simple soul, that love is the way of happiness, and that marriage and love are one.

VI.

A month passed and the great day had come; the day of the fashionable bazaar and the concert before the Princess of Wales, to both of which Hervey attached quite exaggerated importance; the day when, confident now of success, he meant to make his proposals to Etta Temple. He rose in the morning with a pleasant sense of exhilaration, already planning the letter in which he would announce his betrothal to his dying mother. His last had been all about Etta; the encouragement she gave him, the triumphant occasion she had planned for him in this concert, the fancy costume she was to wear herself as a stallholder; and how he would have liked his mother to see her who was to be her daughter! Perhaps he had written the thing he thought would please the old lady, rather than the thing he entirely meant; still the words had dropped from his pen quite naturally on the impulse of the moment, and he was thinking of them now with satisfaction, as, in his best coat and such a lovely pair of gloves, with a flower in his buttonhole, and a new tie, he was admiring himself in the looking-glass, and just about to start for the great occasion which was to seal his fate. His landlady's little servant came to him just then and informed him that an old woman wanted to see him. Hervey was, as a rule, kind to old women; but this was an inopportune moment, and he turned round with a frown. And the old woman had mounted the stairs, and was standing there in the doorway, a sweet-faced, tired, old woman, with a silent girl supporting her by the arm. To his dying day Hervey will never forgive himself that he met his mother with a frown.

"Oh! it's you!" he cried, running to her and putting his arms round her, and kissing her on both cheeks, to the little servant's vast astonishment. And he brought her in, and put her in his arm-chair, and got out his port wine for her, and knelt by her side, petting her thin hands, and studying her wasted cheek. He could not forgive himself for having frowned at her; the dear dying woman who had never visited him before, and who had thought to please him by her coming!

Alas! and alas! He was not pleased at all! She was most terribly in his way at this moment, when his whole success depended

on his being able to keep up appearances—appearances which one glimpse of his mother would infallibly destroy. For she was nothing in the world but an old working woman from the country; and Etta was believing her robed in point-lace, sitting in an oriel window, surveying her garden and her park!

While with dismay he was considering the painfulness of the situation, Mrs. Smith was explaining in her sweet country voice: "It was the excursion train, Johnny, what made me do it; and them words in your last letter, that you wanted me to come. It's a far travel for me, my dear; but I'm nigh the great resting-place now. It's been the wish of my heart, and it's worth a bit of tiredness to get the great wish afore one dies, ain't it, lad?"

"I suppose so, mother," said Hervey; "what wish was it?"

"Why to see you, my dear, in your own place, and the world admiring of you!" She smiled very proudly, stroking his hair as if he were seven years old again. "There ain't never a one of them admires you like I do!" she cried; "but I'm like the Queen of Sheba, Johnny, who couldn't die content without she seen Solomon in his glory! And when you said it yourself, my boy, as you wanted to show me your young lady, and when I heard of the excursion train so handy, I felt heartened to do it. Allie and me don't mind a bit of tiredness, my dear, when it's to do you a pleasure, and you always done such a deal for us."

She looked up in his face, smiling triumphantly, and he kissed her.

"Ay, mother, I'm right glad to see you," he said; "you're a wonderful brave woman to have come. And now you'll lie down on my sofa and take a rest, and I'll be back in a jiffy, so as to be with you."

He had had foolish expectations of supping with Etta—his betrothed. But all that must be postponed—indefinitely postponed, alas!

Allie, the deaf mute, with her patient smile, stood watching the pair, a faint distress in her eyes, for she doubted the wisdom of their coming. She was a pretty creature, in a clean print frock, with a black hat and a little black jacket. Her hands were gloveless and red, and she wore white stockings and low country shoes of great size.

"You ain't going out, Johnny?" cried Mrs. Smith, catching his hand in alarm. "Ain't we come the right day? Ain't it the concert at the Charity Bazaar?"

"That's it, mother. I'm bound to go."

"But it's what we come for, Johnny!—to go with you, my dear!"

"You wouldn't care for it a bit," he said, firmly; "it would be too tiring for you."

To his dismay the soft old eyes filled with tears.

"Eh, Johnny! Don't say as I mustn't go! If I was to die to night I want to go! I've thought and thought, till I don't seem to care for nothing else; to hear you singing to her as will be the Queen of England, and to see the young girl in the fairy dress, and to give her a kiss because she's going to be my daughter after I am dead, Johnny!"

"But—good heavens, mother!" cried Hervey much agitated. "But I haven't asked her yet, you know! I haven't said one word."

She smiled with satisfaction at this. "Then I'll be able to help you, my boy, telling her of the good son you've been. And maybe," she added with a touch of self-assertion, "you'd like to have your mother's opinion before you go so far as to ask her. I'm a very good judge of women, I am."

He walked up and down the room in perplexity.

"Mother, the thing is, you—— well, you're not *dressed*, you know. The ladies will be wearing their finery because the Princess will be there."

"They'll think more of me, Johnny, dressed to my station."

"Maybe that's right," he answered, hanging his head; "but still I'm not certain they'll give you a concert ticket dressed so."

"But didn't you say the lady had sent you two tickets, my dear, for your friends? Maybe though you've gived them away already?" she added humbly; "you got a many looking to you, I know that."

Hervey, resisting the temptation to get out of it that way, produced the tickets from his breast-pocket, and the old woman caught them up eagerly.

Hervey stared gloomily at the half-guinea tickets and said nothing. The deaf girl intervened, and asked on her fingers rapidly what was the matter. The mother replied in the same language, "Johnny's not sure they'll wish us at the concert."

Allie looked from one to the other; mother and son holding each other's hands fondly, but with anxiety sitting on the face of each. People who talk on their fingers have to go straight to the point without circumlocution and softening phrases.

"Mother do wish it cruel," spelt our Allie; and when Hervey shook his head sadly, she turned to her mother and explained, brutally, "It's Johnny who don't want to take us."

A cry burst from the old woman, and she sank back into her daughter's arms, tears running down her cheeks.

"I—I thought to please you, my boy!" she said; "it—it don't matter to me. We'll go away home, my deary. We'll go away home."

"Mother! Mother!" cried Hervey in remorse; and he thought of sending a note to Etta saying he had broken his leg, and could by no possibility appear at the Bazaar at all.

VII.

Etta Temple was really very pretty in the white fairy costume. On her head she wore a flashing diamond star, and she had white floating garments, and all her beautiful golden hair hanging about her. Knowing herself beautiful, she felt quite important; and besides, she was one of the chief promoters of the enterprise, and she had secured the services of the principal musician. Hervey de Lyon was late in arriving, and Etta found herself hanging about the entrance door looking for him. He came: as usual rather too well got up. Etta wished it were her business to suggest a few little alterations in his appearance. He generally looked too well pleased; too much of a conscious conqueror. She thought—if it were only her business—that it would do him good to be taken down. Well, it might become her business. If ever (as sometimes seemed probable) he took it into his presumptuous head to propose for her, she would do her duty and take him down in good earnest, of course she would! But at this moment she smiled, and held out her hand and went forward to receive him.

What had happened? He did not look at all like a conqueror to-day. He seemed quite deprecating and meek. And two absurd-looking people were following him, incongruous with the showy little musician, incongruous with the brilliant assembly into which they had intruded—a little old woman with a poke-bonnet and a shawl, leaning on a cottage girl of rather a bygone type!

Etta turned to Hervey to ask how the pair had got in, and how best they could be concealed or dismissed. And, alas! he read on Etta's face precisely what she was going to say; and there rose up before him with terrible distinctness the horror she would feel when she understood his relation to these harmless creatures, and the meanness of which he had been guilty in trying to hide them.

"Miss Temple," he said desperately, "this is my mother, and this is my dumb sister. They want to be at the concert. They have come up unexpectedly for it. What shall I do? Can I get them some seats?"

"Here's the tickets, my dear!" interrupted old Mrs. Smith, quivering with excitement, and with difficulty restraining herself from kissing the lady—the fairy lady, *the* lady, Johnny's lady——

Etta was gazing in astonishment at Hervey de Lyon. She could not have marvelled more had he acknowledged descent from the Queen of the Cannibal Islands; she would have been startled less had he smothered the dear old peasant, or immured her for life in a dungeon. Hervey saw her astonishment, and imagined it caused not by himself but by his mother.

"She wishes greatly to be present," he went on in a low voice; "I can't bear to disappoint her. But I should rather take her home than have her laughed at or snubbed."

"Take her home?" cried Etta, "*you*! Oh, you can't do that! You wouldn't surely think of disappointing us, and at the last moment, of your singing?"

"I should be very sorry," he replied humbly. "I have never broken an engagement in my life. But you see—she's my mother."

Etta hesitated for a moment. "Come with me, if you please, Mrs. de Lyon," she then said, holding out her hand.

"That ain't my name, my dear," said the old lady; "ain't Johnny told you? We're just Smith."

Etta stole a mischievous glance at him. How would he endure this rending of his reserve? To her surprise he did not appear even to notice it.

"I will find a seat for Mrs. Smith," said Miss Temple, authoritatively. "As for you, Mr. de Lyon, you have only five minutes, and you must go at once to the green-room."

He was forced to retire; and then Etta took her *protégées* past the smart young gentleman who was acting door-keeper for the concert-room, and brought them into the large and fashionable assembly. Everyone stared in amused amazement, except her chaperon, who was merely displeased. She found some nice quiet seats at the side, and herself sat down on the same bench with Mrs. Smith and Allie. She wondered whether, under these agitating conditions, Hervey de Lyon would not make a failure of his performance. She felt quite nervous, as everybody feels when a near relation gets up and makes an after-dinner speech.

And, indeed, there was reason for her apprehension. When the little singer appeared, he looked disturbed, and his eyes wandered all about the room seeking his mother, and wondering if, after all, they had refused her admission. If so—well, at the end of the first song he must just go away and find her. To disappoint princesses

and duchesses, to disappoint Etta would be very painful ; but this day was his mother's, and he had vowed himself to her. Mrs. Smith saw his roving eye, and delightedly guessed his thoughts. She got up from the side bench, and advanced a step or two in front of the platform. Her bonnet had slipped back a little, and her sweet, flushed, old face quivered with pleasure and with weakness.

"I'm here, Johnny ! Here I am, love !" she cried.

Etta put out her hand with a smile, and drew the old woman back to her place. And then Hervey saw them all—his mother, and his helpless sister, and dear Etta between them, and smiling. The colour rose in his cheek, and died slowly away again, and the accompanist had to play the prelude over a second time. For once in his life Hervey de Lyon had a lump in his throat, and was not ready to begin. And Etta feared he was going to break down, and felt quite faint ; but she still smiled encouragingly, and kept her restraining hand on the shoulder of the rejoicingly excitable old woman.

After a minute he recovered himself, having seen the Princess and the duchesses, whose applause was as wine to him ; and then the silver notes rang out, and there was breathless silence in the room ; and he surpassed himself, as people sometimes do when their emotions are very deeply stirred, not perhaps by the matter directly on hand.

And then poor Allie saw the people clapping their hands, and felt the ground tremble with the applause, and she, who had not heard a note, clapped also as hard as she could, and when her brother bowed, thought he was nodding at her, and nodded vigorously in return, till she saw frowns on the face of Etta's chaperon far away among the duchesses on the front bench.

But the old mother ! She got up from her chair, and sat down again, and cried, and wrung her hands and smote them frantically together.

"Oh, my dear ! my dear !" she said to Etta, "ain't that beautiful ? I wonder no one don't tell him it's beautiful ! And he's my boy, and I heard him ! And if no one else won't tell him, I will !"

And she ran out before the platform again, her eyes sparkling, her bonnet quite fallen off now and showing her shining white hair, soft and curly and abundant.

"Johnny ! dear Johnny !" she cried, "it's beautiful ! Better nor your pore father's singing. I do believe it is. I do believe it is !"

And Johnny had a faint recollection of his dead father singing at

the bars of public-houses when he himself was a little chap ; and of how the drinking used to cease in astonishment at the lovely tones, and his mother with dewy eyes used to watch the singer, entranced in a corner, in a heaven of music and delight and love, a golden atmosphere, which seemed somehow to have enwrapped her ever since.

Hervey sang on, and the old woman stood there before them all, her hands clasped and raised as if she were giving a blessing, her lips parted and her eyes streaming, till her son had forgotten the grand people and forgotten Etta, and was singing only for her, better than ever he had sung in his life before.

I fear the duchesses smiled.

But when the programme was accomplished, and Hervey at the piano now, was playing and singing informally in the manner he loved, and the audience had left their seats and were crowding around him, and Herr Josef, the supreme violinist, who had dropped from Heaven knows where, had a hand on his shoulder and was asking him to dinner, it all became too much for the frail old woman on the side bench. The room was hot, and presently it swam for her, and she made a wild clutch at Allie's arm, and then sank back with a moan and fainted away. Her son stopped in the middle of a bar, pushed his way through the crowd, and, lifting her in his arms, carried her out.

Etta and the dumb girl followed him ; and as they passed he heard the wondering people say to each other :—

“She's his mother, you know, the dear old thing.”

VIII.

Alas ! nothing seemed to revive her, and they took her away to Etta's home, which was close by ; and they laid her on Etta's bed, and the girl herself, still in her fairy robes and with the diamond star, hung over her ; and Hervey talked in a broken voice of her illness, and her fortitude, and her love, and how she had come up at great cost to herself, thinking to give him pleasure and to herself great delight before she should die.

Presently they heard a little sob, and she opened her eyes, which had no speculation in them, but wandered round the room, where all was unfamiliar and even her son in his fine clothes was to her unrecognisable. But at last her gaze fixed upon Etta, and she lay back awestruck, though with an air of great content.

"I've died and gone to heaven," she murmured ; "the angels be just what I pictured 'em. But I'd have liked the music to go on. I thought he sung so beautiful. Where was I when I heard that?"

Her son advanced, and kneeling beside her, fondled her hand. "In the same old world, mother, where you are still. Don't you know me, mother?"

Apparently not ; she still gazed wonderingly at Etta, who, seeing her bewilderment, took off the star and the floating veil, and twisted up her hair, and drew Allie's little black jacket over her white dress, till she looked quite earthly again : only perhaps a little sweeter and gentler than was her everyday custom.

And the old woman still lay looking at her, gasping out her frail old life, painless and happy. But suddenly she raised herself on her elbow, and turned to her son with smiling intelligence, and then back at Etta again.

"I see ! I see !" she cried. "I did not see it was him till this minute. And how beautiful he do sing, don't he ? I thank the dear God that I heard him. And, my dear, you are the one what he told me he loves ; and I bless God as I am leaving him to you."

Etta only smiled inscrutably, but Hervey's intentness of gaze presently made her look at him ; and on his face she saw great humility, and remorse for having spoken of her presumptuously, even to his mother.

Etta's eyes fell, and she coloured deeply. And they watched the dying woman, who smiled to the last ; and smiled still when all was ended, and she slept in her long rest.

IX.

They came to no explanation till a day or two had passed, then he said : "Have you any mercy ? Will you ever be able to forgive me ?"

"Can you pardon *me*?" said Etta gravely ; "I misjudged you ; I thought you would have denied your mother."

"And now ?" he said, very anxiously ; "now ?"

She was long silent ; but her eyes shone, and presently he ventured nearer and took her hands in his.

"You will make the name of John Smith famous," she said, smiling ; "that will be an achievement."

Then, as his eyes still read hers, while he pressed her hands to his lips, she added in a whisper :—

"I would not have married Hervey de Lyon ; you understand that, I suppose ?"

.
The chaperon and all the uncles and aunts thought she was mad, but she married the musician, and they went and lived at Vienna. And he made a name, and after a few years came back to London, a great lion, and much run after in society.

But he had become a very quiet person : and they spent much of their time in a country cottage, with a garden and a grand piano. There is no reason to suppose that Etta ever repented. When the chaperon came to see her, and wondered at her infatuation, she only smiled.

THE COMING STAR SHOWER.

A RICH shower of shooting-stars is a brilliant and impressive spectacle. Its extreme rarity increases its interest, and those who have once seen a great shower can never forget it. For hours, sometimes, the meteors fall, not in twos or threes, but in dozens, and some are brilliant objects rivalling Sirius or even Jupiter in brightness. They often leave phosphorescent streaks of light behind them, and these trails remain visible for several seconds after the meteor has vanished. Such a shower may be expected about November 15 of the present year, a return of the great shower of November 1866, which many may remember as forming a magnificent spectacle in the midnight sky.

A considerable number of these great star showers have been recorded in history. The first noticed seems to have been that which appeared in the year A.D. 902. Condé, in his "*History of the Dominion of the Arabs in Spain*," says that at the death of King Ibrahim bin Ahmad, about the middle of October (old style) 902, "an infinite number of stars were seen during the night, scattering themselves like rain to the right and left, and the year was known as the year of the stars." With reference to the same event, an Arab writer says that "in this year there happened in Egypt an earthquake, lasting from the middle of the night until morning; and so-called flaming stars struck one against another violently while being borne eastward and westward, northward and southward; and none could bear to look towards the heavens." These accounts are probably much exaggerated, but they prove that a wonderful display of shooting stars did actually occur in the year 902.

Great star showers in November have also been recorded in the years 931, 934, 1002, 1101, 1202, 1366, 1533, 1602, 1698, 1799, 1832, 1833, 1866, 1867, and 1868. With reference to the shower of 1202, a Mahomedan writer says, "in the year 599 (A.D. 1202) on the night of Saturday on the last day of Maharram stars shot hither and thither in the heavens, eastwards and westwards, and flew against one another, like a scattering swarm of locusts to the right and left. This phenomenon lasted until daybreak. People were

thrown into consternation, and cried to God the Most High with confused clamour ; the like of it never happened except in the year of the mission of the Prophet, and in the year 241."

With reference to the star shower of 1366, the following description is given in an old Portuguese work : "In the year 1366 and xxii days of the month of October (old style) being past, there was in the heavens a movement of stars, such as man never before saw or heard of. From midnight onwards, all the stars moved from the east to the west ; and, after being together they began to move, some in one direction, and others in another. And afterwards they fell from the sky in such numbers, and so thickly together, that as they descended low in the air they seemed large and fiery, and the sky and the air seemed to be in flames, and even the earth appeared ready to take fire. That portion of the sky where there were no stars seemed to be divided into many parts, and this lasted for a long time. Those that saw it were filled with such great fear and dismay that they were astounded, imagining they were all dead men, and that the end of the world had come." This description, although vague and probably exaggerated and inaccurate, shows that a remarkable shower of meteors was visible in that year. The interval from 1366 to 1866 gives fifteen periods of $33\frac{1}{3}$ years, and this is now considered to be about the average period between successive displays of this wonderful shower.

During the last one hundred years there have been remarkable star showers in the years 1799, 1833 and 1866. The shower of 1799 was well seen by Humboldt and Bonpland at Cumana in South America. Bonpland stated that all through the display there was not a space in the sky equal to three diameters of the moon that was not incessantly filled with shooting stars and fire balls ! One observer, who observed it at sea off the coast of Florida, describes the phenomenon as "grand and awful ; the whole heavens appeared as if illuminated by sky rockets which disappeared only by the light of the sun after daybreak. The meteors, which at one instant of time appeared as numerous as the stars, flew in all possible directions, except from the earth, towards which they inclined more or less, and some of them descended perpendicularly over the vessel I was in, so that I felt in constant dread of their falling on us."

During the shower of 1833, which was probably the finest on record, Olmsted and another observer estimated the number of meteors that appeared as 240,000 in nine hours. Major Strickland, in his work "Twenty-seven Years in Canada West," thus describes

this wonderful star shower : "I think it was on November 14, 1833, that I witnessed one of the most splendid spectacles in the world. My wife awoke me between two and three o'clock in the morning to tell me that it lightened incessantly. I immediately arose and looked out of the window, when I was perfectly dazzled by a brilliant display of falling stars. As this extraordinary phenomenon did not disappear, we dressed ourselves and went to the door, where we continued to watch the beautiful shower of fire till after daylight. These luminous bodies became visible in the zenith, taking the north-east in their descent. Few of them appeared to be of lesser size than a star of the first magnitude ; very many among them seemed larger than Venus. Two of them in particular appeared half as large as the Moon. I should think, without exaggeration, that several hundreds of these beautiful stars were visible at the same time, all falling in the same direction, and leaving in their wake a long stream of fire. This appearance continued without intermission from the time I got up until after sunrise. No description of mine can give an adequate idea of the magnificence of this scene, which I would not willingly have missed. This remarkable phenomenon occurred on a clear and frosty night, when the ground was covered with about an inch of snow." Another observer says : "Within the scope that the eye could contain more than twenty could be seen at a time, shooting in every direction. Not a cloud obscured the broad expanse, and millions of meteors sped their way across it on every point of the compass. Their coruscations were bright, gleaming, and incessant, and they fell thick as the flakes in the early snows of December. One was witnessed which left a path of light that was clearly discernible for more than ten minutes after the ball had exploded. Compared with the splendour of this celestial exhibition, the most brilliant rockets and fireworks of art bore less relation than the twinkling of the most tiny star to the broad glare of the sun." This great shower created consternation among the negroes of South Carolina, and a planter describes the scene as follows : "I was suddenly awakened by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy I could hear from most of the negroes of the three plantations, amounting in all to about 600 or 800. While earnestly listening for the cause, I heard a faint voice near the door calling my name. I arose, and taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying, 'Oh, my God, the world is on fire !' I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me the most—the awfulness of the

spectacle or the distressed cries of the negroes. Upwards of a hundred lay prostrate on the ground, some speechless and some with the bitterest cries, but with their hands upraised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful, for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell towards the earth; east, west, north, and south it was the same."

The star shower of November 1866 was also a fine one, although it did not equal that of 1833. It commenced a few minutes after midnight on the morning of November 14. The observations made at Greenwich Observatory show that about 70 meteors per minute were visible at 12.45. There was then a drop to 50 per minute, and a sudden rise at 1 A.M. to 120 a minute. The number then fell to about 80, and rose again to 120 a minute at about 1.30 A.M. It then rapidly declined, and at 2 A.M. the number per minute had decreased to about 30. The display was completely over at 5 A.M. At the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford, over 3,000 meteors were observed, but the total number visible must have been considerably more; most of the meteors were white, but some were of an orange hue. A large number were brighter than the brightest of the fixed stars, and a few were brighter than the planets. They usually left streaks of greenish light behind them. The showers of 1867 and 1868 were best seen in North America. In all these star showers the meteors seem to radiate from a fixed point or small area in the well-known "sickle of Leo." This is called the "radiant" point.

What is the cause of these meteoric showers? Astronomers now agree that they are due to a swarm of small bodies revolving round the sun in a period of about $33\frac{1}{4}$ years. The earth encounters the swarm when the earth and swarm happen to meet at what is called the node, or point where the plane of the earth's orbit intersects the orbit plane of the meteors. The earth then passes right through the swarm, and the small bodies which compose the swarm, and which are cold and dark when travelling through interstellar space, become raised to an incandescent heat by the friction produced by their rapid motion through the earth's atmosphere.

Professor Newton, of Yale College, Newhaven, U.S., seems to have been the first astronomer who clearly showed the periodical character of these great star showers. His results, however, have been considerably modified by subsequent calculations. According to the computations of Schiaparelli, Le Verrier, and Adams, this particular swarm of meteors seems to be travelling in the wake of a telescopic comet which appeared in January 1866. At all events, the elements of the meteoric orbit are almost identical with those of

the comet, both having a period of about $33\frac{1}{4}$ years. The meteors forming the swarm seem to be scattered for a considerable distance along the orbit. For this reason the meteoric showers are visible for two or three years near the time of the earth's passage through the "node." Only a few meteors were observed in November 1898, but the collision of the earth with the main portion of the swarm—"the gem of the meteor ring"—will probably take place in November of the present year. There may possibly be another display visible in November 1900—the closing year of the nineteenth century.

The motion of the meteoric swarm in its orbit round the sun is disturbed by the attraction of the larger planets, especially by Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus. These attractions will delay the return of the swarm in the present year by about two days. Calculations recently made by Professor Johnstone Stoney and Dr. Downing indicate that the middle of the shower will probably not take place till about 6 A.M. on the morning of November 16. The accuracy of this conclusion is not absolutely certain, but let us hope that the prediction will prove to be correct, for should the display take place earlier in the night it would be much spoiled by moonlight, as the moon will be nearly full on that date. If, however, the shower is delayed till 6 A.M. on the morning of Nov. 16, a fine display may be anticipated, as the moon will set at 6.14 A.M., and the sun will not rise till 7.21. If the prediction is fulfilled—as it probably will be—the meteoric shower will be visible in both Europe and America.

J. ELLARD GORE.

THE LOST RIVERS OF LONDON.

LONDON is deficient in two conditions to render it picturesque : it lacks diversity of surface, and it lacks water. In so vast an expanse of ground as is covered by London, Ludgate Hill and Notting Hill are mere molehills.¹ As to water, it has the Thames, but that is accessible at short and broken intervals only. There is the Embankment from Blackfriars to Westminster ; a short bit at Chelsea, and the Albert Embankment. But the City people during the day have no time to waste on their Embankment, and in the evening they are gone to the suburbs, and so this grand promenade is given up to occasional country cousins' visits, and to permanent ruffianism. For, of course, no one from the more northern parts of London ever thinks of coming so far to take a stroll on that Embankment, from which nothing is to be seen but mud banks in the near prospect, as by a perverse arrangement of nature it is generally low water when you want to take a walk ; on the opposite bank only dismal wharves present themselves. As to the Chelsea Embankment, that is patronised by the dwellers in that region only, if they do not neglect it altogether, as people generally do who live in a rather picturesque locality. The less we say about the Albert Embankment the better ; its characteristics are dingy hovels and smoke-belching pottery chimneys on one side, smoke and cinders from passing steam-barges and penny steamers on the river, and a dreary outlook on the opposite side, scarcely relieved by the Tate Gallery, which, for reasons unknown to the general public, but self-evident to those who can see the wire-pulling behind, has been pitched, like a King Log, into the Pimlico swamp. All other parts of the river are inaccessible to the public, and therefore as good as non-existent for the Londoner.

¹ The highest point north is Hampstead Hill, 400 feet above sea-level ; to the south Sydenham Hill, 365 feet ; Primrose Hill, about 260 feet ; Herne Hill, about 180 feet ; Denmark, about 100 feet ; Orme Square, 95 feet ; Broad Walk, 90 feet ; North Audley Street, 83 feet ; Tottenham Court Road, 85 feet ; Regent Circus, 90 feet ; Cornhill, 60 feet ; Charing Cross, 24 feet ; Euston Road, 90 feet ; Cheapside, 59 feet ; Farringdon Street, 28 feet ; St. Katherine's, Regent's Park, 120 feet ; Camberwell Green, 19 feet.

Thus much for the Thames. As to other pieces of water to be found in public parks, they are mere ponds, and of benefit only locally. As to public fountains, which form the peculiar charm of so many Continental cities, where the melodious splash of water is heard day and night, London possesses none. True, there are two squirts in Trafalgar Square, and the Shaftesbury fountain is making asthmatic efforts to assert itself, whilst the Angel at the top seems to be shooting Folly as it flies all around him in the savoury purlieus of the Haymarket. The small drinking fountains found here and there are evidences of philanthropy, which may be grateful to children and tramps, to horses and dogs, but do not add much to the aquatic features of London. There are canals, it is true, but they are private property, and so fenced, hoarded and walled in, as to be of no use to the public. And as a rule their water is so dirty, that no one with a nose would walk by the side of them, even if allowed to do so.

But London was not always so deadly level and so waterless as it is now. In ancient days there were high hills and deep valleys in the very heart of it. From the river Lea to the river Brent on the northern side of London there were numerous rivulets and brooks descending from the northern heights through the City and its western outskirts into the Thames, brooks and rivulets which at times assumed such dimensions as to cause serious inundations. It was the same in the south of London, where from the Ravensbourne to the Wandle similar watercourses reached the Thames from the southern hills.

All those brooks between the four rivers we have named, and which alone are still existing, have totally disappeared. What were their features, when they still flowed from northern and southern heights, and what were the causes and the process of their disappearance, we now intend to investigate, by proceeding from east to west, and taking the northern shore of the Thames first.

The site on which the Romans founded London was the rising ground on the northern bank of the Thames, from the present Fish Street Hill, or Billingsgate, to the Wallbrook. At a later date of their occupation they extended the City eastward to the Tower, and westward to the valley of the Fleet. Then the valley of the Wallbrook divided the City into two portions of almost equal size. To the north, the buildings extended to the present Aldgate and to Moorfields, and westward to Newgate and Ludgate. The wall which encompassed the town began at the Tower, and in a line with various bends in it terminated at the *Ars Palatina*, somewhere near the present *Times* Office. On the east of the town, where the country

was flat, there was a marsh, extending to the river Lea. To the north-west were dense forests stretching far into Middlesex, and abounding with deer, wild boar, and other savage animals. This forest was partly the cause of the many brooks, which in those days watered London from the northern heights ; it being a well-known fact that trees absorb and retain moisture.

It is doubtful whether there were any Roman buildings west of the Fleet ; Fleet Street and the Strand certainly were then undreamt of, and did not come into existence till centuries after the Romans had left our island. To the west of the present Strand, the ground lying very low, it was frequently inundated by the river, and there are persons still living who can remember Belgravia and Pimlico as a dismal swamp. Westminster Abbey stood on an island, which rose above the marshy environs, and even as late as the times of Charles II. occasional high tides converted the palace of Whitehall into an island.

The great forest of Middlesex above mentioned came close to the City wall ; it had, in fact, occupied a portion of the site on which the City was built, and as much of it had been cut down, and so much space cleared, as the builders required for their operations. But the nature of the forest ground could not be as readily changed. It was still full of moisture, and numerous rills continued to flow through it. Now, one of the most important of them was the

LANGBOURNE.

This watercourse, so called because of its length, took its rise in ground now forming part of Fenchurch Street. It ran swiftly through that street in a westward direction, across Grass- now Gracechurch Street, into and down Lombard Street—where many Roman remains have been discovered—to the west of St. Mary Woolnoth Church, where it turned sharply round to the south and gave name to Sherbourne Lane, so termed from sharing or dividing, because there it broke into a number of rills and so reached the Thames. From this watercourse Langbourne Ward took its name. Thus says Stow, but he adds that in his day (1598) this bourne had long been stopped up at the head, and the rest of the course filled up and paved over, “so that no sign thereof remaineth more than the name aforesaid.”

Some modern historians, Mr. Loftie for instance, deny the existence of the Langbourne altogether. “Stow says that the Langbourne rose in Fenchurch Street and ran down Lombard Street. It does not seem to have occurred to him that the course indicated is

up-hill," Mr. Loftie objects. But Fenchurch Street was then, as it is now, considerably higher than the outfall of the Langbourne into the Thames, and what do we know of the then levels of the streets, through which it was said to have run? Upwards of thirty feet under the present level of Lombard Street Roman remains have been found, and the Langbourne, as we know from various documents, was covered in as early as the latter part of the twelfth century, a time when building increased rapidly under Fitz-Alwyn, the first mayor of London; moreover, the fenny condition of Fenchurch Street is said to have been due to the overflowing of the Langbourne at its course. Mr. Loftie says that the original name of the Langbourne was Langford; but a ford implies a watercourse, and not a mere ditch or artificial trench, which, receiving the drainage of the immediate locality, fell into the Wallbrook, as Mr. Burt would have us believe. If the Langbourne never existed, whence did Langbourne Ward derive its name?

Proceeding westward we come to a much more important stream, namely the

WALLBROOK.

No more striking instance of the changes which Time will effect in the topographical aspect of a locality can be found than that which the disappearance of the Wallbrook has produced within the limits of its own course, and in its surroundings. Where now a smooth expanse of asphalt paving covers firm ground (except where rendered treacherously dangerous by sewer-like railway tunnels, in which human beings are shot to and fro like so many rats enclosed in traps in a drain!), extending from Princes Street right across to the Mansion House, and to and down the street called Wallbrook, there, centuries ago, yawned a wide ravine with precipitous sides, at the bottom of which flowed the brook called the Wall-brook, because, rising in the upper fenny grounds of Moorfields, it entered the city through an opening in the wall, somewhere near the northern end of the present Moorgate Street. The brook, towards its southern termination, must have been of considerable width, for barges could be rowed up to Bucklersbury—a fact commemorated by Barge Yard, formerly a kind of dock, but now solid ground, opening into Bucklersbury. The width of the Wallbrook near its outfall was no doubt increased by tributaries, which, flowing from the opposite portion of the City, found an exit on the western bank. There is no doubt that there was a watercourse along the line of Cheapside; the fact is stated positively by Maitland. He says: "At Bread Street corner, the north-east end, in 1595, one Thomas Tomlinson causing in the High

Street of Chepe a vault to be digged, there was found at fifteen feet deep a fair pavement, like that aboveground, and at the further end, at the channel, was found a tree, sawed into five steps, which was to step over some brook running out of the west towards Wallbrook. And upon the edge of the said brook there was found lying the bodies of two great trees, the ends whereof were then sawed off, and firm timber as at the first when they fell. It was all forced ground until they went past the trees aforesaid, which was about seventeen feet deep, or better. Thus much has the ground of this city been raised from the main. And here it may be observed that within fourscore years and less Cheapside was raised divers feet higher than it was when St. Paul's was first built, as appeared by several eminent marks discovered in the late laying of the foundation of that church." The mention of Cheapside as a highway does not go back to very early times. In the eleventh century it must have been a mere bog ; for when in 1090 the roof of Bow Church was blown off by a tempest, the rafters, which were twenty-six feet long, penetrated more than twenty feet into the soft soil of Cheapside. The course of the brook just mentioned west of Bread Street is not known ; it is doubtful whether it struck off northward by about Gutter Lane, and so towards springs known to exist near Cripplegate, or whether it came from further westward, from the springs which supply the ancient baths in Bath Street (formerly called Bagnio Court), north of Newgate Street.

But we must return to the Wallbrook itself. And, first, as to its course. After entering the City through the opening in the wall, it curved eastward, ran along Bell Alley, crossed Tokenhouse Yard and Lothbury, close by St. Margaret's Church, curved westward again, passing through ground now covered by the north-west corner of the Bank of England ; crossing the present Princes Street and the Poultry, it ran under what is now the National Safe Deposit, whence, by an almost semicircular bend, it reached Cannon Street, which it crossed, turning westwardly towards St. Michael's Church, and crossing Thames Street, flowed past Joiners' Hall into the Thames. There were various bridges over the said watercourse. There was one close to Bokerelsberi (Bucklersbury), which in 1291 four occupiers of tenements adjoining the bridge were ordered to repair, according to clauses in their tenancies. There was another over against the wall of the chancel of the church of St. Stephen, which it was the duty of the parishioners to repair, as they were ordered to do, for instance, in 1300. At Dowgate Hill, at the outfall of the Wallbrook into the Thames, there was discovered in 1884 an ancient landing-stage,

a Roman pavement in tile, set upon timber piles, with mortised jointing. The stage stood on the left bank of the Wallbrook, facing not the Thames, but the brook. It was twenty-one feet below the present level of Dowgate Hill, and below the churchyard of St. John's. A large quantity of stout oak-piling was also *in situ*, and the sill of the bridge which crossed from east to west at this spot was seen very plainly. Another landing-stage appears to have existed on the brook at a spot now covered by the National Safe Deposit ; it consisted of a timber flooring supported by huge oak timbers, and running parallel with the stream. † Adjoining this were evidences of a macadamised roadway, which extended in a line with Bucklersbury, until it reached the apparent course of the brook. Upon the opposite side similar indications appeared, so that here also a bridge may have existed. Another bridge seems to have spanned the brook near London Wall, in Broad Street Ward, with yet another a little more south. It appears that in the year 1300 both these bridges required repairs, and that the Prior of the Holy Trinity, who was liable for those of the first, and the Prior of the New Hospital without Bishopsgate, who was bound to do those of the second, were in that year summoned by the Mayor and Aldermen of London "to rebuild the said bridges and keep them in repair."

When in the seventies the National Safe Deposit Company dug down some forty feet into the ground, and reached the ancient course of the Wallbrook, they found in its bed, among other *débris*, enormous quantities of broken vessels and kitchen utensils. No doubt the careless cooks and housemaids of the ancient Romans found the brook handy for getting rid of the evidences of mishap or recklessness ; but their successors on the banks of the stream seem to have treated it with even greater disrespect. In the records of the City we find constant references to the disgraceful condition of the Wallbrook. In 1288 the Warden and Sheriffs of the City of London had to order that the watercourse of the Wallbrook should be made free from dung and other nuisances, and that the rakes should be put back again, upon every tenement extending from Finsbury Moor to the Thames. In 1374 the Mayor and Aldermen granted to Thomas atte Ram, brewer, a seven-years' lease of the Moor, together with charge of the watercourse of Wallbrook, without paying any rent therefor, upon the understanding that he should keep the said Moor well and properly, and have the Wallbrook cleansed for the whole of the term, clearing it from dung and other filth thrown therein ; he taking for every latrine built upon the said watercourse twelve pence yearly. And if, in so cleansing it, he

should find aught therein, he should have it for his own. But it would seem that Thomas atte Ram did not properly perform his contract, for at the expiration of it, namely, in 1383, we find by an Ordinance of the Common Council, that "whereas the watercourse of the Wallbrook is stopped up by divers filth and dung thrown thereinto by persons who have houses along the said course, to the great nuisance and damage of all the City, the Aldermen of the Wards of Coleman Street, Broad Street, Chepe, Wallbrook, Vintry, and Dowgate, through whose wards the said watercourse runs, shall inquire if any person dwelling along the said course has a stable or other house, whereby dung or other filth may fall into the same; or otherwise throws therein such manner of filth by which the said watercourse is stopped up, and they (the Aldermen) shall pursue all such offenders. But it shall be lawful for those persons who have houses on the said stream to have latrines over it, provided they do not throw rubbish or other refuse through the same . . . and every person having such latrines shall pay yearly to the Chamberlain two shillings for each of them."

With such arrangements, and the constant increase of buildings on the brook, and the decrease of water supplied to it by the springs in Moorfields, which were gradually being laid dry, the Wallbrook, from a clear stream, became a foul ditch, an open sewer, so that it was found necessary to convert it into a covered one in reality. The brook was filled up with all kinds of *débris* and partially bricked over, so that when Stow wrote (in 1598) he was obliged to say: "This watercourse . . . was afterwards vaulted over with brick, and paved level with the streets and lanes . . . and since that houses also have been built thereon, so that the course of Wallbrook is now hidden underground, and thereby hardly known." The stream was covered in at least three centuries before the covering in of the Fleet river, but its course can still be traced by the many important buildings which lined its banks. Commencing at its influx to the Thames, there were along its course on the western side the halls of the Innholders, the Dyers, the Joiners, the Skinners, the Tallow-chandlers, and the Cutlers; the churches of St. John, St. Michael, St. Stephen (which originally stood on the western side), St. Mildred's, and St. Margaret; also the Grocers' and the Founders' Halls, the estates of the Drapers and Leathersellers, and in Bucklersbury Cornet's Tower, a strong stone tower which was erected by Edward III., as his "Exchange of money there to be kept." In the sixteenth century it seems to have come into the possession of one Buckle, a grocer, who intended to erect in its place a "goodly

frame of timber," but "greedily labouring to pull down the tower" a part thereof fell upon and killed him.

In 1835 a curious discovery, the import of which was then unsuspected, was made close to the "Swan's Nest," a public-house in Great Swan Alley, Moorgate Street. A pit or well was laid open, in which was found a large quantity of earthen vessels of various patterns. This well had been carefully planked over with stout boards; the vases it contained were placed on their sides, embedded in mud or sand, which had settled so closely round them that a great number were broken in the attempt to extricate them. A coin and some iron implements were also found in the well, which was about three feet square, and boarded on each side with narrow planks about two feet long. The object with which these vessels, &c., had been deposited in this well was not at the time surmised, but it was made clear by a subsequent discovery. When the National Safe Deposit Company's premises, already referred to, were built, a similar wooden framework was discovered at a depth of about thirty feet below the present level of the street. It was of oak and about three feet square, and the contents of the box were similar to those found at the "Swan's Nest." Fortunately, this find came under the observation of Mr. John E. Price, F.S.A., Honorary Secretary of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, who recognised the remains as those of an *arca finalis*, a monument employed by the Roman surveyors to indicate the situation of limits of public or private property, answering to a landmark or boundary stone. Similar structures, occasionally of stone or tiles, have been discovered in other parts of England, as also on the Continent. It is, therefore, evident that the box found higher up the stream was also such an *arca*.

To return once more to the Wallbrook. A bridge across it we have not yet mentioned was Horseshoe Bridge, situate where the brook crossed Cloak Lane, which was a famous shopping place of the ladies of those early days, fancy articles being mostly on sale there. It is, however, time to leave the Wallbrook; let us part from it with such a picture on our minds as will leave a vivid and pleasant impression. Remember that its banks were favourite sites for villas, as is proved by all the evidences of wealth and luxury of the ancient dwellers on the Wallbrook ravine and adjoining streets, now buried fathoms deep underground, which have been found on and near the banks of the river. "A villa in beautiful grounds on the Wallbrook to be let"—think of that!

From the valley of the Wallbrook the ground of the City rises

gently towards St. Paul's, and Panyer's Alley, the highest point ; thence it falls almost precipitously towards the valley of the

FLEET RIVER,

so precipitously, indeed, that one of the descents from the Old Bailey to Farringdon Street obtained the name of Breakneck Steps. When the increase of the population of the old City rendered it desirable to seek new habitations, the citizens looked across the river Fleet, and saw the opposite Holborn, Back, and Saffron Hills as yet unoccupied, stretching out as open country—though roads had begun to be established thereon, such as Field Lane, then in the fields—they began to erect dwellings on the western bank of the river. This led to the erection of bridges ; we think Holborn Bridge was the first to be built. But before we enter into an account of the bridges, it is necessary to speak of the river itself.

The Fleet then, which once formed so important a feature of London topography, took its rise in the dense clay of the district just below Hampstead ; at Kentish Town its volume was increased by an affluent from Highgate Ponds ; it then made its way through the hill near College Street—whence some writers infer that the name of Oldbourne, by which the river was known for some distance, was really a corruption of Hole-bourne—and entered the valley formed by the hills of Camden Town and the Caledonian Road, pursuing its course to Battle Bridge—since 1830 known as King's Cross—where it received an affluent from the west, which rose in the high ground to the south of the Hampstead Road. From Battle Bridge the river bent round to the east, and flowed through the grounds of Bagnigge Wells, once the residence of Nell Gwynne, and thence, still with an easterly trend, past the walls of the House of Correction, thence across Baynes Row, where it received another western affluent, taking its rise at the western end of Guilford Street. Thence it flowed to the northern end of Little Saffron Hill, and in this part of its course it sometimes was called the River of Wells, because it was fed by a number of wells or springs, all situate in Clerkenwell, and known as Clerks' Well, Skinners' Well, Faggs' Well, Loder's Well, Rad Well, and Todd's Well—this latter a corruption of its proper name, God's Well, from which Goswell Street took its name. The river thence flowed down the valley between the old City and the Holborn hills, and here it occasionally went by the name of Turnmill Brook, because of the mills which here stood on its banks. On its eastern side was a street called Turnmill Street, which in later days acquired a very

bad reputation, its inhabitants being abandoned characters. Originally it was a respectable street, the houses having gardens going down to the river, which was fenced on both sides. In its southward course the river presently reached Holborn Bridge, where it received the affluent called the Holbourne, which rose somewhere near St. Giles's. The existence of this brook is denied by some topographers, but it is distinctly shown in a very old map of the manor of Blemundsbury (Bloomsbury), reproduced in Mr. W. Blott's "*Chronicle of Blemundsbury*," 1892. And we see no reason for doubting the correctness of the map, and therefore adopt the Holbourne as a fact. The Fleet then passed under Chick Lane, afterwards called West Street, which crossed the river at right angles, and in quite recent times was the refuge of thieves, burglars, and other criminals, and means of concealment and of escape by way of the river were revealed when, in the forties and fifties, West Street was pulled down for the improvements then in progress in that locality. After passing under Holborn Bridge the river was known as the Fleet, not because of the fleetness of its course, as some writers would have it, for it never had much of that quality, but because of the flood or high tide it participated in with the rise of the Thames.

Having thus traced the river from its source to its mouth, we may describe the bridges which crossed it.

In the northern part of its course the river, where it passed through what in the early days was still country, was no doubt here and there crossed by bridges, but they were probably wooden bridges of light construction, as the traffic was but limited. The first solid bridge we have any record of is the one which existed at Battle Bridge, which derived its name from the battle between Suetonius Paulinus and Boadicea, the queen of the Iceni, which is said to have been fought on the spot, and from the brick bridge which in early times there crossed the Fleet. Originally it was built of wood, but at an uncertain date later on it was replaced by one of brick, consisting of a number of arches. Battle Bridge, from the lowness of its situation, was exposed to frequent inundations; in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, May 1818, we read: "From the heavy rain which commenced yesterday . . . Battle Bridge, St. Pancras, and part of Somers Town were inundated. The water was several feet deep in many of the houses, and covered an extent of upwards of a mile. The carcases of several sheep and goats were found . . . and property was damaged to a very considerable amount." Various Acts were passed at the beginning of this century for the improve-

ment of the locality ; the river was completely arched over, and in 1830 the spot assumed the name of King's Cross from the ridiculous structure erected in the centre of the cross roads ; it was of octagon shape, surmounted by a statue of George IV. The basement was for some time occupied as a police station, then as a public-house, and the whole was taken down in 1845, and a tall lamp erected on the spot.

The Fleet was next crossed by an ornamental, somewhat rustic bridge in the grounds of Bagnigge Wells ; of course it disappeared with the gardens and buildings of the Wells in 1841. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when Clerkenwell, from an almost rural became an urban district, streets began to cross the Fleet, such as Baynes Row, Eyre Street Hill, Mutton Hill, Peter Street, and others. The next old bridge we come to is Cow Bridge, by Cow Lane, or the present Cow Cross. It dated from the middle of the sixteenth century. Stow, writing, it will be remembered, in 1598, says : "This bridge being lately decayed, another of timber is made by Chick Lane." In the time of Elizabeth the ground from Cow Cross towards the Fleet River, and towards Ely House, on the opposite bank, was either entirely vacant or occupied with gardens.

We next come to Chick Lane, afterwards known as West Street. Stow, writing in 1603, refers to Chicken Lane, "toward Turnmill brook, and over that brook by a timber bridge into the field." This must have been Chick Lane, which was really a bridge of houses, the most noticeable of which was one which once had been known as the Red Lion Inn, and which at its demolition is supposed to have been three hundred years old. For the last hundred years of its existence it was used as a lodging-house, and was the resort of thieves, coiners, and other criminals. Its dark closets, trapdoors, sliding panels, and secret recesses rendered it one of the most secure places for robbery and murder ; openings in the walls and floors afforded easy means of getting rid of the bodies by dropping them into the Fleet, which for many years before its final abolition was only known as the Fleet Ditch. The history and description of the houses in West Street were rendered so well known at the time of their demolition, that we need not enter into them here ; besides, they are beyond the scope of our inquiries.

South of Chick Lane was Holborn Bridge, which was built of stone, and, according to Aggas' map of London in 1560, had houses on the north side of it. The date of its original foundation is not given in any chronicle, but it must have gone far back, probably was coeval with the building of London Bridge, since it was on the great

highway from east to west. At first it was, like all the other bridges on the Fleet, constructed of wood; after its erection in stone, with a width of some twelve feet, it seems to have been gradually widened to accommodate the increasing traffic. According to Mr. Crosby, a great authority on the antiquities of the Fleet valley, Holborn Bridge consisted of four different bridges joined together at the sides. Yet in 1670 the bridge was found to be too narrow for the traffic, and it had to be rebuilt, so that the way and passage might run in a "bevil line" from a certain timber-house on the north side, known by the name of the "Cock," to the "Swan" Inn. Wren built the new bridge on the north or Holborn side accordingly, and the name of William Hooker, Lord Mayor in 1673-74, was cut on the stone coping of the eastern approach. What was meant by the "bevil line" is to us obscure, and we are not much enlightened by what Sir William Tite says, who in 1840 was present at the opening of a sewer at Holborn Hill, and saw the southern face of the old bridge disinterred. "The arch," he says, "was about twenty feet span. The road from the east intersected the bridge obliquely, and out of the angle thus formed a stone corbel arose to carry the parapet." Of course, with the disappearance of the Fleet Ditch the bridge also vanished.

The next bridge we come to started from Fleet Lane on the east side to Harp Alley on the Holborn side. As it was about half-way between Holborn and Fleet Street bridges, it was sometimes called Middle Bridge. It was built of stone, with a stone rail and banister, and was ascended by fourteen steps, and as high as Bridewell and Fleet bridges, to allow vessels with merchandise to pass under it. It had been erected in 1674, and disappeared with the other bridges on the covering in of the Fleet.

The Fleet Bridge, which we reach next, joined Ludgate Hill to Fleet Street. This bridge was, in 1431, repaired at the charges of John Wels, mayor. It was destroyed by the Great Fire, and the new one erected in its stead was of the breadth of the street, and ornamented with pineapples and the City arms. But though larger in breadth, it had not the length of the old bridge, the channel having then been already considerably narrowed. The bridge was taken down in 1765.

To the south of Fleet Bridge the river was spanned by a building, which seems to have been a dwelling or a warehouse. It is distinctly shown on Aggas' map.

Bridewell Bridge, the last over the Fleet before its entering the Thames, and the last built (in the sixteenth century), was at first a

timber bridge, between Blackfriars and the House of Bridewell, on the site of the Castle Mountfiquet, which originally stood there. In 1708, or thereabouts, it was replaced by one of stone, much higher than the street, being ascended by fourteen steps. It was for foot passengers only. It was pulled down in 1765.

We may now conclude our account of the Fleet with a few statements concerning the vicissitudes it passed through.

A great many antiquities—British, Saxon, and Roman—have been found in the bed of this river, such as coins of silver, copper, and brass, but none of gold; lares, spur rowels, keys, daggers, seals, medals, vases, and urns. An anchor, 3 ft. 10 in. in height, encrusted with rust and pebbles—a sketch of which is given in the October number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1843—is said to have been discovered near the site of Holborn Bridge, which may be genuine, as ships are known to have ascended so far up the river in the fourteenth century. But early in that century already the river was choked up “by the filth of the tanners and others, and by the raising of wharves, and especially by a diversion of the water in the first year of King John (1200) by them of the New Temple for their mills without Baynard's Castle, and by other impediments, the course was decayed, and ships could not enter as they were used.” Upon this complaint of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, the river was cleansed, the mills removed, and other means taken for its preservation; but it was not brought to its former depth and width, and so was soon filled with mud again. The scouring of the river seems to have been necessary every thirty or forty years, at a great expense to the City. We find that it was so cleansed in 1502, and once more rendered navigable for large barges, but the dwellers on its banks would continue to make it the receptacle of all the refuse, and the wharves built on its banks proved unsuccessful, as vessels could not approach them. Consequently in 1733 the City of London, seeing that all navigation had ceased, and that the ditch, as it was then called, was a danger to the public on account of its unsanitary state, and because persons had fallen in and been suffocated in the mud, began covering it in, commencing with the portion from Fleet Bridge to Holborn Bridge, and the new Fleet Market was erected on the site in 1737. The part from Fleet Street to the Thames was covered in when the approaches to Blackfriars were completed between 1760 and 1768. One stubborn citizen, however, would not surrender a small filthy dock; a barber, from Bromley, in Kent, was, in 1763, found in it standing upright and frozen to death.

Like all brooks descending from hills, the Fleet was liable to

sudden increases of volume, causing inundations.¹ The melting of snow and ice by a sudden thaw and heavy and long-continued rains have frequently turned the Fleet into a mighty and destructive torrent flood. In 1679 it broke down the back of several wholesale butcher-houses at Cowcross, and carried off cattle dead and alive. At Hockley-in-the-Hole barrels of ale, beer, and brandy floated down the stream. In 1768, the Hampstead Ponds overflowing after a severe storm, the Fleet grew into a torrent, and the roads and fields about Bagnigge Wells were inundated ; in the gardens of the latter place the water was 4 ft. deep ; in Clerkenwell many thousand pounds worth of damage was done. In 1809 a sudden thaw produced a flood, and the whole space between St. Pancras and Pentonville Hill was soon under water, and for several days people received their provisions in at their windows. In 1846 a furious thunderstorm caused the Fleet Ditch to blow up. The rush from the drain at the north arch of Blackfriars Bridge drove a steamer against one of the piers and damaged it. The water penetrated into basements and cellars, and one draper had three thousand pounds' worth of goods ruined. From Acton Place, Bagnigge Wells Road, to King's Cross, the roads were impassable. In 1855 the Fleet, as one of the metropolitan main sewers, became vested in the then newly established Metropolitan Board of Works. Shortly after the Metropolitan Railway was planned, and in 1860 the work was commenced. One of the greatest initial difficulties the engineers of that enterprise had to contend with was the irruption of the Fleet Ditch into their works ; the Fleet gave, as does the last flare of an expiring candle, its "last kick," and made a final effort to assert itself. The ditch, under which the railway had to pass two or three times, suddenly though not unexpectedly filled the tunnel with its dark foetid liquid, which carried all before it—scaffoldings constructed of the stoutest timbers and solid stone and brick walls and piers. But the Metropolitan Board of Works and the railway company, by gigantic and skilfully conducted efforts, succeeded in forming an outlet for the flood into the Thames ; the damage was made good, and the work was successfully carried out.

Here we take our leave of the Fleet, and proceeding westward find nothing to arrest our steps till we come to a spot which once went by the name of the

¹ Wherever there are such brooks the same phenomenon appears. Visitors to Nice may have witnessed the sudden rise of the Paillon ; and the Birsig at Basle, usually a fine thread of water, has repeatedly risen five or six feet high in the market place of that town.

STRAND BRIDGE,

not Waterloo Bridge, which originally was so called, but a "fair bridge," as Stow calls it, erected many hundred years ago over a brook which crossed the Strand opposite to the present Strand Lane, and descended from the ponds in Fickett's Fields, part of Lincoln's Inn Fields, now all built over. This bridge probably disappeared about the year 1550, when an Act was passed for paving the streets east and west of Temple Bar, and "Strand Bridge" is specially mentioned in the Act; the paving of the Strand seems to have done away with the brook and the bridge over it. The name of Strand Bridge was also given to the landing-stage at the bottom of Strand Lane, which descends in a tortuous line from the Strand down to the Thames. In this lane there is at the present day the old Roman bath, which, it is supposed, is supplied from the well which gave its name to Holywell Street, which supply never fails.

There are no written records or other traces of any brook descending from the northern heights through London west of the Strand till we come to the

TYBURN.

This brook, like the Fleet, took its rise near Hampstead, but turning westward, and receiving several tributary streamlets, it ran due south through Regent's Park, where it was joined by another affluent from the site of the present Zoological Gardens, from which point it turned to the west and crossed the Marylebone Road opposite Gloucester Terrace, and after running parallel with it for a short distance it took a sharp turn to the east, following the hollow in which the present Marylebone Lane stands, the windings of which indicate the course of the brook. On reaching the southern end of High Street, it again turned to the south, crossed Oxford Street, ran down part of South Molton Street, turned west again to the south of Berkeley Square; thence it flowed through the narrow passage between the gardens of Lansdowne House and Devonshire House, whose hollow sound seems to indicate the existence of the water-course below. It next crossed Piccadilly, ran due south through the Green Park, passed under Buckingham Palace, directly after which it divided into three branches, one of which ran through the ornamental water in St. James's Park, whence it fell into the Thames: the middle branch ran into the ancient Abbey at Westminster, where it turned the mills the monks had erected there. But from old maps it appears that this arm of the Tyburn, at a point a little north-west of the Abbey, threw out a branch which in a northerly course rejoined

the park, and then in a curved line to the east reached the Thames at a point not far from Westminster Bridge, and to the north-east of it. The spot where this branch touched St. James's Park was close to Storey's Gate. Now, last year (1898), when the ground was being excavated for the foundations of the new Institute of Mechanical Engineers, the workmen came upon the piles and brickwork of an ancient wharf. The structure was wonderfully well preserved ; it had evidently been well constructed, probably by the monks, and may have been for the accommodation of the fishermen bringing their goods to the monastery. But at present, and until further information is obtained, if ever it is obtained, we can only form conjectures as to the purposes of the wharf ; but its discovery on that spot is curiously illustrative of the history which still lies hidden under our streets.

We have yet to mention the third branch of the Tyburn, which started south of Buckingham Palace. It ran in a southerly direction across Victoria Street, for a short distance skirted the Vauxhall Bridge Road, then crossed it and ran through the marshy grounds then existing, down to the Thames a little to the west of Vauxhall Bridge.

Such was the course of the Tyburn. Of the bridges that once must have crossed it not a vestige remains ; but we have the record of one which was at the spot which is now Stratford Place, and where the Lord Mayor's Banqueting-house stood, to which he resorted when he, the Aldermen, and other distinguished citizens went to inspect the head conduits from which the City conduits were supplied, on which occasions they combined pleasure with business, hunting the hare before and the fox after dinner. The Tyburn must at one time have been a stream of considerable size ; in the year 1238 it was so copious as to furnish nine conduits for supplying the City with water. It had rows of elms growing on its banks, and as it generally, but erroneously, is supposed to have flowed past the southern corner of the Edgware Road, the name of Elm Place was given to a street (now pulled down) west of Connaught Place. How this error arose we shall show when speaking of the Westbourne. On the Tyburn stood the church of St. Mary *la bonne* ; by the vulgar omission of letters " burn " became " bone," hence Marylebone. The Tyburn, like the other brooks already discussed, is now a mere sewer.

Proceeding still further west we come to the

WESTBOURNE,

which, like the other brooks, rose in the northern heights above

London. Around Jack Straw's Castle at Hampstead various rills sprang from the ground, which, forming a united stream a little north of the Finchley Road, that stream, flowing west towards the spot known as West End, continued its western course till it reached Maygrove Road; it crossed that road, and taking a sudden turn south, it ran through Kilburn down to Belsize Road, south of which a small lake was formed, by its confluence there with a considerable tributary in the form of a two-pronged fork and its handle, coming from the lower southern heights of Hampstead. From the lake the Westbourne flowed in a westerly course, and near Cambridge Road received another affluent from the high ground where Paddington Cemetery now stands; still running west at Chippenham Road its volume was further increased by the reception of a stream coming from the neighbourhood of Brondesbury, and from this point it ran due south, but with many windings, through Paddington, and across the Uxbridge Road, through part of Kensington Gardens, through the Serpentine in Hyde Park and across the Knightsbridge Road, and what was then called the Five Fields, a miserable swamp, and formed the eastern boundary of Chelsea till it discharged itself into the Thames, west of Chelsea Bridge, but divided into a considerable number of small streams.

Such was its course, and from its description we see that it was no insignificant stream, and may assume that the first settlers in those northern parts of London must be looked for on its banks. Like the Fleet it had various names in different localities: thus at Kilburn it was known as the Keele Bourne, Coldbourne, and Kilbourne; at Bayswater it was called the Bayswater Rivulet. The name of Bayswater itself is supposed to be derived from Baynard, who built Baynard Castle on the Thames, and also possessed lands at Bayswater. At the end of the fourteenth century it was called Baynard's Watering-place, which in time was shortened to its present appellation.

The bridge which gave Knightsbridge its name was a stone bridge; by whom or when erected is not on record; but probably Edward the Confessor, who conferred the land about here upon the Abbots of Westminster, also built the bridge for their accommodation. The road was the only way to London from the west, and the stream was broad and rapid. The bridge was situated in front of the present entrance into the Park by Albert Gate, and part of it still remains under ground, while the other portion was removed for the Albert Gate improvements. In the churchwardens' accounts of St. Margaret's, Westminster, are the following entries regarding the bridge:—

1630. Item, received of John Fennell and Ralph Atkinson, collectors of the escheat, for repair of Brentford Bridge and Knightsbridge	£	s.	d.
		23	6 4
1631. Item, paid towards the repairs of Brentford Bridge and of Knightsbridge, &c.		24	7 10

The Westbourne was occasionally a source of inconvenience and even danger to the inhabitants of Knightsbridge. After heavy rains or in sudden thaws it overflowed. On September 1, 1768, it did so, and did great damage, almost undermining some of the houses; and in January 1809 it overflowed again, and covered the neighbouring fields so deeply that they resembled a lake, and passengers were for several days rowed from Chelsea to Westminster by Thames boatmen.

On the site now covered by St. George's Row, Pimlico, there stood in the middle of the last century a house of entertainment known as "Jenny's Whim." A long wooden bridge over one of the many arms of the Westbourne led up to the house. The present Ebury Bridge over the Grosvenor Canal, which this river-branch has become, occupies the site of this old bridge. "Jenny's Whim" had trim gardens, alcoves, ponds, and facilities for duck-hunting; in the gardens were recesses, where, by treading on a spring, up started different figures, some ugly enough to frighten people, a harlequin, a Mother Shipton, or some terrible animal. Horace Walpole occasionally alludes to "Jenny's Whim;" in one of his letters to Montagu, he says: "Here (at Vauxhall) we picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from Jenny's Whim." Towards the beginning of this century "Jenny's Whim" began to decline; at last it sank down to the condition of a beershop, and in 1804 it was finally closed. The origin of the name is doubtful. Davis, the historian of Knightsbridge, accepts the account given him by an old inhabitant, that it was so called from its first landlady, who directed the gardens to be laid out in so fantastic a manner as to cause the noun to be added to her own Christian name. Other reports say that the place was established by a celebrated pyrotechnist in the reign of George I.; but that does not account for the name.

Like other London rivers the Westbourne in the end became a sewer; it was gradually covered up; of the two chief branches by which it reached the Thames, the eastern one became the Grosvenor Canal, and the western the Ranelagh Sewer. The canal was crossed by several other bridges, Stone Bridge being one of them.

We stated above that the Westbourne formed the eastern boundary of Chelsea; its western boundary was also a river, or

rather rivulet, which it appears never even had a name, though in one old map I find it called

BRIDGE CREEK.

It rose in Wormwood Scrubs, skirted the West London and Westminster Cemetery, and entered the Thames west of Battersea Bridge, where, in fact, there is still a creek going some distance inland. The rest of the stream has been absorbed by the West Kensington railway. No vestige of it remains, and it has no history.

BROOK GREEN

took its name from a brook which once rose near Shepherd's Bush, but it has no records.

The next river we should come to, if we pursued our journey westward, would be the Brent, but as that is still existing—how long will it continue to do so?—it does not enter into the scope of our investigations.

Having now given an account of all the extinct brooks north of the Thames, we will cross that river and see what watercourses formerly existed on the Surrey side.

The southern banks of the Thames, being low and flat, originally were a swamp, continually overflowed by the river—Lambeth Marsh commemorates that condition of the locality. Down to Deptford, Peckham, Camberwell, Stockwell, Brixton, and Clapham did the flood extend. But by the gradual damming up of the southern bank of the Thames, the erection of buildings on the Surrey side, and the draining of the soil, the latter was gradually laid dry, and the numerous rivulets which meandered through the marsh, were reduced to three between the still existing rivers—namely, the Ravensbourne to the east and the Wandle to the west. The first brook, again going from east to west, is the

NECKINGER,

which rose at the foot of Denmark Hill and adjacent parts, and, after passing in two streams under the Old Kent Road, united north of it and reached the Thames at St. Saviour's Dock, which, in fact, is the enlarged mouth of the old river. But according to some old maps we have consulted, it had a branch running in a more easterly direction and entering the Thames at a point near the present Commercial Docks Pier. But of this latter branch no trace remains, whilst the northerly course to the Thames is indicated by various roads, such as the Grange and the Neckinger Roads. The brook ran past Bermondsey Abbey, up to the gates of which it was navigable

from the Thames. The Grange Road took its name from a farm known as the Grange, and here the Neckinger was spanned by a bridge. When Bermondsey Abbey was destroyed, a number of tanneries were established on the site, which took their water from the Neckinger, in connection with which a number of tidal ditches, to admit water from the Thames, were cut in various directions. Near the Upper Grange Road stood a windmill, and at the mouth of the Neckinger a water-mill, the owner of which shut off the tide when it suited his purpose, which led to frequent disputes between him and the tanners. But in time the latter sank artesian wells, the mill was driven by steam-power, and the water of the Neckinger being no longer required for manufacturing purposes the river was neglected and finally built over. The Neckinger mills had been erected in the last century by a company to manufacture paper from straw, but, this enterprise failing, the premises passed into the hands of the leather manufacturers. A street to the east of St. Saviour's Dock, and parallel with it, is still known as Mill Street.

There was another bridge over the Neckinger where it crossed the Old Kent Road, near the spot where the Albany Road joins the latter road. It was known as Thomas-a-Watering, from St. Thomas, the patron of the dissolved monastery or hospital of that name in Southwark. The bridge was the most southern point of the boundary of the borough of Southwark, and in ancient days the first halting-place out of London on the road to Kent. Chaucer's pilgrims passed it on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas à-Becket at Canterbury :

And forth we riden
Unto the watering place of St. Thomas,
And then our host began his hors arrest.

Deputations of citizens used to go so far to meet royal or other distinguished personages who came to visit London. From the end of the fifteenth century the spot was set apart for executions, and numerous are the records of criminals who were hanged there until about the middle of the last century.

In 1690 two very handsome Janus heads, *i.e.* heads with two faces, were discovered near St. Thomas-a-Watering. They were found near two ancient piers of a large gate—Janus was the god of gates. One was taken up and set up on a gardener's door ; but the other, being embedded in quicksand, from which springs flowed out pretty freely, was left. Dr. Woodward, who founded the professorship of geology in the University of Cambridge, afterwards purchased the head which had been saved, and added it to his collection of

curiosities. At the beginning of this century there was still a brook running across the Kent Road on the spot mentioned above, with a bridge over it, and the current from the Peckham and Denmark hills was at times so strong as to overflow at least two acres of ground. East of the Mill Street above mentioned there is a spot which has been rendered famous by Dickens in "Oliver Twist," namely, Jacob's Island. As the description he gives of it is known to every one, we need not here repeat it; it applies, partially only, to the locality now.

It is, or to speak correctly was, a "Venice of drains." But it was not always so; in the reign of Henry II. the foul stagnant ditch, which till recently made an island of this pestilential spot, was a running stream, supplied with the waters which were brought down in the Neckinger from the southern hills. On its banks stood the mills of the monks of St. John and St. Mary, dependencies of the Abbey of Bermondsey, which were worked by it. In those days the neighbourhood consisted of blooming gardens and verdant meadows; close to Jacob's Island were Cupid's Gardens, a kind of Ranelagh on a small scale, but still a very pleasant place of public entertainment; tanneries, and many still more objectionable trades now carried on in the locality, were then undreamt of.

Many of the horrors of Jacob's Island are now things of the past. The foul ditch, in whose black mud the juveniles used to disport themselves, undeterred by the close proximity of the unsavoury carcases of dead dogs and cats, is now filled up and turned into a solid road. Many of the tumble-down houses have been pulled down. In fact, the romance of the place is gone! Let us proceed westward; we come to the once important

EFFRA,

which remained a running stream till within the sixties, when it, like other rivers, became a mere sewer. It rose in the high grounds of Norwood, and ran down Croxted Lane, till within the last two or three years a perfectly rural retreat; at the "Half Moon" Inn at Herne Hill it received an affluent, which rose between Streatham Hill and Knight's Hill. Skirting the park of Brockwell Hall it ran along Water Lane, past the police station in the Brixton Road. Here it took a sharp turn to the north and ran parallel to the Brixton Road, access to the houses on the eastern side being gained by little bridges, till it reached St. Mark's Church, where it took a sharp turn to the west. But before reaching that point, a branch of the river, at a spot somewhere between the present Clapham and

South Lambeth Roads, in what used formerly to be called Fentiman's Fields, turned in a northerly direction towards the South Lambeth Road, flowing through what was then Caroon Park, afterwards the Lawn estate, a portion of which has recently become Vauxhall Park. The river ran along the lane leading by the side of the present Vauxhall Park to the Crown Works of Messrs. Higgs and Hill, at the corner of the lane turning almost at right angles up the South Lambeth Road towards Vauxhall Cross. As in the Brixton Road, little bridges here gave access to the houses on the eastern side of the South Lambeth Road. According to an old map, this branch of the Effra sent off another across the South Lambeth Road and a Mr. Freeman's land, lying between it and the Kingston Highway, as the Wandsworth Road was then called, and thus reached the Thames. The main stream, which we left at St. Mark's Church, continued its course along the south side of the Oval, sending off in a north-westerly direction a branch which fell into a circular basin, probably on the spot where the great gasholders now stand in Upper Kennington Lane. It then turned towards Vauxhall, where it passed under a bridge, called Cox's Bridge, and fell into the Thames a little northward of Vauxhall Bridge.

At Belair, one of the show-houses of Dulwich, a branch of the Effra ran through the grounds; the Effra itself also traversed the Springfield estate near Herne Hill, now given up to the builders. The river there appears to have been much wider than elsewhere, and in depth about nine feet, with banks shaded by old trees. The present writer remembers the Effra as a river, and was told by a gardener, now deceased, who had worked on the Caroon estate, which extended from the present Dorset Road to the Oval, for more than fifty years, that he had often seen the Effra along Lawn Lane assume the proportions of a river, wide and deep enough to bear large barges; which statement gives countenance to the tradition that Queen Elizabeth frequently in her barge visited Sir Noel Caroon, the Dutch Ambassador, who lived at Caroon House, on the site of which stand the mansion and factory of Mr. Mark Beaufoy, also the owner of the Belair House above-mentioned. Dr. Montgomery, sometime vicar of St. Mark's, and now Bishop of Tasmania, in his "*History of Kennington*," says that in 1753 the whole space occupied by the Oval and a number of streets was open meadow through which the Effra meandered at will. It was a sparkling river running over a bright gravelly bottom and supplied fresh water to the neighbourhood. A bridge crossed the Effra at St. Mark's, and was called Merton Bridge, from its formerly having been

repaired by the Canons of Merton Abbey, who had lands for that purpose. Curiously enough, the author from whom we take this, Thomas Allen, in his "History of Lambeth," published in 1827, when the Effra was yet a running stream, refers to it only on the above occasion, when he calls it a "small stream." *Et c'est ainsi qu'on écrit l'histoire.*

One more "lost river" remains on our list, the

FALCON BROOK,

which, rising on the south side of Balham Hill, flowed almost due north between Clapham and Wandsworth Commons, to Battersea Rise, which it crossed, after which it turned sharply to the west, ran along Lavender Road, crossed the York Road, and discharged itself into the Thames through Battersea Creek, which is all that now remains of the river, except the underground sewer which represents its former course. Once many pleasant villas stood on its banks; at the present day the entire valley through which it flowed is covered by one of the densest masses of dingy streets to be seen anywhere near London. Nothing remains to recall even its name, except the Falcon Road and a newly-erected public-house which has supplanted the original "Falcon," a somewhat rustic building, which, however, harmonised well with the then surroundings, which were of a perfectly rural aspect, such as, looking at the present scene, we can scarcely realise. But it can be seen in a rare print of the river, engraved by S. Rawle, after an original drawing by J. Nixon. He was an artist, who, passing the "Falcon," which was then kept by a man named Robert Death, saw a number of undertaker's men regaling themselves after a funeral on the open space in front of the inn. They were not only eating and drinking and smoking, but indulging in various antics, endeavouring to make the maids of the inn join in their hilarity. This scene, and the queer coincidence of the landlord's strange name, induced Nixon to make a sketch of it, which was engraved and published in 1802, the following lines from Blair's poem "The Grave" being added to the print:

But see the well-plumed hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow, and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.

A cantata was also published about the same time, supposed to

be sung by undertakers' merry men, to celebrate the pleasure and benefit of burying a nabob, and drink to their

. . . next merry meeting and quackery's increase !

Here we close our journey and our records—at a funeral ! Well, the finale is not inappropriate. Have we not been attending the funerals of so many gay and bright and sparkling, joyfully leaping and rushing and sometimes roaring brooks and rivers, descending from the sunny hill-sides, finally to be buried in dark and noisome sewers ? And the lost river, alas ! is but too often the type of the lost life. But moralising is not in our line—we think it sad waste of time : it is no better than doctors' prescriptions. We would rather remind the reader, who in these notes may miss elegance of style and picturesqueness of description, that such qualities were incompatible with the compactness of details the space at our command imposed upon us. Besides, a more florid style must borrow something from imagination ; but here we had only to deal with facts ; and if the reader finds as much pleasure in studying as we did in collecting them, though the labour was great, he will not regret the time bestowed on their perusal.

C. W. HECKETHORN.

*GLEEK:**A FORGOTTEN OLD GAME.*

CARDS are believed to be of modern invention when compared with the more ancient pastimes of dice, draughts, and chess; and games with cards date from a still later period, certainly not before the fourteenth century. Gleek, which is a card game for three players nearly five hundred years old, therefore claims to occupy a high place in a chronological list of them. It is coeval with *Primero*—a game of great antiquity, for cards—the earliest card game known to have been played in Great Britain. Gleek was a favourite, fashionable, and much-played game in England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and held its position well to the front for nearly two hundred years. For nearly two hundred years more it has remained extinct, and practically a lost art, from an obvious reason. When the former players died out early in the eighteenth century, the only means left for learning the game were the descriptions of it by two writers of the seventeenth century. These accounts are so defective and involved that no ordinary reader could possibly acquire the game from them; and up to the present no one has succeeded in reducing the narratives into a shape to enable us to play Gleek as it was played by our ancestors. The object of this paper is to put the pastime into such a precise and playable position. But before entering into the details it will be interesting to give an historical sketch.

The country and exact time of origin of the game are uncertain. The earliest mention of Gleek in literature was by a Frenchman, François Villon, in 1461, by the corresponding old French name of *Glic* (= three of a kind). *Cricca* (= a flush) is mentioned several times by the Italian writer, Francesco Berni, principally in his *Capitolo del Gioco della Primera* (1526), and it is supposed to be a game identical with Gleek, which embraces *flushes* as well as *pair-royals*. Jacob le Duchat, writing in 1711, derived the name *Glic* or *Gleek* from *Gluck*, meaning hazard, luck, or chance; which, if correct, points to a German origin. It is not improbable, therefore, that

the game was invented somewhere about the adjacent borders of the three continental countries above indicated, in the first half of the fifteenth century.

Beside Villon and Berni, other old continental writers alluding to the game are: Olivier Maillard, in his sermons published about 1498; Maître Eloy Damerval, in *Le Livre de la Deablerie* (1508); Guillaume Coquillart, a French poet of the fifteenth century, a selection of whose poems was printed in Paris in 1532; and Henry Stephens (H. Etienne, 1528-98) in his *Apologie pour Hérodote* (1566). And, as might be expected, Gleek is included in the celebrated list of games forming the twenty-second chapter of *Gargantua* (1532), by François Rabelais.

Much more frequent and later references are found in English literature. For example:—John Northbrooke, in his *Treatise wherein Dicing, &c., are reprov'd* (1577), mentions “Gleke” among other games. Francis Greene, in his play of *Tu Quoque* (1599), in one of several passages, says: “Come, gentlemen, what’s your game? Why Gleek; that’s your only game.” Ben Jonson, in the *Alchemist* (Act V. sc. 4), 1610, says: “Keep the gallant’s company and the best of games—Gleek and Primero”; and in *The Magnetic Lady* (1632) has, “Laugh, and keep company, at Gleek or Crimp.” In *The Motto*¹ (1621) of John Taylor, the water-poet, these lines occur:

Unto the keeping of four Knaves he’ll put
His whole estate; at Loadum or at Gleeke,
At Tickle-Me-Quickly, he’s a merry Greek.

And another bard, Thomas Randolph, exclaims (in 1634):

Historio may
At Maw, or Gleek, or at Primero play.

John Hall refers to the game in his *Horæ Vacivæ* (1646), as requiring “a vigilant memory and a long purse;” and in Thomas Shadwell’s play of *Epsom Wells* (1673), Dorothy asserts “I’ll make one at Cleek,² that’s better than any two-handed game.” Edmund Gayton in *Festivious Notes upon Don Quixote* (1654) mentions Gleek several times, and it is alluded to in Thomas Killigrew’s play of *The Parson’s Wedding* (1663). Writing, in 1686, to her sister the Countess of Rutland, Lady Bridget Noel, in describing a visit to Exton, relates that on entering the drawing-room she found three tables spread for cards, “and all the tables fill’d with gamesters.” At one of them “my lady Exeter and sister Noel was a playing at Gleek.” And John Evelyn, in his *Mundus Muliebris* (1690),

¹ Noted for containing the earliest mention of *Whisk* (Whist).

² This is the only instance in which Gleek is called Cleek. It seems, therefore, to be simply a misprint.

writes, "Honest Gleek, Ruff and Honours diverted the ladies at Christmas." Previous to all these dates, as we are told by Mr. Froude in the *Divorce of Catherine of Aragon*, Sir William Kingston, the Constable of the Tower in Henry VIII.'s reign (1509-1547), used to play "Penny-Gleek" with John Kite, the Bishop of Carlisle.

Shakespeare is quoted in Webster's and Worcester's Dictionary as mentioning Gleek in the sense of a card game; but that is an error. All allusions in his plays relate to other meanings of the term—a jest, sneer, &c. No doubt he was familiar with the pastime, and had it in mind, like his allusion to another old game (Trump) in *Antony and Cleopatra* (IV. 12):

She . . . has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.

Neither Trump nor Cards, however, was known in the days of Cæsar and Cleopatra, nor for more than a thousand years afterwards. The game Guek (*sic*) mentioned in Article IX. of the Regulations of the Sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand, dated February 5, 35 Hen. VI. (1477), is stated to be a clerical error for Gleek.¹ But that assertion is conceived to be a further mistake.

It is probable that Gleek was introduced into England from the Continent by Henry VII. or his courtiers. And, judging from the facts, it is not unlikely that the game so brought over was of a crude nature, which, after reaching English soil, was developed by some genius into the Gleek of our ancestors—thus making the game English, like Whist and Cribbage.

The "Academies," and other old continental books upon games, are silent about Gleek. The earliest description of it is found in John Cotgrave's *Wits Interpreter*, the second edition of 1662. Charles Cotton, the poet and friend of Izaak Walton, also describes it in his *Compleat Gamesters* (1st ed. 1674), where he designates it a "noble and delightful game or recreation," which phrase, however, is not original, as not only it but his whole account of the game is copied from the previous one of Cotgrave's, with verbal alterations and a few divergences. Cotgrave gives a somewhat simpler and purer game than Cotton, and although Cotgrave is rather more verbose he has fewer errors, and in some respects is clearer. The earlier work being scarce, Cotgrave's description is difficult of access to, and as it is necessary for critical readers to see

¹ See A. J. Kempe's *Historical Notices of the Collegiate Church of Saint Martin's-le-Grande* (1825); and *Notes and Queries*, 5th S. i. 47, 93.

it, it is here set out verbatim, excepting misprints.¹ Where Cotton differs from Cotgrave in actual detail, the deviation is stated in the notes. The description is very quaint.

THE NOBLE AND DELIGHTFUL GAME AT GLEEK. This ingenious exercise or recreation, being so full of variety and delight, as shall be manifested, will serve as a cure to Melancholy, and possibly hinder the horrid effects that usually are caused by that black & heaveie distemper. And the first thing to be observed is, that the Deuces and Treys must be cast out, being uselesse in this Game. The Set is confin'd to no number, as Picket, or Cribbage; but you may leave off at your discretion, after you have plaied one, two, or three Sets, more or less, as your phancie prompts you. Customarily, and frequently, the Gamesters play at farthing, half-penny, or penny Gleek, which will amount to a prettie considerable summe, if they continue the Game; and if they please, they may play higher; as at four-penny, six-penny, or twelve-penny Gleek, according as they agree beforehand. The Gamesters are three, neither more nor lesse. Being set down with a resolution to go to it; they lift for the Deale, and he that has the least Card, is to Deale. He that Deals, lays the cards down upon the Table to be Cut, according to the custom and usual manner of more vulgar Games, first shuffling them well and fairly; when this is done the Dealer delivers them out by four at a time, till every Gamester has twelve, as at Ruff and Honours; and the rest of the Cards, which are eight, are to be laid upon the Table for the stock, seven whereof are bought, and the eighth is turned up, the turn'd up Card is his that deals, and if Tiddie be turn'd up, it is four, two apiece from each to the Dealer.² The Ace is called Tib, the Knave Tom, and the Four of Trumps Tidie; Tib the Ace is fifteen in hand, and eighteen in play, because it wins a Trick. Tom the Knave is nine, and Tidie the Four of Trumps is four, that is to say, you are to have two apiece of the other two Gamesters, that is, either two farthings, two half-pence, two pence, two sixpences, or shillings, according as you resolve to play, either at farthing, half-penny, penny, sixpenny, or twelve-penny Gleek, but Tib and Tom you find in counting after play; besides, the King of Trumps is three, and the Queen of Trumps three.³ Having proceeded thus far; next of all, the eldest hand bids for the stock, in hopes of bettering his Game, if it be bad (though sometimes it proves to his loss, according as it falls out); the first penny you bid is thirteen,⁴ the next fourteen, the next fifteen, the next sixteen, possibly they may rise much higher; but if at sixteen they say take it, and neither of the other two will give any more, then is he, upon whom it is put, bound to take it; that is, to take in seven of the stock into his own hand, and put out seven, the eighth Card being turn'd up for Trump; and is besides to pay, because he bid sixteen, eight to one, and eight to the other of the Gamesters,

¹ Strange to say, there is no copy of this edition in the British Museum. By the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Julian Marshall, the extract has been compared with the original in his possession.

² Four each to the dealer.—*Compleat Gamester*.

³ Cotton adds to this list, Towser, the Five of Trumps (value five), and Tumbler, the Six of Trumps (value six), each of the two being doubled in value when turned up.

⁴ First bid is twelve.—*Compleat Gamester*.

for buying ;¹ but if he have Mournival, Gleek, or Tiddie in his hand after he has taken in the stock, he bates for them all ; and so possibly may gain by it, if he have a good hand, and pay for his buying too. Here you must note, that if Tib be turn'd up it is fifteen to the Dealer, in reckoning after play ; but he must not make use of it in play, being the Trump Card, for then 'twould make him eighteen, because it would win a trick, which is three more ; but he may reckon for it after play in counting, as is said before. Next, you speak for the Ruff ; and he that has most of a suit in his hand, wins it, unless some of the Gamesters have four Aces, and then he gains the Ruff ; though you have four-score of a suit in your hand. The first, or eldest, 'tis possible sayes, Ile vye the Ruff ; the next says, Ile see it, and re-vie it ; Ile see your re-vye sayes the first, because he thinks he has as many in his hand as another ; the Middlemost probably sayes, Ile not meddle with it ; then they shew their Cards, and he that has most of a suit wins six pence, or farthings, &c., as is before mentioned of him that holds out longest, and four of the other that said he would see it, but afterwards refused to meddle with it ; but if that any of the three Gamesters sayes, he has nothing to say to the Ruff he payes but two farthings, half-pence, pence, six-pences, or shillings ; according as the Game is.² But sometimes it falls out, that one of the Gamesters having all of a suit in his hand, bids high for the Ruff, and the other possibly has four Aces, and so is resolv'd to bid higher ; so that it may amount to sixteen, and sometimes more ; but very seldom it is, that this falls out ; but then they will say, Ile see it, and revie, says one ; Ile see it, and revie it, says the other ; that is, eight to the winner, and all above is but two a time, as it may be, they'l say, Ile see it, and revie it again, and Ile see it, and revie that again, says the other ; for which (I say) seeing and revying again, they reckon but two, after that it is once come to eight ; but he that has the four Aces carries it clearly (as was said before) though the other have all his cards of one suit. Buying, or bidding for the Ruff is, when you are in likelihood to go in for Mournival, Gleek, or increase of Trumps ; that so if you have bad cards, you may save your buyings and your cards too, whereas otherwise you should lose all. And sometimes out of policy, or rather a vapour, they will vie, when they have not above 30 in their hands, and the next may have forty, the other fifty ; and they being afraid to see it, many times he wins out of a vapour ; and this is good play, though he acquaint you with it afterward. Then they call for Mournival, Gleek, &c. A Mournival of Aces is eight, Mournival of Kings six, of Queens four, and a Mournival of Knaves two, apiece. A Gleek of Aces is four, of Kings three, of Queens two, and a Gleek of Knaves is one apiece from the other two Gamesters. A Mournival of Aces is all the four Aces ; of Kings, the four Kings, &c. A Gleek of Aces is three Aces. A Gleek of Kings, three Kings, &c. Then you begin to play, as at more ordinarie Games, as Whisk, and Ruff and Honours. Here you must note, that twentie-two are your cards ; if you win nothing but the cards that are dealt you, you lose ten, for twelve and ten makes twenty two. If you have neither Tib, Tom, Tiddy, King, Queen, Mournival, nor Gleek, you lose, because you count only as many cards as you

¹ Cotton says, if the number bid is odd, the odd counter usually goes to the eldest hand, or is given to the box.

² Cotton says, in that case he pays but one farthing, &c., and adds, that if the eldest and second pass the Ruff, the youngest has power to double it, and then it is to be played for in the next deal ; and if any forget to call for the double Ruff, it is to be played for the next deal after that.

had in tricks, which cannot be many, because of your bad hand. If you have Tib, Tom, King, and Queen of Trumps in your hand, you have thirty by Honors, that is eight above your own cards, which are 22, besides the cards you win by them in play; so thus you reckon 8, 9, 10, 11, &c., & so you proceed till you have counted all the cards you have won. If you have Tom only, which is 9, and the King of Trumps that is 3, then you reckon from 12, 13, 14, 15, till you come to 22, and then every card above wins so many half-pence, pence, &c., as you plaied for, if you are under 22 you lose as many; so you call for losings, for by their counting of their cards, you find how much each has lost, and so they pay you accordingly. One thing I must not omit, which is, that at the beginning, before the cards are dealt, you may chance to hear one of the Gamesters ask, whether you will play at Tidie, or leave it out, that is, whether it shall be reckon'd four, or whether it shall go for an ordinary card; some say that it is a card that they are apt to forget, and therefore they'l not play it; but that is left to the decision of the Gamesters, as they agree beforehand; it stands firm, whether they play it or no. Observe farther, that they will call oftentimes for a Gleek of Kings, when they have but two in their hand; or a Gleek of Aces, Queens, or Knave, and probably it may pass, if the other two lye not in one hand. But if it be found out by examining, or asking what King they want, they will excuse it, and impute it to a mistake, which is very foul play and many times causeth great dissention, and wrangling among the gamesters. Thus have I brieflie, though I think satisfactorilie, given you an account of the Game of Gleek, and what belongs thereunto; and if by accident any other difficulties not here mentioned arise in play, they may easily be resolved out of these Rules here set down, examining them by the Rules of Reason.¹—*Wits Interpreter*, 2nd ed. (1662), p. 365.

Cotgrave's narrative is a fair sample of the loose method in which games were described by the old writers. They believed, as Cotgrave states, that they gave perfectly adequate and clear accounts, while they left out necessary details, and introduced absolute misstatements in some of those they did set out.² Both the versions are much involved. Cotton, at any rate, as a literary man and great card-player—and without doubt a player of Gleek—should have been able to give an intelligible account of it, instead of presenting an absolute puzzle, greater even than Cotgrave's. In *Encyclopædias*, and in answer to queries appearing in serials regarded as authorities

¹ Amidst the text, the *Compleat Gamester* states the following penalties: (1) If any player wins the Ruff, and omits to show it before a card is played, he loses it; and he that is next, who has shown his cards, wins it. (2) If you call a Mournival or Gleek, any part of which is in your discard, you forfeit double the amount. (3) If you discard the wrong number of cards, or call a Gleek or Mournival you do not possess, you cannot win anything in that deal.

² As an instance, it is stated that "Tib, the Ace, is fifteen in hand, and eighteen in play, because it wins a trick." With the other cards of its trick, the points gained may be seventeen, nineteen, or considerably more, but never eighteen; and in hand, the Ace is only eleven points. What is actually meant by fifteen in hand is that the holder can reckon upon a sure fifteen points for the card itself, when played, no other card but Tib being always certain of counting to the holder.

upon card games, when treating of Gleek it is usual to refer inquirers to the above mentioned works for particulars as to how it was played. The accounts may be sufficient to let the antiquary form a kind of idea of the game, but it is doubtful whether any would-be learner ever acquired Gleek solely from them. Consequently (as before stated), since the actual players of it have departed, the game has remained a dead-letter—practically dead and buried for nearly two centuries. Samuel Weller Singer, in his *Researches into the History of Playing-Cards*, 1816 (p. 249, n.), attempted to explain the game from the *Compleat Gamester*, but failed, because he reproduced misstatements, did not make the involved parts any clearer, and left out a number of the necessary details as omitted by Cotton. Among the last is the important part of giving directions for playing the hands in tricks, and explaining how and when it is to be done. The writer of this article has tackled the matter with more success, and the particulars of his analysis are annexed. Without any doubt Gleek is now reproduced as it was played by our ancestors. Like other games of the kind, it must have varied in detail in different coteries.¹ What is described beneath is the game purported to be given by Cotgrave. It exhibits Gleek as a wonderfully good game for the time of its origin—if that form of it is really five centuries old—when players were accustomed to and content with pastimes of a crude nature. In adequate trials the reproduction has stood the practical test, resulting in an enthusiastic verdict of approval for the game.

The mathematical correctness of the basis of Gleek would do credit to any modern inventor.² Where the game is defective, according to standards derived from more matured experience, is in the very large draw in and discard of cards, resulting in too great an

¹ The divergences of our two authors are an instance.

² To explain: the standard, or players par (*i.e.* the position where a player neither wins nor loses) in the values of the cards is fixed at twenty-two, the half number of the pack. These values are so arranged that the winnings and losings will balance—that is, what one player, or more, gains in net points, the others, or other, must lose. This result is arrived at by a rather ingenious method. The five Honours reckon up (15, 9, 4, 3, 3) thirty-four; and with the remaining thirty-nine cards, at one point each, the total value of the pack is seventy-three points. But there are eight cards out of the play. By making one of the eight, the turn-up, count to the dealer, and the values of any Honours discarded reckon against the discarder, the invariable total value of sixty-six (73-7) is obtained—the equivalent of the pars of the three players; and in consequence, whatever one set of players loses in points by the tricks, the opposite set must win. Cotton, by the introduction of *Towser* and *Tumbler*, deranges the system and symmetry of the game.

effect upon the dealt hand, which cannot be discounted beforehand ; and the forcing of the draw upon a certain player, unless relieved by an opponent, in order to get all the pack into the play. There is a want in having no contest in the Call, and the Vying might have been placed upon a better footing. However, the play of the tricks largely makes up for other defects. It admits of scope for considerable skill, enhanced by the knowledge acquired previously of the lie of cards.

Whether the game reaches the fulfilment of modern requirements or not, it is of interest and utility to know exactly what the thing was that held such fascination and sway over our old players for so long a period.

THE ANALYSIS OF GLEEK

Containing : 1. A Synopsis of the Details of the Game ; and
 II. The Order of the Various Steps taken in a Deal.

I. SYNOPSIS

PLAYERS. Three. The lowest show-cut appoints the original dealer.

PACK. Forty-four cards, the Twos and Threes being rejected from the Ordinary Pack.

RANK. In play, the cards rank as in the Whist sequence, Ace (highest) to Four (lowest). Ace is highest in show-cutting, as well as in play.

HONOURS & VALUES. There are five Honours, all trump cards, three of which have special names, *Tib*, *Tom*, and *Tiddy*. Every card in the pack has a numerical value attached to it, reckoned to the respective winners of them in the Tricks. The Honours are counted as follows : *Tib*, the Ace, fifteen points ; *Tom*, the Knave, nine ; *Tiddy*, the Four, four ; and the King and Queen, three points each. All the cards of the Plain Suits, and the rest of the Trump, are valued at one point each.

HANDS, STOCK, & TRUMP. Hands, twelve cards each, dealt unexposed in three rounds of four cards at a time to each player ; Stock, the remaining eight cards, the seven top-cards of which are laid on the table unexposed, and the last card is turned up for Trumps. If *Tiddy* be the turn-up, each of the other players pays the dealer two counters.¹

DRAW & DISCARD. The seven unexposed cards of the Stock compose the Draw. The Buyer of it discards seven cards from his Hand of twelve, and takes in the Draw. These discards become dead cards, are made unexposed, and remain so during the play ; but if the Buyer discards an Honour he will become liable for the value of it.

BIDDING for the Draw is made in turn, round and round, so long as it lasts. It commences with the Eldest Hand, who is obliged to make his first bid twelve

¹ A Counter represents one stake, the value of which is previously arranged.

counters, no more and no less, and it advances by one counter on each subsequent bid. After the first bid by the Eldest, any player in his turn can (1) Pass, retiring from the bidding, or (2) Advance the last bid by one counter. The bidding is continued until only one player remains in, who becomes the Buyer of the Draw, at the amount of the last bid made by him. The counters paid for the purchase are divided equally between the two opponents, the odd counter, if any, going to the elder of them.

RUFF is the strongest suit, numerically, held by each player, which may consist, therefore, of from three to eleven cards. For the purpose of the Ruff, the four Aces, when together, are regarded as being equal to a suit of twelve cards. The longest suit that is shown wins; and if the number of cards in the Ruffs of two or more players be equal, the winner is decided by the total pips in his Ruff, like the Point in Piquet—Ace counting eleven; court-cards, ten each; and pip-cards, by their pips. Each player contributes two counters to the Pool, for the Ruff, before the Vying commences.

VYING relates to the Ruff. It begins with the Eldest, and proceeds round and round in turn. It is like the betting at Poker, only it is fixed at two counters each time. Any player in turn may either (1) Vie or See, by placing two counters in the Pool, or (2) Pass, without paying, whereupon he is out of the Vying, or (3) Re-vie, when he is last in the turn, by placing another two counters in the Pool with, or immediately after, his own Vie, whereupon a new turn, between the Vying players only, commences with him. The Vying ceases when all have passed out but one player (who takes the Pool, without showing his Ruff), or when the last player of a turn does not re-vie. In the latter event, the vying players exhibit their Ruffs, and the best one wins the Pool. In the case of equality every way, the Pool is divided between the equal players—fractions to the one or two eldest.

MOURNIVAL AND GLEEK. A Mournival is four Aces, four Kings, four Queens, or four Knaves, held in the Hand; and a Gleek is likewise three cards of the same sort, Aces to Knaves. A Mournival of Aces is entitled to the payment of eight counters from each of the opponents; of Kings, to six from each; of Queens, four; and of Knaves, two counters from each. A Gleek is entitled to half the sum for the corresponding Mournival.

CALL is in reference to Mournivals and Gleeks. Each player in turn declares what he possesses, and receives payment from the other players accordingly. The cards paid for must be shown, if demanded.

TRICKS. The Hands are played in twelve tricks of three cards each, one from each player in turn. The Eldest leads in the first trick; and the winner of the latest played trick, in the subsequent one. Suit must be followed; but, if not held, any card may be played. The highest rank of the suit led played in the trick wins it, unless trumped, and a trump of higher rank wins a lower one.

STANDARD is twenty-two points, which each player must gain in his tricks by the values of the Honours and Cards, or he is gleeked and loses. He pays one counter for every point he is under the standard, and receives one counter for every point he is over the standard. If he is exactly the standard, he neither pays nor receives. The dealer includes the turned-up card in his count, as if won by him; and from the Buyer's count there is deducted the value of any Honour he may have discarded.

NEW DEALS are taken in rotation so long as the Sitting lasts.

II. ORDER OF DEAL.¹

1. Pack shuffled and cut.
 2. Hands dealt, Stock placed on the table, and Trump Card turned up.
 3. Bidding for the Draw.
 4. Buyer discharges his Bid.
 5. Buyer discards.
 6. Draw taken in by Buyer.
 7. Ruff contributions to the Pool.
 8. Vying for the Ruff.
 9. Ruffs shown by the vying Players. Pool taken by the Winner.
 10. Call of Mournivals and Gleeks, and payments made for them.
 11. Tricks played.
 12. Tricks examined, and Points counted. Gleeked Players pay their losses into the Pool, and the Winners receive their winnings from it.
-

¹ The only real difficulty encountered in discovering the method and routine of the game was the settling of the order of 2, 5, and 6. That is, when the Trump Card should be turned, and the sequence with it of the Draw and the Discard. According to the grammatical construction of Cotgrave's Description, the Draw is made first, the Trump turned up, and then the Discard takes place from the nineteen cards held. However, that was conceived to be purely a misstatement; because, not knowing what the Trump Suit will be, a Buyer is quite in the dark as to the strength of his dealt Hand, and would be unlikely to make a voluntary Bid, in the circumstances. Again, it is quite unusual in games, both ancient and modern, to flood the Hand with an extensive Draw before the corresponding Discard is made. Here Cotton's version assisted, by his statement that "the Elder hand bids for the stock in hopes of bettering his Game, though sometimes it makes it worse." A player drawing first and discarding afterwards would not be obliged to put himself into a worse position, as he could discard all the cards he took in. That settled the discarding, which also fixed the time of turning the Trump; because it is plain that the Trump must be known before the Discard, in order to prevent what would otherwise be a silly arrangement. Singer's account confirmed this view about the Trump.

J. S. MCTEAR.

THE CELTIC RACE.

AT the very world's end, in the deep shady forests or upon the barren and furze-clad moors of Armorica, or Brittany as it is now called, there dwelt, in the days of Rome's decline, the remnants of an ancient race—the Celtic Gauls, who had once dominated all Central and Western Europe, but had of late fallen upon evil times, and were being fast exterminated or absorbed by other races who were physically and morally their superiors. Beyond them stretched the vast Atlantic Ocean, which formed a natural barrier between the land of the living and the world of departed spirits. For on the shore of that sea wherein Britain lay dwelt certain fishermen, subject to the Franks, but exempt from tribute because they ferried over the souls of the departed. These fishermen, soon after they had returned home in the evening and fallen asleep, heard a rapping at their doors and a voice calling them to their work. They thereupon rose and went down to the shore, without knowing what impelled them to do so, and found boats (not their own) ready for sea, but without any men in them. Yet when they went on board and began to row they found the boats as heavy as if they were laden with human beings, although they could not see any. However, after pulling a stroke they arrived at a British island—vaguely described as situate between Britain and Thule—which they could hardly reach in their own boats after a day and a night's sail. When they came ashore at the island they still saw nobody, but heard the voices of those who received their passengers calling them one by one according to their titles of dignity, names, or professions, and enumerating their descent on the father's and mother's side respectively. And when they had discharged their passengers they returned home again with one stroke of the oar. From this circumstance many believed that in this locality were situated the islands of the blest. (Isaac Tzetzes, "Commentary on Lycophron and Procopius de Bell. Goth." 4, 20.) Only a generation ago the Breton peasants still retained a superstitious belief that the fishermen who frequented the solitary shores of the *Baie des Trépassés*, or "bay of the departed," that lies beneath the great western promontory called *Pointe du Raz*, sometimes

received a ghostly summons at dead of night, found their boats loaded to the water's edge with invisible passengers, rowed to the island of *Sein*, a quondam sanctuary of Gallic druidesses which lies a league out at sea, and heard a voice counting out the passengers as they left the boats.

Western Brittany, or "*Bretagne Bretonnante*" as it has been called, comprising the departments of Morbihan, Finisterre, and a portion of Côtes du Nord, is the only part of France in which the pure Celtic race, or perhaps we should rather say a race using a pure Celtic dialect, is to be found at the present day, for its inhabitants speak a language which is incomprehensible to the average Frenchman, but intelligible to a native of Wales. When we look nearer home we see a state of things similar to what we have just observed in France—the Celtic populations of Great Britain and Ireland are all confined to the western extremities of their respective islands. Now what does this fact imply? It implies that there was something in the character of the Celts which rendered that people unfitted to prolong the struggle for existence with those Gothic nations, hailing from the east, who have almost entirely supplanted them throughout Europe. What, then, was this element of weakness in the Celtic character? It was not want of bravery, for the Celts were remarkable for their valour. It was rather want of cohesion, owing to an insane love of quarrel and internecine strife, which prevented them from combining even when the safety of the State was threatened.

"A spirit of faction," says Cæsar, "prevails throughout Gaul, not only in the several states, districts, and villages, but even in every household;" and the deadly feuds of the Scottish Highlanders and the Irish tribesmen tell the same tale. A second element of weakness was want of enterprise, and, as a result, that too great contentment with things as they are which is fatal alike to commercial prosperity and national improvement.

The Gauls were tall in stature and fresh and white in complexion. Their hair was naturally fair, and they endeavoured by means of a preparation to make it more so. For they frequently washed it with water in which lime had been dissolved, until it resembled nothing so much as a horse's mane. They then drew their hair back over the crown of the head to the nape of the neck, and presented the appearance of Satyrs or Pans. Their toilet was completed by the application of some "Gallic soap," described by Pliny, which imparted the fashionable tint to their locks when bleached and faded by the lime-wash. Some of them shaved their beards, others

allowed them to grow to a moderate length. The upper class shaved their faces, but allowed the moustache to grow until it completely covered their mouths, so that when they ate their food became entangled in it, and when they drank the liquor ran through it as through a wine-strainer (Diodorus, bk. 5). All the old writers agree in depicting the Celts as a fair-haired people. Diodorus describes their hair as ξαυθοί, which may be rendered yellow or "sandy," and says that that of the young children was at first quite white, but turned darker as they grew up. Ammianus calls them rutili or reddish (15, 12). But it has been objected that the modern Celts, as represented by the peasantry of Brittany, Wales, Ireland, and the Highlands and islands of Scotland are for the most part a dark-haired race. In order to account for this strange metamorphosis, we are driven to assume that the ancient Celts, when they first overran Europe, displaced a still older population who were characterised by a dark complexion. In the farthest corners of the west, where the long rollers of the Atlantic Ocean are for ever breaking in clouds of spray, these sweepings of Europe, broken clans of backward and inferior races of mankind, found themselves literally "between the devil and the deep sea." But the devil—that is to say, the Celtic invaders—did not care to follow them into the wilderness of moor and forest, and in it they found asylum. It may have been this same inferior race of black-haired men who there erected the mighty monoliths and stone circles which are sometimes erroneously ascribed to the Celtic Druids. When, after a time, by a turn of Fortune's wheel, the once victorious Celts were themselves obliged to seek a sanctuary among these aborigines, they became so intermingled and blended with them that their descendants assumed the dark complexion of the older race. It is well known how dark blood has a tendency to assert itself, and Strabo's remark, that the inhabitants of Gaul were less fair than those of Germany, but more so than those of Britain, is consistent with the theory that the Celts, as they moved westward, became mingled with a dark-complexioned race.

"They wear," says Diodorus, "a striking dress, tunics dyed and variegated with all sorts of colours, and trousers which they call breeks (βράκα), and they buckle on a cloak, in winter of thick and rough material, in summer of smooth and thin texture, striped as though it were woven of plaited rods, and divided into many brightly-coloured squares." It would appear from the above account that the Gallic *sagum* or cloak resembled the tartan plaid of the Scottish Highlanders. The Gauls greatly excelled in the art of dyeing, and were able to produce every colour from the juice of their native

plants (Pliny, 22, 3). This same art seems to have survived until recently among the inhabitants of the Hebrides, for Pennant tells us that they boiled the tops of heath and used the concoction as a yellow dye. The roots of the white water-lily furnished them with a dark brown, the roots of the yellow water iris supplied them with a black tint, and those of the *galium verum*, or "yellow bed-straw," with a beautiful red colour, not inferior to that manufactured from madder ("Tour in Scotland," 244). And Camden, quoting a description of the wild inhabitants of Ireland written in the year 1566, writes: "With bark of Alders they dye their clothes black. In dyeing yellow they make use of elder berries. With the boughs, bark, and leaves of poplar trees, bruised and stamped, they dye their shirts of a saffron colour" ("Mag. Brit.").

The tunic worn by the Gauls was a sleeved garment open at the sides and reaching a little below the hips (Strabo, 4). A great part of their country was termed by the Romans "Gallia braccata," because its inhabitants, "sagati braccatique," continued to wear the old national garb. But the breeks were by no means peculiar to Gaul, for on the column of Antoninus, Roman soldiers, with smooth faces and tight knee-breeches, are represented in conflict with bearded barbarians of Germany, whose long trousers flap loosely about their ankles. The wearing of trousers was as much a characteristic of the Northern nations as it was of the Orientals. But it is curious to observe that what we consider a mark of civilisation was regarded by the Romans as a badge of savagery. Tacitus represents Cæcina as marching about in a tartan of many colours and "that barbarous article of dress, the breeks" (Hist. 2, 20), while Martial speaks contemptuously of "the poor Briton's old trousers" (11, 22). The term "bragon bras," applied to the quaint nether garment of the modern Breton, recalls the ancient Gallic name, though its cut and style is that of the sixteenth century.

The Celtic Gauls wore golden collars round their necks and bracelets of gold upon their arms and wrists, and those of them who were of any dignity had their clothes dyed and worked with gold. To their natural simplicity and vehemence they joined much folly, arrogance, and love of ornament. This lightness of character made them intolerable when they were conquerors, but threw them into consternation when they were beaten in battle (Strabo, 4). When driven to despair by defeat they frequently committed suicide, as did Brennus, the conqueror of Rome, after his unsuccessful attempt to invade Greece.

Not only was their appearance described as "terrible," but their

voices as deep-sounding and extremely rough. The Emperor Julian compared their language to the croaking of a raven, or the growling of a wild beast ("Misopogon"). In conversation with strangers they were sparing of words, obscure in their meaning, and spoke for the most part in riddles. Could anything, for instance, be more enigmatical than their assertion that they were all descended from father Dis (the god of the lower world), that such was the established tradition of their Druids, and that it was on that account that they reckoned their periods of time by nights instead of days, and in keeping their birthdays and the commencement of their months and years they put the eve first? (Cæsar, 6). Did they mean that they were the children of darkness, because their origin was buried in obscurity? Or did they mean that they were sprung from the soil on which they lived? Or did they allude to the druidical doctrine that the souls of the dead return to life again after a certain period? Probably the last is the true interpretation of the riddle; but at any rate the mode of calculating time had nothing to do with the matter at all, for the Germans, Athenians, Jews, and other nations likewise reckoned by the moon, and therefore by the night. The Gauls were fond of making use of those figures of speech which logicians term "synecdoche" and "hyperbole," to the appreciation of self and the depreciation of others, and Diodorus sums up the Celtic character in these words: "They are boasting, threatening braggarts, but sharp-witted and quick at learning." They lived in large round-topped houses, constructed of planks and wattle-work, and covered with a heavy thatched roof. They had so many sheep and pigs that, at the time when Strabo wrote, they exported large quantities of plaids and salt pork to Rome and other parts of Italy; and the same writer tells us that, though the wool of the native sheep, from which they wove the thick plaids called *laines*, was coarse and short, yet the Romans had succeeded in rearing flocks of sheep in the northern parts of Gaul whose fleeces they covered with skins and so produced a very fine wool (bk. 4).

They were especially fond of pork, which they ate either fresh or salted. Their pigs lived in the fields, and were remarkable for their size, strength, and swiftness, and to persons unaccustomed to approach them they were "almost as dangerous as wolves." This helps to explain the Irishman's predilection for the pig. The author of a "Tour in Scotland" gives a very similar account of Caithness. "Great numbers of swine are reared here, which have most savage looks, and are seen tethered in almost every field."

For our account of the ancient Gauls we are mainly indebted

to a Greek writer named Posidonius, who travelled in Gaul about a century before the present era, and afterwards became head of the Stoic School of Philosophy at Rhodes. In the year 51 B.C. he went to reside at Rome, and died there very shortly afterwards at the advanced age of eighty-four. His voluminous writings have perished, but some fragments have been preserved by later authors, who have borrowed considerably from him. The Celts, he tells us, spread hay for their guests to sit upon, and placed food before them upon wooden tables raised a little above the ground. Their food usually consisted of a small quantity of bread and a large quantity of meat, either boiled in water or roasted upon charcoal or on spits. They ate their food in a cleanly manner, but like lions, taking up whole joints in both hands and gnawing them. If a piece was too hard to tear away with their teeth, they cut it off with a small knife which they kept beside the scabbard in a sheath of its own. (The Scottish dirk sometimes had one or more similar knives attached to its sheath.) Those who lived upon the banks of rivers or upon the shores of the Mediterranean Sea or Atlantic Ocean also ate fish broiled with salt, vinegar, and cummin seed. They also put cummin seed in their drink. They did not use oil, because it was scarce, and, being unused to it, it was distasteful to them.

When many of them dined together they sat in a circle, and the most distinguished guest, who excelled the rest in military skill, or birth, or wealth, sat (like the leader of the chorus) in the middle. Beside him sat the host who gave the entertainment, and on either side the other guests in order of merit, according as one excelled the other in dignity. The shield-bearers, who carried their great oblong shields, stood behind them, while their spear-bearers sat down in a circle opposite and feasted in the same manner as their masters (Athenæus, 4, 36). Near them were fireplaces with blazing fires, and pans and spits full of great joints of meat. They honoured the chief guests with the choicest portions of the joint. They used to invite strangers to their feasts, seating them upon the skins of dogs or wolves spread on the ground, and not until after dinner did they inquire who they were and what was their business. They were waited upon by boys and girls who were mere children (Diodorus, 5). Those who acted as cup-bearers brought the drink round in vessels shaped like cups and made of earthenware or silver. Some had platters made of the same metal on which to serve the food, but others used bronze platters, and others again baskets made of wood or wickerwork. The rich people drank wine brought from Italy or the country around Marseilles, usually unmixed, though sometimes

they added a little water to it. The poor people drank beer made out of wheat and prepared sometimes with honey, but more usually without. It was called "Korma," and they all drank it out of the same cup, a little at a time, as the boy, at frequent intervals, carried it round from right to left. Each guest before he commenced to drink bowed to the right in honour of the gods (Athenæus, 4). They sometimes engaged in single combat during dinner, and, being assembled in arms, performed the sword exercise and pretended to fight at arm's length. Sometimes they went so far as to wound one another, and then they lost their temper, and, except for the intervention of the bystanders, killed each other. "But that is nothing to what they did in the good old days," says Posidonius, "for, when a hind quarter of pork had been placed on the table, the strongest man in the company seized it, and if anyone else laid claim to it the two stood up and fought to the death. Others of the party obtained a promise of some gold or silver money or some earthenware jars full of wine, and having secured the payment of their reward by oath, and distributed it among their relations, lay down face uppermost upon their great door-like shields, and allowed a bystander to cut their throats with a sword (Athenæus, 4). Their utter disregard of death is also noticed by Diodorus, who says that they would sometimes go into battle with only a girdle round their waist; and he attributes this recklessness to their religious belief in the immortality of the soul. "I should call them fools for thinking so," says Valerius Maximus, "were it not that these men in trousers merely hold the same opinion as did Pythagoras in his philosopher's cloak!" The arms which they made use of were large oblong shields as tall as a man, adorned with some peculiar device (the first beginnings of our modern system of heraldry). Some wore figures of animals skilfully fabricated of bronze, partly for ornament and partly for protection, and bronze helmets with horns of the same metal attached to them, or the heads of birds and beasts modelled in relief upon them. Some had breastplates made of chain mail, but others, content with what nature had provided, fought naked. Instead of an ordinary sword, they carried a long broad blade, attached to their right side by iron or bronze chains. The Celtic broadsword was used only for cutting and not for thrusting, for the Caledonians who fought at the battle of Mount Grampius used huge pointless swords and small targets, so that they were unable to close with the enemy (Agricola, 36), and the Gauls in Hannibal's army fought naked to the waist, and had very long swords without points (Livy, 22, 46). Sometimes they wore a belt adorned with gold or

silver over their tunic. They hurled javelins, which they called "lances," whose iron heads were a cubit or more in length and nearly two hands in breadth. For their swords were as long as other people's javelins, but the blades of their javelins were longer than those of their swords. Some of the javelin heads were forged straight, others had a waved or serrated edge, so that when the weapon struck it not only cut but tore the flesh, and when it was withdrawn it lacerated the wound (Diodorus, 5). They also used a weapon called *mataris* (Cæsar spells the word *Matara*, and it survives in the French *matras*, "a dart"), which somewhat resembled the javelin, besides bows and slings, and a wooden weapon like a javelin, which they hurled, not out of a thong, but from the hand, and to a further distance than an ordinary dart could fly. The latter was chiefly used for killing birds (Strabo, 4, 4). Their country produced a tree like a fig-tree, the fruit of which resembled the capital of a Corinthian column, and exuded a deadly juice, with which they smeared their javelins (*ibid*). When hunting they anointed their arrows with hellebore, because they thought it made the flesh of the wild beasts more tender to eat; but they took care to cut away the meat around the wound for fear of being poisoned by the hellebore (Aulus Gellius, "Noctes Atticæ," 17, 15).

The Gauls made use of barbaric war trumpets of a peculiar pattern, with which they produced a harsh sound calculated to strike fear into the enemy. No doubt these trumpets were sounded, as in the Roman army, for the various military calls, but their chief purpose seems to have been to make as much noise as possible.

At tuba terribili sonitu tara-tan-tara dixit,

runs one of Priscian's hexameters. It is somewhat surprising that no mention is made of the use of the bagpipe amongst the Celtic Gauls. It is to-day as much the national instrument of Brittany as it is of the Highlands of Scotland, and the ancient Irish used the bagpipe in war instead of the trumpet (Camden, "Mag. Brit."). It was known to the Romans as *tibia utricularis*, and is represented upon a sculpture found at Rome. Suetonius informs us that Nero amused himself by playing upon it, and one of that emperor's medals bears a representation of the bagpipe combined with the panpipe, and inflated by means of a pair of bellows (Montfaucon, "Antiq. Supp."). Their war chariots were drawn by a pair of horses, and had sufficient room for the driver and one man beside. The drivers, like their shield-bearers, were freemen carefully selected from the poor people; but in Britain, where chariot-driving had been reduced

to a fine art, the master usually "handled the ribbons" while his men did the fighting (Tacitus, "*Agricola*," 12). When the chariots came up with the enemy's cavalry their occupants hurled their javelins, and then jumped off the car and continued the conflict with their swords. When their infantry were drawn up in battle array it was customary for some of their number to advance in front of the line and challenge the bravest of the enemy to single combat, brandishing their weapons, and endeavouring to overawe those who were arrayed against them. If anyone happened to accept their challenge, they commenced to sing the brave deeds of their ancestors, and to extol their own valour, while they heaped reproaches on their foe, and declared that he was entirely devoid of all courage and spirit (Diodorus, 5). Old legends tell of a gigantic champion of Gaul, glittering in a tunic of various colours, and in armour painted and inlaid with gold, who thus challenged the bravest man in the Roman army to single combat, and was promptly slain and stripped of his golden chain by a citizen named Manlius, whose ancestor had saved the Capitol when the Gauls, during a still earlier invasion, sacked and burnt the city and essayed to capture the sacred citadel itself; and of yet another Gallic giant, who was despatched in an equally summary manner by a brave Roman, who obtained unlooked-for assistance from a friendly raven (Livy, 7). "The tall figures of these invaders," says the historian, "their long red hair, their huge shields and swords of enormous length, and, when they are advancing to attack, their songs, yells, and dances, the dreadful clashing of their armour, and the peculiar manner in which by dint of practice they brandish their shields, all combine to inspire their enemies with terror" (Livy, 38, 17). The Gauls were in the habit of cutting off the heads of their fallen foes and hanging them round their horses' necks, while their servants received the blood-stained spoils, and carried them off as booty, chanting the pæan, or singing a hymn of victory. When they reached home they nailed up these heads over their doors, just as they did those of the wild beasts which they had taken in hunting. But they embalmed the heads of their more distinguished enemies with cedar oil, kept them in a chest, and exhibited them to strangers, boasting with a solemn air how they, or their fathers, or their more remote ancestors, had not accepted a large sum of money which had been offered them for one of these heads, and had even refused its weight in gold (Diodorus, 5). Posidonius says he witnessed this barbarous custom of carrying about and nailing up heads in many different places, and was at first shocked at it, but became familiar with it in time on account of its frequency

(Strabo, 4). Livy mentions a particular instance of the same custom, where a Gallic tribe, who had originally emigrated from Armorica, covered the skull of a Roman officer with chased gold, and used it as a cup for pouring libations at their solemn festivals, and as a drinking-vessel for the priests of their temple (23, 24). The Romans eventually put a stop to these atrocities. We naturally turn to the Commentaries of Cæsar for some account of the customs of Old Gaul, but, strangely enough, that historian has little to say upon the subject, and what he does tell us is of the driest description. The nobility, we learn, formed a class of society which was second only to the Druids in importance. The common people were little better than slaves. They did not dare to do anything of their own accord, and were not admitted to any deliberations. Most of them, when oppressed with debt, or heavy tribute, or the tyranny of the powerful, offered themselves as serfs to the nobility, who exercised over them the same power that masters do over their slaves. Whenever hostilities broke out—and that was a matter of almost annual occurrence—the nobility were all engaged in warfare, and the more they were distinguished by position or wealth the more vassals and dependents they had in their train—the only mark of dignity and grandeur they knew. Celtic Gaul, comprising the tract of country which is bounded on the north by the Seine and on the south by the Garonne, was occupied by a great number of independent clans or communities which had for the most part an “aristocratic” form of government—that is to say, the nobility or upper class met once a year for the purpose of electing a civil magistrate called the Vergobretus, with powers of life and death, and a military chieftain (Strabo, 4; Cæsar, 1, 16), and at other stated times or as occasion required for the despatch of public business. If war was the subject of deliberation, all grown-up persons were required to attend the assembly fully armed, and the one who arrived last was tortured to death in the sight of the multitude (Cæsar, 5, 56). In the best governed communities there was a law that if any person heard a rumour relating to any matter of public importance he was to report it at once to the magistrate without telling it to anyone else, for it was a well-known fact that the inexperienced became alarmed at false rumours, and acted rashly and hastily in an important crisis; but the magistrate, on the other hand, suppressed the news, or communicated it to the people, as he deemed it expedient. Nobody was allowed to discuss public affairs except in the assembly (Cæsar 6, 20). If anyone made an uproar, or interrupted the speaker at one of their assemblies, an attendant advanced with a drawn sword and ordered

him with threats to be quiet. If he persisted in interrupting the meeting, the attendant warned him a second and a third time, and, if he still refused to obey, cut off from his plaid a piece so large as to render the remainder useless (Strabo, 4).

When a Gaul married he was required to contribute property equivalent to the fortune which his wife brought with her upon her marriage. An account was kept of this joint sum, the interest was accumulated, and the whole fund, including principal and interest, passed to the survivor. We can hardly suppose that such improvident and unbusinesslike people as the Celts appear to have been would have entered into a marriage settlement except at the instigation of the Druids, who acted as their clergy and lawyers, and who, no doubt, derived a profit from the difficulties and questions to which the most simple form of contract is capable of giving rise. The Gallic *paterfamilias* had the power of life and death over his wife and children, and never allowed his sons to appear in his company until they were grown up and able to bear arms, for it was considered a disgrace that a son should accompany his father in public at an earlier age. Ephorus, an old Greek author who wrote an account of the Gauls more than 300 years B.C., says that young men were punished if they grew so stout as to exceed the girth of the regulation girdle (Strabo, 4, 4). Julian tells us that when a Gaul of the Rhineland entertained suspicions against his wife he compelled her to throw her children into the rapid waters of the river. If they sank, she was deemed guilty and was put to death; but if they swam, and floated towards the place where she stood trembling and waiting to receive them, she was declared innocent (Orat. 16). If a nobleman died under suspicious circumstances, his relations met and held an inquiry into his death. They questioned his wives in the same manner as they would slaves, and, if there was proof of crime, they used fire and other modes of torture to kill them. Strabo observes, "The labours of the two sexes are distributed in a manner the reverse of what they are with us, but that is very common amongst barbarians."

Pennant makes a remark about the peasantry of Caithness which helps to illustrate our account of the ancient Celts and to show how persistent are racial characteristics: "The tender sex (I blush for the Cathnesians) are the only animals of burden. They turn their patient backs to the dunghills and receive in their *Keises* or baskets as much as their lords and masters think fit to fling in with their pitchforks, and then trudge to the fields in droves of sixty or seventy. The common people are kept here in great servitude, and most of

their time is given to their lairds, an invincible impediment to the prosperity of the country." The women of Gaul were "very beautiful, and as tall and courageous as the men," and sometimes fought with great fury. Ammianus has left us a picture of the Gallic wife going to the assistance of her husband, when engaged in a quarrel, and saluting the stranger with kicks and "blows from her huge snowy arms, as heavy as those from a catapult" (15, 12). And Plutarch relates how, when Marius had defeated the Ambrones at Aix in Provence, and was driving them back on their baggage-waggons, the women rushed out, armed with swords and axes and raising hideous screams, attacked pursuers and pursued with equal vigour, the former because they were foes and the latter because they were cowards, and, mingling in the fray, pulled aside the shields of the Roman soldiers or seized their sharp swords with their bare hands, and submitted to be stabbed and wounded rather than yield to their conquerors. And the same author mentions that after the defeat of the Helvetii by Julius Cæsar the enemy made a last stand at their waggons, where not only men but women and children continued to fight till midnight, and defended themselves with great bravery until they were all cut to pieces.

A community of race, language, and tradition united the people of Britain with those of Armorica, and so it is not surprising to find that multitudes of the former, smarting from the tyranny of the Saxon invaders, emigrated in the sixth century to Armorica, which eventually acquired the name of Little Britain, while its western promontory became known as Cornwall. Brittany, however, was not the child but the parent of Britain; Pliny makes the observation that even in his day there were people called Britanni living in northern Gaul (4, 31), and to that country the Cymry or ancient Britons traced their origin. Let us hear what the Triads say :

"Hu Cadarn, one of the three pillars of the nation of the isle of Britain, first led the nation of the Cymry to the isle of Britain, and from the country of Summer, which is called Deffrobani, they came. This is where Constantinople is. And through the hazy ocean (North Sea) they came to the island of Britain, and to Llydaw (Armorica), where they have remained" (Triad, 4). "And of the three peaceful people of the isle of Britain the first were the nation of the Cymry, who came with Hu Cadarn to the island of Britain. He obtained not the country, nor the lands, by slaughter or contest, but with justice and peace. The second was the race of the Lloegrwys, who came from the land of Gwasgwyn (not Gascony, but the country at the mouth of the Loire), and they were of the

first race of the Cymry. The third were the Brython, and from the land of Llydaw (Armorica) they came; and they were of the first race of the Cymry, and these were called the three peaceful nations, because they came one to the other with peace and tranquillity, and these three nations were of the first race of the Cymry, and they were of the same language" (Triad, 5). "And three names have been given to the isle of Britain since the beginning. Before it was inhabited it was called 'The country with sea-cliffs, and afterwards 'The island of honey,' but when government had been imposed upon it by Prydain, the son of Aedd the Great, it was called 'The island of Prydain.' And there was no tribute to any but to the race of the Cymry, because they first obtained it, and before them there were no men alive in it, nor anything else but bears, wolves, beavers, and the oxen with the high prominence" (Triad, 1).—"Archæology of Wales," vol. ii.

This statement of the British bards that the Cymry came originally from the coasts of the Black Sea, where in after-times stood the western capital of the Roman Empire, might provoke a smile of incredulity, were it not that the old Greek writers indicate a similar place of origin.

When Herodotus wrote his history the Celts, properly so called, the elder branch of the Celtic race, occupied the extreme western parts of Europe, and spoke, it is believed, a language which is represented by the modern Gaelic and Irish dialects. The Cimmerii, or junior branch of the same race, spoke, it is thought, a language represented by the modern Breton and Welsh dialects, and had, some two centuries before the historian's time, been driven from their old home, upon the northern coast of the Black Sea, by the Scythians, a new people from the southern shores of the Caspian. But the name of the old race still lingered in the Crimea, which retained the appellation of the "Cimmerian Chersonese," and in the adjoining straits of Enikale, which continued to be known as the "Cimmerian Bosphorus," and traces of their old fortifications could still be seen in various parts of what had then come to be called Scythia (bk. 4, 11). Pressed by the Scythians, a nomadic nation, whose homes consisted of waggons, and who were possibly the ancestors of the Gothic nations, some of the Cimmerii fled into Asia Minor, while the greater part of them, according to Plutarch's life of Marius, directed their course to the north-west, and reached the shores of the German Ocean. Here in later times they became known to the Romans under the name of Cimbri, and Jutland was called after them the "Cimbric Chersonese." These Cimbri received

their death-blow when their vast hordes, migrating southward, were annihilated by Marius in the year 101 B.C. upon the plains of Italy. But they had ere this sent out offshoots, who, as the Welsh Triads tell us, had established colonies in Armorica and Britain. Tacitus mentions a tribe of the Baltic coast who spoke a language like that of Britain ("Germany," 45), and the alleged connection between the Cimbri of Jutland and the Cymry of Britain explains the resemblance between the two tongues. Many eminent scholars have doubted whether the Cimbri and Cymry were really descended from the ancient Cimmerii, but we have a chain of evidence which tends to prove that such was the case. Herodotus places the Cimmerii on the Black Sea; Plutarch brings them from that region to the shores of the German Ocean, and identifies them with the Cimbri. The Triads say that the Cymry, whose name closely approximates to that of the Cimbri, came across the German Ocean from the neighbourhood of the Black Sea; but even if we reject the Triads as untrustworthy—for in their present form they date only from the twelfth century (though, of course, they may possibly embody very ancient traditions)—nevertheless we have as an alternative the testimony of Du Chaillu to the effect that the mythological literature of the north bears evidence of a belief prevalent among the people that their ancestors migrated at a remote period from the shores of the Black Sea, through South-western Russia to the Baltic coast.

T. H. B. GRAHAM.

THE POETRY OF THE MAORIS.

THE subject of Maori poetry is so inseparably connected with the name of the late Sir George Grey, that to review its principal features is to furnish what could not be less than a sincere and grateful appreciation of a chapter in the life of that remarkable man who, in the course of his dealings with the Maori race, unearthed and embalmed a body of priestly and poetic lore which otherwise might have been "lost like the losing of the moa."

When Sir George Grey was called to govern the land of the Maori, the great chiefs regarded him with suspicion. There were those among them who felt that they had cause to suspect the English, but his way of calming the troubled waters soon won them over, and they began to look upon him as an elder brother. Then they clothed his personality in poetical associations. He was the Rock of the New Zealand sea—"the back that carries the multitude to the rock which guards the streams of the island, that is to say, the guardian to prevent war." He was Tutunui, the pet whale of the Sun-god Tinirau, bringing to their shores mild breezes and calm weather. He was the wild white crane which ordinary men cannot expect to see more than once in a life-time. He was a mighty *taniwha* sprung up from the deep to gambol about their canoes—an omen of good fortune in all their undertakings. Then, as their affection deepened, he became their father, and, like simple children, they came to him with all their troubles. It was here that he came face to face with their poetry, and saw that he must comprehend it or fail egregiously in his dealings with them. For they sang their woes to him in wild strains, wrapping their meaning in allusions to their past history, in the decisions of savage judges of mythological date, in the special traditions of their own tribes, and in the veiled utterances of some priestly *tohunga* of a bygone *régime*. Consequently their words fell upon the interpreter's ears as mystic utterances, and left the interpreter's lips again bereft of all their original meaning. Realising then that to govern this unique race it would be necessary for him to master its language, its mythology, its priestly lore—in a word, its poetry—Governor Grey set himself to

the task with indefatigable zeal, and any one who understands the Maori language at all, with its wealth of imagery, its elastic application of words, its allusions which embrace all the cause and effect of ancient exploits in the name of the exploiter, will know that it is not after the order of those simple African languages which Sir Richard Burton was in the habit of mastering in three months. Indeed, when a savage race makes a practice of calling up the spirits of its ancestors to decide the freehold of a potato patch, or of singing an ancient incantation to point the moral of a speech composed of traditional precedents condensed to short sentences containing more associations than words, it stands to reason that one who has to judge between the plaintiff and the defendant, in matters varying from digging a potato to the removal of ancient landmarks, must know not only the language but all its songs and legends, its incantations and laments. As a passing illustration of their involved if not ambiguous meanings the following quotation from a lament will serve :—

When Hineuru leaves, my whole
Employment then will be to guard
The entrance of the house at Kapu.

This may mean that when the loved one departs those left behind will have nothing better to do than hang listlessly about their door steps, bereft of all interest in life; or, on the other hand, it may mean that when the protector has gone each one will have to guard his own door from the enemies which will invade the settlement. Between these two meanings of course the average interpreter would fall to the ground. And again, although some of the meaning is no doubt expressed in the above translation, it is quite probable that more remains behind. Add to this love of veiled meanings a peculiar habit of shortening words to sweeten the expression, and adding words for the sake of euphony, and you have a language involved not only in its matter but in its form also.

The task of mastering the Maori language occupied Governor Grey the best part of eight years. And even then the version he published of their legends and traditions was only one of a thousand possible versions which exist—or did exist—among the various tribes. But though he rescued only a portion from oblivion, the value of his work cannot be over-estimated, for he not only chronicled much poetry which existed before him, but awoke in the Maoris such a love and admiration for himself that they sang new songs of no mean order. Before concluding this appreciation of one of the greatest men of the southern hemisphere, it might not be amiss to dwell upon

this great love the Maoris bore their father—for such they regarded him—a love and trust which led them to reveal to him many of their sacred mysteries which had never been revealed to civilised man before. Though their childlike affection is fully set forth in many of the songs and laments quoted below, one little sign of it may be given here, as it shows also that peculiar conservative character of association which is always found among races that have a long past. When Governor Grey, or, as they transliteratively called him, Kawana Kerei, was recalled and the Marquis of Normanby sent in his place, they would swear by no other man but Grey. At feasts and public meetings they hailed the new Governor by the old name, shouting in welcome, “Haeremai ! Haeremai ! Te Kawana ! Te Kawana ! Kawana Kerei !” It was useless to suggest to them that it was the Marquis of Normanby ; it seemed that they had it in their decalogue, “Thou shalt have no other Governor but Governor Grey,” and explanation was useless. It always had been Kawana Kerei, and so it should remain.

As are the Maori's emotions, so are his songs—wild, rugged, and deep. They are like his mountains and lakes, full of heights and depths ; they are like the bush which clothes his valleys, picturesque, varied and labyrinthine ; above all, they are like the winds of his mountain ridges and deep gorges, blowing where they list. The ancient *tohunga Maori*, or bardic priest, could no more stand still and deliver his chant than the korimako could ring his matin bell without brushing to and fro in his fuchsia and going up and down in it. No ; his inspiration “took him,” as a facetious Irishman once remarked to the writer at the conclusion of such a chant, “by the seat of the soul, marched him up and down and then swept the floor with him.” Such, indeed, was the more fanatical harangue, but the *Ariki*—the chief, warrior and priest in one—gave his impromptu chant with a stately dignity and grace. His movements, as well as his words, were all in verse ; that is to say, he walked towards his listeners and delivered his line, then he turned and, retracing his steps, repeated the movement with a second line, and so on, to and fro in a regular alternation of speech and silence. With this method of improvising and delivering his poetry, it cannot be wondered at that it should be remarkable for its abrupt transitions of thought, as if not only the poet and his words, but the subject also, must turn at the end of every line ; for its compression of long associations into short sentences only to be amplified by *antanaclasis* in succeeding lines, and above all for its fiery ejaculatory climax as the forward rushes of the bard become quicker and quicker. This strange alternation of

action and repose in the Maori chant may possibly serve as a subject of speculation for students of that Eastern occult philosophy which treats of will and desire in terms of "outbreathing" and "inbreathing," as the basis of all manifestation. And this more especially because the magical effects popularly attributed to Patanjali's system are also to be found attached to the tohunga's peculiar method. But for the purpose at present in view the peculiarity will serve merely as a possible basis upon which to establish the sudden transition of association and image which renders the poetry of the Maori remarkable and unique. This applies at least to its verbal expression. It is possible that if we could follow the Maori's thought between the lines we should find it like a continuous stream, with many an unexpected turn and many a sudden cascade or subterranean passage, but still continuous and flowing in a channel of association none the less discernible to the Maori understanding through being unmarked upon our mental charts. Abrupt as the mountain stream, his thought is clothed in imagery as beautiful as the wealth of foliage on the banks ; and further, no rushing, eddying stream of Maoriland was ever more hidden by clustering palms and ferns than is the meaning of the Maori by his exuberant imagery. He is not like the native orator of Hawaii, who speaks for three-quarters of an hour while the interpreter explains to the unedified and impatient that "he's all right—he hasn't begun to say anything yet." He does not really think the longest way round his mythologies and ancestral exploits is the shortest way home to the matter in hand, though an uninitiated listener might imagine so. Beneath those names of his forefathers, those fantastic quotations from traditional lore, and those disjointed scraps of *karakia* and lament, there must be a definite stream of thought, which is sometimes discerned at last by the interpreter as it empties into the open sea of matters comprehensible ; but more often, alas ! it evaporates by translation.

But it is the object of the Maori bard to make his meaning plain. Just as there are certain Englishmen to whom for making a simple subject hopelessly involved one might commend an ardent listener, so among the Maoris there are those who wrap the rights and wrongs of their potato patch in a winding sheet of metaphor, and bury them decently with a train of some ten or twelve lamenting stanzas, and as many incomprehensible allusions to heroes who figured in the days when Light-standing-long begot Nothingness, and Nothingness-made-excellent begot Nothingness-the-First. A more lucid orator, however, will seek to disentangle his meaning from all the necessary traditions which beset it, unravelling it step by step, with quotation after

quotation and lament after lament, until it becomes clearer and clearer ; then, when his hearers' attention is rivetted on the issue, his final song or chant, as the case may be, makes his meaning plain to one who has been able to follow its evolution. The Maori's oratory or poetry—they are practically the same—is like his system of cosmogony : it consists in evolving a definite, tangible something out of what philologists have been too ready to call nothing. This comparison may at first appear far fetched, but when it is understood that the poetry of this race is founded upon the priestly *karakia* or meditative hymn of the Orphic kind, the origin of which was in the ancient cosmogonical mysteries of perhaps the oldest priestly *régime* in the world, the comparison may seem more suggestive and less unfounded.

Not the least beauty of Maori poetry is the music of the names employed, some rugged as an aged chieftain's tattooed face, some sweet as a Maori maiden's smile. That these names call up a multitude of mellow memories in the native mind goes without saying, but they are often beautiful even to one who is a complete stranger to such memories. There are few languages which lend themselves to the grand and terrific like the Maori. The following bold opening would not disgrace an *Iliad* or a *Kalevala*, and it owes much to a choice of names :—

Behold the lightning's glare !
It seems to cut asunder Tuwharra's rugged crest.
From thy hand the weapon dropt,
And thy bright spirit disappeared
Beyond the heights of Raukawa.
The sun grows dim and hastes away
As a woman from the scene of battle.
The tides of ocean, weeping, ebb and flow,
And the mountains of the south are shent,
For the spirit of a chieftain
Is taking its flight to Rona.

Thomas Bracken, the author of "Lays of the Maori and the Moa," has a fine poem in which the name of the hero chief, Te Rauparaha, is given repeatedly as a kind of battle-cry, and when this is declaimed by a Maori orator with full fire and force, the effect is magical. On the whole, the power of these proper names is greater than that of those which make the incidental music of "*Hiawatha*." The word *Waitangi*, when correctly pronounced with the nasal *ng*, is a striking example. It means "wailing water," and is used to infuse into a lament the sorrowful sound of lamentation that is heard in the waters of the district so named. "Waimea" has an added

charm when its meaning is known to be "pensive water," and Browning has made good use of the "Wairoa" in his poem "Waring." Domett, who, by the way, *was* Waring, taking the legend named "Hinemoa, the Maiden of Rotorua," expanded it into a beautiful poem which he styled "Ranolf and Amohia"; but it can hardly be claimed that as a mere matter of names his title is the more beautiful. Seldom absent from a Maori war song is the name of the volcano Tongariro, the "pillow that is unruffled by the tempest," and indeed Tongariro is a word that sits as grandly on a majestic mountain as Aconcagua or Mauna Loa. The writer once heard a *pakeha Maori* sing, in native style, a song composed of nothing but names of mountains, rivers, and lakes in Maoriland, strung together without regard to sense; and the Maoris who heard it began the war dance on the spot, so greatly did these simple *mantrams* stir their blood.

Not only is the language rich in names, but the people in general have a good conception of the vast and stupendous in nature. This forms the principal element of grandeur in their poetry. A glance at their mythology reveals no shallow imagination. From the highest heaven Tawhaki returned with mighty spells for the earth's good; from the lowest depths of Porawa came Tangaroa with the vilest spells for evil. It was on a spider's web that Tawhaki climbed the upper air, and when a mighty wind arose he was blown about the sides of heaven, but still held on. It is to the personality of this Tawhaki that an original Christ myth is attached. He came down from the sky and was slain by his brethren; but the sun-blood, moon-blood, and star-blood met and mingled in his veins, and he rose again. Then, clad in a dress of bark to hide his divinity, he ascended a high hill, where some men gathering brushwood saw him throw off his disguise and flash out like a god, the splendour of the sun, moon, and stars shining from him as he rose into the sky. The deeds of other traditional personages show the same love of the colossal. Maui descended into the jaws of the great Woman of the Darkness, whose gleaming eyes flashed there on the horizon of the world. He took this way to the land of night and silence to recover immortal life for man; but the great one, who had measured out the world by striding over it, and had assaulted the sun, and bound him with flaxen thongs, was here engulfed and lost for ever. Hina-nui-te-Po shut her jaws, wolfing the sun in ravenous hunger, and Maui—he who had beaten the Daystar with a club—was crushed to death in darkness. The stars were the eyes of chiefs, and when a meteor flashed it was the spirit of some departed warrior, who, having placed his left eye in the heavens to light his brother chiefs on earth, was

plunging down into the depths of Reinga—the abode of the disembodied.

Thus the song says:—

O my treasure ! why wander on the chilly air ?
Thy house, Te Harakeke, now is open
To receive thee ; but, as the star Whanui,
Lo ! thou art about to set in splendour and
Rise in Hawaiki's land.

Again, Hina, the Daughter of the Light, the Rival of the Dawn, the Bright One, for whom Tawhaki scaled the heavens, sat in her immortal dwelling weaving the clouds. The golden raiment cast off by Te Ra, the Sun-god, as he travelled down the highway of Tane to bathe in the waters of Eternal Light and renew his youth, were all of her weaving. The fleshly garments of mankind were her work also. The crystal heaven, on which the sun and moon glide, was the pathway for her shining feet, and the heaven below that was the cloud-roof of the world, where the demigod Tawhaki walked about with thunderous tread, the lightning flashing from his armpits. The rainbow was the girdle of many colours girt round the loins of Rongomai. Such are some of the Maori's conceptions of the vast. Examples from the standard laments might be multiplied indefinitely. The following is culled from one of the better known poems :—

Open ye the gates of the heavens ;
Enter the first heaven, then enter the second heaven,
And when thou shalt travel the land of spirits,
And they shall say to thee, " What meaneth this ?"
Say that the wings of this our world,
Have been torn from it in the death of the brave one—
The leader of our battles.
Atutahi and the stars of the morning
Look down from the sky ;
The earth reels to and fro,
For the great prop of the tribes lies low.

Perhaps a more remarkable passage may be added to this. It is taken from the lament for the powerful tohunga Te Heuheu, and was written by his brother Te Heuheu Iwakau, who will be recognised even from this single passage as a poet of no mean order :—

The great star that stood over the milky way is gone,
Atutahi is gone, and Rehua-kai-tangata :
And thou too, Tongariro, standst alone !
The feathers that adorned the prow
Of " Arawa " now float upon the wave,
While women from the west
Look on and weep.

“While women from the west look on and weep” reminds one of Tennyson’s fine line :—

And watched by weeping queens.

It also recalls those solar myths in which the mothers of the sun-gods pillowed the heads of their dying sons on their bosoms and sank, weeping over them, into the night. “And thou too, Tongariro, standst alone,” is no mere versifier’s way of saying that the noble mountain towering in the sky is now solitary and mournful since the great chief, the peer of volcanic peaks, is no more : the poet here evidently likens the deceased to the now extinct volcano Taranaki, who, according to legend, once stood by Tongariro’s side ; but they both fell in love with Pihanga, a smaller mountain in the vicinity, and after a terrible quarrel, in which they hurled great burning rocks at one another, Taranaki withdrew in wrath to the seashore where he now stands.

The following detached passage is worthy of notice for the expansiveness of its imagery :—

I may not see thee now,
A range of towering mountains intercepts
My gaze ; but love can scale the highest hills
And whisper to the heart.

And this :—

. . . While the dark bosom of Waikari’s tide
Tumultuous rose as in her ancient pride ;
Then Tuakaurinui heaved a sigh,
And all its sandy shores and shoals grew dry.

And this :—

And now the fountains
Of the deep are dry ! The great sea-god is dead.
High in the heavens where the great star
Rehua used to shine there’s nought but void,
And in her turn the moon forgets to rise.

The exaggerated imagery of the last quotation is frequently met with in the laments. Their various examples of hyperbole may be briefly comprehended in this :—

The sun has fallen from his height,
The heavens are bowed (with grief).

As was the case with the Scandinavians, these more primitive vikings of the south personified the great forces of Nature. Frequent are the poetical allusions to Ruaimako, the god of earthquake, turning in his rocky bed beneath the hills and shaking the woven

mat of forests which covers him ; to Oenuku, the god of the rising wind, whose dwelling is in the fiery clouds of the evening sky ; to Tawhirimatea, the storm-god, who smites in his wrath the gods of forest and sea ; and to Tane, the god of light and vegetation, who is represented as a gigantic tree with its roots in the sky and its branches on earth. Their tendency to people the wind with gods is shown in the following fragment of an ancient *karakia* :—

The big wind !
 The long wind !
 The assembly of winds ! !
 The whistling winds of heaven ! ! !

Their gods always spoke to the claraudient *matakiti*, or seers, in a shrill whistling voice like the sougning of the wind.

If there is yet anything wanting to show the far-reaching nature of their ideas concerning time and space, it is found in the meaning of their word *Tua*, which signifies “beyond the furthest,” “behind all manifested things,” and “at the back of differentiation.” It also means “the power which draws the worshipper to that which is worshipped.” This word *Tua* is similar in its sound and meaning to the Chinese *Tao*, and it is remarkable that, although many scholars since Lao Tzū have decided that *Tao* is “reason” or “thought,” both the Chinese and the Maoris insist that there is something behind thought, viz. a period of incubation, and even *that* is neither *Tao* nor *Tua*. This desire to get at the back of things is almost as strong in the Maori as in the Hindu. One instance will suffice. A young *tohunga* spoke of Papa and Rangi as the first pair, but an aged *Ariki* corrected him, saying that before Papa and Rangi was Io, the great mother Space or Moisture, who married the Strait, the Vast, and the Clear, and begat the Universe.

There is an element of ferocity not only in the *whanga* or war song of the Maori, but also in the love song. Poetry follows them into battle, and battle again into the gentler realms of poetry. “The soft pulp of the *tawa* berry is easily broken !” says the warrior as his jade *meré* crashes through his enemy’s skull ; and “Well done, O hard stone of the *tawa* berry !” echoes on all sides as some hero stands against fearful odds. Thus in the heat of battle the use of the poetic parable is their second nature, and as, with them, war arises from women (and land), it is only fair that the wild chord of battle should be struck in the midst of a love song. This same ferocity—perhaps a reaction from despair—will often arise in some mournful pathetic lament with a suggestion of tragedy. There is a

sudden blood in the Maori which makes him sing frequently in a voice of *felo-de-se*. A mild instance of this is found in a lament of one of the chiefs for the departure of Sir George Grey :—

Thou art more
To me than husband to a wife, a sacred
Object worthy of a higher love.
I witnessed thy departure when many faces
Were uplifted, and many hands outstretched,
In token of regard. Ah ! this was as
A sign that I should loose thee. Hail, fell disease !
Thou art a welcome guest ; haste ! execute
Thy mission ! Since I am not permitted
Now to journey with him and to share his toils.

The “fell disease” here invoked is blighting melancholy. A more pronounced suggestion of a tragic end is found in the following :—

Oh ! hold for ever thy fond love for me,
The sacred powers of which and mine
Are more than midnight offerings
Made to gods for noble dead.

. . . Come

And take the news that I
Shall throw me into
Spirit-world’s cold air,
That, crushed with fell despair,
I may not live debarred
By mountain range the presence
Of my own, my only love.

Again, there is a kind of “calling on the rocks” in the following :—

. . . Whilst I, a sacred, solitary one
Could rest me on Oruaangara,
And ask the ocean mist to hide
Or drive me far out on the sea,
And drown at once the longings,
Cares, and griefs, and soul of life.
Oh ! blow thou gale in furious gusts
And take me far up to the heavens,
And let man dance his dance of rage below,
And fling his arms about in
Vain attempt to smite his enemy.

It is not that the value of life is underrated, but that the feelings are overwhelming. The Maori who owed another three shillings and sixpence, and was so overburdened by the debt that he shot himself on his creditor’s doorstep, does not figure in song to any great advantage ; but other instances of sublime or tragic uncontrol are not lacking.

Thomas Bracken has a fine poem on the incident at Orakau, where a small band of three hundred Maoris defied nearly two thousand English troops and all their engines of war. The three hundred had been for days without food or water, but they were roused to the utmost pitch of fierce defiance. The English sent an interpreter to say that if they would surrender their lives would be spared. At this Rewi, their chief, with the untameable spirit of a man who would make history and poetry for his race, sprang upon the palisades of the *pā* and, whirling his *meré*, shouted in answer, *Ka whawhai tonu! Akè! Akè! Akè!* ("We will fight for ever and ever and ever"). The English then tried to persuade them to send out their women and children for protection, but the cry came back with splendid defiance, "The women will fight as well as we," *Ka whawhai tonu! Akè! Akè! Akè!* And until future time shall have exhausted the meaning of those words the incident deserves never to be forgotten.

While pursuing this tragic aspect of Maori poetry, mention must be made of a certain Maori Sappho, who, having loved and lost, sat upon a high cliff singing this song before she cast herself headlong into the sea :—

The glowing that sinketh in the horizon,
 Oh ! linger for awhile to light my exit hence !
 'Twere well to be afflicted by the gods
 With some dread malady to hasten death,
 To hasten my departure from the world.
 I feel my anger rise against a busy
 Multitude, for all the secrets of my breast
 The tongue, the evil tongue, proclaims.
 And am I of more note than Parihi
 Whose fame has reached us from the southern lands ?
 They say that Tahetake too is beautiful :
 But far above them all is heard
 The fame of youthful Pokai, who, like
 The burning sulphur, mounts aloft
 Defying every effort to suppress it.
 While the renowned Moetuara in the south
 Looks on and listens. And now my
 Doom is fixed . . . my sight grows dim ;
 And lo ! I sink . . . I die.

Leaving the wild and terrible to review the tender and pathetic, we find a considerable body of poetry peculiarly rich in feeling. This sort went out in a marked degree at the departure of Sir George Grey. Mr. Davis, the able translator of many of these songs of affection and grief, says, in connection with the description of one of the farewell meetings he witnessed: "The sentiments expressed were . . . those of tender affection and regret—the low plaintive

wail of the voices, and the mournful faces of the singers fully sustained the character of those sentiments. We scarcely know anything more suggestive of melancholy than the sound of the chaunt which expresses the grief of the Maori. It is not unlike the sound of the distant waterfall—the Waitangi of human voices.”

It is in these laments, perhaps, that the imagery is the most beautiful. The following is a case in point :—

O Waitemata ! thou art flowing :
Thy waters are clear as of old ;
And o'er thee the clouds are still throwing
Their curtains of azure and gold.
Roll on, while my spirit in anguish
Shall breathe to its friend o'er the main ;
For here I must hopelessly languish
For those I shall ne'er see again.
I gaze on the Tairi mountains
That screen my beloved from view,
And, bursting anew from their fountains,
My tears speak a mournful adieu.

Here again is the word-painting of an ancient chief, with a touch of the “ devotion to something afar,” which frequently appears in the Maori lament :—

See ! lingering in the west athwart the gleam of blue,
Bright clouds of varied hue—
I heed you not, fair Eve !
For the loved one soon will leave
And I must haste away.
Oh ! let us both escape to yonder sunny land,
For there the ruthless hand
Of death may never smite ;
And let me see that land of light
And sojourn with thee there.

Another grim chief sings, with the simple affection of a child :—

Ye wintry winds that sweep amain
Ye pierce me sore :
Ye are not careful to restrain
Your angry roar.
Cease, while I scale Tapeka's height,
That bounds the sea :
Perchance my friend is still in sight,
And waits for me.
I saw him last upon the steep
Where surges lave,
But now there's naught upon the deep
But one wild wave.

Since thou, alas ! art called away,
 And we must part,
 Oh ! let thy spirit near me stay
 To soothe my heart.

Another, sitting upon the ground disconsolate, with his mat drawn close around his bowed form, sings mournfully :—

Loved one ! I urged thy longer stay,
 But thou hast torn thyself away, and now—
 My heart is as a withered bough.

The Maori's heart is as full of tenderness as his war yell is full of ferocity. Who would imagine that the poem given below was written not by a "woman weeping wildly" but by a stern old warrior chief who had slain his foes in fierce fight, boiled their heads, and eaten their flesh ? Truly the Maori character is many sided.

. . . And hast thou gone to lands remote
 And left me here to languish ? Ah, here I
 Will not stay ! I'll cast myself upon the
 Wide spread foam that sweeps by Kuriaropaoa,
 And float across the sea, so shall I meet
 The ruler of the people in his distant dwelling.
 Gird on my garments, beautiful and rare :
 My Whakaewarangi, and decorate
 My hair with long white feathers of the
 Albatross : then shame and fear shall vanish
 While I seek the loved one.

And who would think that a hardened warrior, who had bound up his split skull and gone on with the fight, could soften himself to such words as these ?—

While I sit a fearful trembling
 Rends this heart oppressed with grief,
 Restless as the winds, resembling
 Kahakaha's aspen leaf.

Or these :—

I'll linger at our mutual home
 And, if denied relief,
 In wild dismay far off I'll roam
 To vent this load of grief.

In the mass, these laments for "Kawana Kerei" are beautiful expressions of affectionate regret welling spontaneously from the hearts of the brave and generous people who had styled themselves his children. In their love for him, warriors, tohungas, and young maidens all sang with the same voice and wept with the same tears. The songs of some warrior chiefs have been quoted above. It will

be interesting to compare them with the terms of an affectionate letter addressed to the Governor by some native girls belonging to one of the schools he had founded :—

“Go hence ! O our father ! Go hence ! This is our farewell to you, because we really look upon you as our parent.

“O our father ! 'Tis enough ! The end !”

The pathos in many of these laments gains largely from the untutored simplicity of the poets. When some of the tribes received word that the Governor had left for England, they imagined that between England and New Zealand there were many high mountains and deep rivers, and that consequently his progress would be slow. Accordingly they started off thinking to overtake him, but on reaching the port of his departure they were surprised to find that he had gone “like the flash of a gun,” at which they returned to their homes disconsolate, to tell in their laments how they had thought to overtake him, but he had gone in a fleet canoe far away where they could not follow. It was with a similar simplicity to this that a more civilised Maori addressed to the Governor a poem of which the following is a stanza :—

On the drifting canoe I'll spring
To thee !
And there I will lay me low,
And, borne by the tides which flow,
To Karewa's rock I'll go,
And meet thee on the sea.

Many of the hopeful ones sang of his probable return in the future, but the heavier hearted believed him gone for ever. “Oh ! Would that he had died like the old moon !” said these, for, in their peculiar way, they regarded him as being dead, not like the old moon, which is renewed, but like Maui, who went down into the jaws of darkness and never returned.

It still remains to speak of the *karakia*, under which term are included incantations, invocations, curses, and hymns philosophical, metaphysical, and polytechnic. These are remarkable because from their nature they appear to be detached fragments of some great *Kalevala* of the South—some vast epic of which the mystic *Song of Kualii*, the strange ritual of the Areoi sect, and the *karakia* of the Maoris may possibly be the only portions which have come down to us out of the remote past. A writer in the *Saturday Review*, speaking on the ancient origin of these *karakia*, says : “The Maoris are an old race from the fact that they have developed an hereditary priesthood, which the Australian blacks have not, and a priesthood

capable not only of perpetuating barbaric myths but of composing meditative, reflective, and metaphysical hymns. This philosophical element shows superior differentiation of the people." And, it may be added, the ritual of a priesthood is likely to be older than the priesthood itself. In the literature of the *karakia* constant mention is made of a hinterland named Hawaiki, where, in the *Wharé Kura*, an ancient School of Mysteries, the priests were initiated in astronomy, agriculture, medicine and magic. We do not propose to speak of a hinterland behind that hinterland, nor to attempt to locate the origin of the Maori race ; all we could attempt is to show that there is much internal and external evidence which proves the *karakia* to be of ancient origin. Under the title of this article, however, we can only deal with certain points of the internal evidence which we think have not been sufficiently emphasised in the history of the Maori.

First, there is the fact that some of these *karakia* were couched in a sacred language differing from the Maori tongue in such a degree that many have stigmatised it as a mere abracadabra of meaningless sounds. We can hardly think that the words of these strange blessings and cursings had their origin in a background of nonsense. Just as the formulæ of Cornelius Agrippa and Peter d'Abano had their source in the Talmud and the Kabballah, so must these apparently meaningless incantations of the Maori *tohunga* have sprung from some former system of magic, religious or otherwise. Even the flippant may observe how the profane formulæ used by the man in the omnibus in the present day are now mere forcible sounding words which once had a more or less well defined meaning in a sacred language. Or is it to be admitted that, when the existence of the early Fathers and the Crusaders have been forgotten, the words "Zounds!" "Golly!" "'Sfish!" "'Struth!" and so on will be set aside by philologists as mere abracadabra? Such, however, is the nature of philology when dealing with anything approaching a magical formula. Another piece of internal evidence may be adduced here. It was the office of the *tohunga Maori*, when called to the side of the dying chief, to chant in his ear as he was hovering between life and death, "Cling to life in the Light—cling to life in the Darkness!" Now Judge Maning, for whose interesting book "Old New Zealand" we have the greatest admiration, stigmatises this saying as a "horrid mockery," for where, he asks, is the use of telling a man who is drawing his last breath to cling to life? But the thing bears a deeper interpretation. Why should the moment between life and death be selected for this exhortation if not for the same reasons.

as those laid down in the "Bhagavad Gîta," viz. to concentrate the parting thought upon life and the continuity of it, so that while "slipping through from state to state" the departing one might keep firm hold of the thread of individuality upon which that ancient philosophy strings the soul's manifested lives like beads? The exhortation may be freely translated in the following terms: "Cling to Life during life—cling to Life in death;" and so far from being a "horrid mockery," this *karakia* of the Maori sums in a few words the greatest beauty of the ancient wisdom of the East—the fundamental thought of singers and sages that, even in death, there is a centre of Life to cling to. In elaboration of this idea may be mentioned, first, the many allusions to the "secret way of the spider," *i.e.* Tawhaki's small silky thread by which the soul may reach the highest heaven; secondly, the now half-forgotten theory of a fourth heaven from which souls are reincarnated upon the earth through the guidance of Hina-te-i-waiwa; and, thirdly, the still more esoteric conception of a cycle of individual manifestation in which the initiated places his left eye as a star in the House of Tane, finds his way through the successive zones of Reinga with the other, and round to the fourth heaven, whence, having resumed his left eye, he reappears again on earth in fleshly form. All this points to the existence of an ancient philosophy of which there is little remaining beyond its degenerate exponents the *tohunga*, and the few relics of his ritual now known as the *karakia*.

Specimens of these most involved and possibly mistranslated hymns of a bygone priesthood have been given by most writers on Maori lore. One example of the more mystic kind must suffice here. It is a passage which follows the climax of a *karakia* now used as a mere boat song; the *karakia* in its entirety may be found in Mr. John White's valuable "Ancient History of the Maori," which contains many others of a like nature:—

The power departs !
 Bind the heart !
 Close the heart !
 Lift the heart !
 Raise the heart up !
 Let the heart wait
 On the ocean—
 On the ocean hills.
 And, if you meet my bird above,
 In the large plain,
 'Tis the forehead of Ruatapu—
 'Tis the heart in the wilderness.

REGINALD HODDER.

ENGLISH MILITARY LAWYERS.

THE Bar of England has always been more or less connected with military life. The students of law acquired the property of the Temple in London from the renowned Order of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, who themselves had acquired it from that great military Order of the Knights Templars. Perhaps the most renowned of the three great military Orders founded in the twelfth century for the defence of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem is that of the Knights Templars, though abolished long before its rivals. It differs from the Hospitallers and the Teutonic Knights in having been a military order from its very origin, inasmuch as its earliest members banded themselves together for the express purpose of giving armed protection to the numerous pilgrims who, after the First Crusade, flocked to Jerusalem and the other sacred sites in the Holy Land. The new Order speedily rose into consideration. Members of the noblest families eagerly sought to be joined to it; legacies and donations in lands and money were showered upon it by persons of all ranks; and in course of time it acquired ample possessions in nearly every country of Europe. The history of the Knights Templars would embrace the history of the wars of the Christians against the infidels in the East for all the time they lasted after the establishment of the Order. For more than a hundred and seventy years the soldiers of the Temple formed the most renowned portion of the Christian troops, and almost every encounter with the enemy bore testimony to their unequalled prowess and daring.

The Templars first established the chief house of their Order in England without Holborn Bars. The first house of the Temple was adapted to the wants and necessities of the Order in its infant state; but when the Order had greatly increased in numbers, power, and wealth, and had somewhat departed from its original purity and simplicity, we find that it looked about for a more extensive and commodious place of habitation. It purchased a large space of ground extending from the Whitefriars westward to Essex House without Temple Bar, and commenced the erection of a convent on a scale

of grandeur commensurate with the dignity and importance of the chief house of the great religio-military society of the Temple in Britain. It was called the New Temple to distinguish it from the original establishment at Holborn, which came henceforth to be known by the name of the Old Temple.

The Order consisted of (1) knights, (2) chaplains, and (3) men-at-arms. The Order continued to flourish until the year 1307, when it was abolished throughout Christendom, and its lands and property given to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. For perhaps half a century there had been strange stories circulating as to the secret rites practised by the Order at its midnight meetings. It was said that on his initiation each member had to disavow his belief in God and Christ, to spit upon the crucifix, to submit to indecent ceremonies, and to swear never to reveal the secrets of the society or disobey the mandates of a Grand Master, who claimed full power of absolution. The opinion that the monstrous charges brought against the Templars were false, and the confessions were only extracted by torture, is supported by the general results of investigation (in almost every country outside France), as we have them collected in Raynouard, Sabbé, and Du Pay.

Stow, in his "*Annals*," p. 968, tells us that in King Edward III.'s time the lawyers got a lease of the property by the name of the Middle and Inner Temple from the Hospitallers at the rent of £10 per annum. The lawyers held by lease from the Hospitallers until the thirtieth year of the reign of Henry VIII., and after that from the Crown, sometimes by lease and sometimes as tenants-at-will, till the sixth year of the reign of James I. The last-named king granted the property to the Benchers of both the societies, and to their heirs and assigns for ever, reserving only to the Crown the advowson or right of nominating the rector of the church. This property the Benchers have held ever since.

To return now to the subject of military lawyers, beginning from the period of the Norman Conquest we find the names of six men holding commands at the battle of Hastings who afterwards became judges. They were as follows: William FitzOsborne, who commanded one of the three divisions; Bishop Odo, whose mace caused such fearful havoc; Geoffrey of Constance, who held a distinguished command; William de Warrenne; Robert, Earl of Morton, who carried the banner of St. Michael; and Richard Fitzgerald. For centuries the majority of our English lawyers were ecclesiastics; and for centuries our mitred judges showed no reluctance to mount horse and wear mail. Chief Justiciar Odo, a type of these holy and

martial lawyers, certainly contributed as much as William to the success of the Norman invasion. It was his voice that, thundering from Norman pulpits, stirred grim barons and impetuous knights to support their feudal chieftain ; it was his purse that equipped a fleet for the cause, and armed a company of chosen warriors ; and having given words and money, he was no less willing to give his blood. When the Norman lines covered the Sussex coast, his clear, earnest utterances assured them that the God of Hosts was on their side, that those of them who outlived the battle would be victors, and that those who fell would join the blessed saints. And having thus spoken and celebrated the Mass, the bishop laid aside his sacred vestments, mounted his white war-horse, and grasping his bâton rode in the van of that fierce flood of chivalry which swept a nation to the earth and bore the victor to a throne. The Bayeux tapestry preserves the story of this man of God and war ; and history tells how, when the battle had been won, he became his brother's Chief Justiciar, and spoke cruel judgments from the seat to which he had climbed over the bodies of dead men. Alternately fighting and preaching, he harried rebellious districts with fire and sword, and scattered words of ban and blessing over hard-fought fields. "In seculari ejus functione," says the historian, "non solum rem exercuit judicariam ; sed bellis utique assuefactus exercitum Randulphi Comitis Estangliae, suorumque confæderatorum, profligavit ; et in ultione necis Walteri Dunelmensis Episcopi, Northumbriam latè populatus est."

Like Odo, the Conqueror's Chancellor, Osmond, was a soldier and a bishop. Ralph de Hengham (Chief Justice of the King's Bench under Edward I. and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas under Edward II.) is generally regarded as the first of our non-military common law judges. Lord Campbell says, "He may truly be considered the father of the common law judges. He was the first of them who never put on a coat of mail ; and he has had a long line of illustrious successors contented with the ermined robe."

In the year 1138 Walter Espec, Justiciar, conducted an expedition against the Scotch, and so at the Battle of the Standard laid the first foundation of the future successes of the English arms. Several of our judges took part in the wars of King John ; and of those, Roger Bigot, Justiciar, and William de Huntingfield, Justice Itinerant, were amongst the twenty-five barons appointed to enforce Magna Charta. Hubert de Burgh, Chief Justiciary, and William Mareschale, Earl of Pembroke, Justiciar, commanded the levies who defeated the French invasion in 1216 at Dover and Lincoln. The London "Voluntaries," who fought at Lewes in 1264, were

commanded by Nicholas de Segrave, son of Gilbert de Segrave, Justice of the Common Pleas. In the year 1297 Hugh de Cressingham, Justice Itinerant, was defeated at the battle of Stirling by Wallace. Robert Bouchier, Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland, and Richard le Scrope, afterwards Chancellor, were both present at the battle of Crecy, the former with so large an array that his allowance amounted to £401 10s.; the latter also took part in the defeat of the Scotch at Nevil's Cross, and in the great sea-fight and victory at Rye in 1350; John de Delves, afterwards Keeper of the Great Seal, won his spurs at the battle of Poitiers, as one of the four squires of Lord Audley; and Lord Chancellor Beaufort held a high command at the battle of Agincourt. In 1381 the Inns of Court took part against Wat Tyler and his followers. John Fortescue, Chief Justice, fought at Towton and Tewkesbury; Richard Nevile, Earl of Salisbury, Chancellor to Henry VI., and father of the famous Earl of Warwick, was taken prisoner at Wakefield and beheaded the following day; Thomas Thorpe, Baron of the Exchequer, was made prisoner at the battle of Northampton and afterwards beheaded; and Thomas Urswyke, Chief Justice of the Exchequer, when Recorder of London, was instrumental in defeating the Lancastrian attack on the City of London in 1467.

Long after the ancient military functions of the Grand Justiciar had ceased to exist, chief justices, during occasions of especial emergency, exercised military as well as civil powers. When the Percies rose in rebellion, Henry IV. empowered Chief Justice Gascoigne to raise forces for the subjugation of the insurgents; and in the subsequent rising of Scrope, Archbishop of York, and Thomas Mowbray, Gascoigne was again sent to aid in subduing the malcontents. A later instance of this union of civil and military power in the person of a chief justice occurred in 1685, when Jeffreys set out for the Western Circuit, on his "campaign," armed not only with a commission of Oyer and Terminer, but also an authority to command the forces in chief, in the disaffected counties. Thus appointed to destroy on the battle-field, as well as the judgment-seat, Jeffreys was styled the "General of the West."

The first organised body formed by the lawyers of the Inns of Court appears to have been in the year 1584, for the purpose of assisting in the defence of the country from the Spanish Armada. The deed associating the members of Lincoln's Inn is still in existence, having been preserved by Thomas Egerton, then Solicitor-General, and afterwards Chancellor, who was the first to sign it. It is now amongst the Egerton Papers in the possession of Lord

Ellesmere, and a copy of it was published by the Camden Society in 1840 (vol. xii. p. 108), and is as follows:—

“Forasmuch as Almighty God hath ordayned Kynges, Quenes, and Princes to have domynion and rule over all theire subjectes, and to preserve them in the profession and observation of the true Christian religion accordinge to His holy word and commaundementes. . . . Therefore wee, whose names are or shall be subscribed to this writinge, beinge naturall borne subjectes of this realme of Englande, and having so gracious a lady, our Sovereigne Elizabeth, by the ordynance of God our moost rightfull quene, raignynge over us theise many yeres with greate felicitie to our inestimable comferte . . . we doe also think it is our moost bounden duties, for the great benefites of peace, welth, and godly government, which we have more plentifully receaved theis many yeres under Her Majesty's Government then our forefathers have done in any longer tyme of any other her progenitors, kinges of this realme, do declare and by this writinge make manifest our loyall and bounden duties to our said soveraigne lady for her safetie. And to that end we and every of us, first calling to witnesse the holie name of Almighty God, doe voluntarilie and moost willingly bynde ourselves, every one of us, to the other jointlie and severally in the bonde of one fyrm and loyall societie, and do hereby vowe and promise before the majestie of Almighty God, that with our whole powers, bodies, lyves, landes, and goodes, and with our children and servants, wee and every of us will faithfully serve and humbly obey our said soveraigne lady Queen Elizabeth, against all estates, dignities, and earthly powers whatsoever, and will, as well with our Joynte as perticuler forces, during our lyves, withstande, offende, and pursue, as well by force of armes as by all other meanes of revenge, all manner of persons of what estate soever they shalbe and their abettors, that shall attempte by any acte, counsell, or consent to any thinge that shall tende to the harme of Her Majestie's royal person. . . . In witnesse of all which promisses to be inviolably kepte, we doe to this writinge putt our handes and seales, and shalbe moost ready to accepte and admytt any others hereafter to this our society and association.—Tho. Egerton, Rauffe, Rokeby, John Davy, George Kyngesmyll, Chr. Jenneye, Peter Warburton, C. Rytche, Avarez Copley, Joly Aston, Tho. Thornton, Ric. Kyngesmyll, Amos Dalton, Humphry Brydges, etc. etc.”

The original document bears ninety-five signatures, but the Camden Society, from want of space, have omitted to print more than the first twenty.

Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh were both members of the Middle Temple. A copy of the order of the Benchers directing a banquet to be given to Sir Walter Raleigh, "member of this house," on his return from his voyage round the world, is framed under his portrait at the Middle Temple. Sir Phillip Sydney was a member of Gray's Inn.

One of the early acts of King Charles I. after his accession to the throne was to address a circular letter to the Benchers of the different inns, requesting them to call upon the students at their times of recreation to exercise themselves in arms, and particularly in horsemanship, in which the English nation was very deficient, not "that any the students of our Lawes should by this occasion neglect their studies, but that they should change their former exercise in time of vacancie and recreation." As the result of this appeal the gentlemen of the Inns of Court, on February 3, 1633, rode "in solemn triumph" before His Majesty, properly armed and equipped.

On the arrest of the "Five Members" in 1641 great riots took place. The gentlemen of the Inns of Court seem to have considered that the time had come for action, and accordingly they marched down 500 strong to offer their services to the King as a bodyguard, which offer was accepted, and they remained at Westminster as his bodyguard for some days. This determined action on their part—and in addition a threat used by one of them that if necessary they would send down to the country and fetch up their tenants—produced an effect in the Parliament which was evidently very great, and after a hasty deliberation four members were sent off to ascertain from the different inns what their intentions were. In reply to them, the four inns returned the extremely proper answer, "That they had only an intent to defend the King's person, and would likewise to their utmost also defend the Parliament, being not able to make any distinction between King and Parliament, and that they would ever express all true affection to the House of Commons in particular."

Before the close of the seventeenth century, the law had formed a closer alliance with arms. At the outbreak of the Civil War, gentlemen of the long robe were found in each of the contending parties. Herbert and Hyde drew sword for the King; Whitelock and St. John served under the Parliament. That the lawyers were more ready to draw sword against Charles than for him, is a fact which may be regarded as an indication of the legal view taken of the royal policy by those who were best qualified to answer questions of constitutional law; or it may be received as a testimony that

prudent seekers after advancement were unwilling to devote fortune and talents to a cause which could not repay them. Anyhow, it is notable how greatly the fighting lawyers of the Parliament outnumbered those of the King's party.

The Inns of Court, however, contained a strong body of barristers and students who cherished monarchical principles, and were anxious to prove their loyalty in the field. When Lord Keeper Littleton fixed his judgment-seat in the schools at Oxford, his court had little business, but a numerous Bar. To relieve his profession from the obloquy of repose, at a time when men of all ranks were flying to arms, the Lord Keeper proposed that the lawyers of Oxford, during the dearth of briefs, should form themselves into a corps, and serve the King as volunteers. The suggestion was acceptable; and Littleton, by no means deficient in personal bravery, notwithstanding his moral cowardice, reported the matter to Charles, who forthwith authorised him to raise a corps of fighting lawyers. During the short interval between the date of his commission and his death, Littleton zealously drilled his recruits, who were for the greater part drawn from the colleges. Indeed, the force was less a corps of lawyers than a regiment of University men. Sir Edward Littleton was a good swordsman and no unsuitable chieftain for the corps, but in the August following its enrolment he was caught by a violent storm whilst drilling his men in Bagley Wood, and a severe cold, consequent on exposure to rain, brought about his unanticipated death in 1645.

One of the first lawyers to join the Parliamentary forces was Bulstrode Whitelock, still a young man when Charles unfurled his standard at Nottingham. Followed by the tenants of his estate and a few personal friends, Whitelock accepted a captaincy in Hampden's regiment of horse, and took part in the military occupation of Oxford, where the Parliamentary soldiers met with a cold reception from the gownsmen, who subsequently welcomed the Royalist army with acclamations.

John Somers, the father of Lord Chancellor Somers, deserves mention amongst lawyers of military prowess and renown. A wealthy man and a person of considerable local influence, he was in a position to aid the party that possessed his respect and good wishes. As the most successful attorney in Worcestershire, he ranked above the crowd of provincial lawyers. In the civil contest, Worcester and the best part of Worcestershire sided with the Crown; but John Somers, attorney-at-law, of "The Whiteladies," Worcester, and of Stoke-Severn, raised a troop of horse for the

Parliament, and as captain of the said troop was one of Cromwell's army. For awhile he was quartered at Upton, near his estate at Stoke-Severn, much to the annoyance of the local clergy and proprietors of the district. Not content with arming in behalf of the rebels, he used to walk and ride about the neighbourhood in his martial dress, and every Sunday he had the audacity to wear his uniform in Stoke-Severn Church during divine service. The rector was an ardent Royalist ; and in a series of sermons on Divine Right and Non-Resistance he inveighed against those who dared to rebel against their anointed rulers. The parishioners, during the delivery of these tirades against their squire, alternately watched the preacher and the offender, enjoying the parson's violence, and wondering how long Captain Somers would patiently endure the abuse. As a lawyer John Somers was reluctant to use violence ; and he sent a friendly message to the clergyman, requesting him to adopt a less irritating tone in the pulpit. The message only rendered the rector more furious in his denunciation of rebellion. Again and again Captain Somers renewed his entreaties that he should not be thus insulted in his own parish church. Each succeeding Sunday found the preacher more angry and abusive. At length the volunteer trooper hit on a novel method of silencing the clerical orator. Selecting a moment when "the enemy" was in full action, he drew a pistol from his pocket, aimed deliberately at the foe, and then raising his hand as he pulled the trigger, sent a bullet into the sounding-board over the parson's head. The men sprang to their feet, and on finding that no harm was done, burst into laughter. A buzz, a clattering of feet on the pavement—and the congregation left the church without a benediction. Captain Somers walked quietly to his house, after explaining to his adversary that every repetition of his insolence would produce a similar interruption, and that on each ensuing occasion for pistol practice, the ball would strike a lower point. With perfect coolness the warlike attorney intimated his readiness in course of time to send a lump of lead into his opponent's head, instead of the sounding-board above it. The worthy rector henceforth avoided political topics whenever the Captain formed part of his congregation.

After withdrawing from the University of Oxford, where he was an undergraduate, William Scroggs commanded a troop of horse and fought bravely for the Martyr King. On the termination of the Civil War he became a student of Gray's Inn, and at the Restoration he was ready to serve the Stuarts in his gown as fearlessly as in past times he had served them with the sword.

Of the lawyers who welcomed William of Orange, sword in hand, one of the most notable is William Cowper. The future Lord Chancellor was then a young barrister of the Home Circuit. He had not been called many months, and before his call he had married the fair Judith Booth, whose virtue and beauty reclaimed him from profligate habits, but not before his notorious dissipation had laid the foundation for calumnies which blackened his reputation and disturbed his peace in after years.

During the Gordon Riots, in the year 1780, some of the lawyers were compelled to fight and fly. When Lord George Gordon's indiscreet followers rose for the defence of the Protestant religion, they resolved to sweep away the lawyers, whilst they applied the lesson of destruction to Romish priests. With this laudable intention they laid siege to the Temple, whither the barristers had congregated in strong force. Not only the barristers occupying chambers in the Temple, but non-resident members of both societies were assembled in King's Bench Walk, in the gardens, and in the avenues leading to the two principal gates. All those barristers who lived outside left their windows to the rage of the rioters, and brought their wives, daughters, and plate-chests within the protection of their collegiate walls.

In those days Mr. Scott (afterwards Lord Chancellor Eldon) was still a young man, living with his wife just outside the Temple in Carey Street. Dilatory in his early as well as in his later years, Scott left his house that morning half an hour too late. Already it was known to the mob that the Templars were assembling in their college; and a cry of "The Temple—kill the lawyers," had been raised in Whitefriars and Essex Street. Before Scott reached the Middle Temple gate, with his wife hanging on his arm, they were both assaulted more than once. The man who won Bessie Surtees from a host of rivals, and carried her away against the will of her parents and the wishes of his own father, was able to protect her from serious violence. But before the beautiful creature was safe within the Temple her dress was torn, and when at length she stood in the centre of a crowd of excited and admiring barristers, her head was bare, and her ringlets fell loose upon her shoulders. "The scoundrels have got your hat, Bessie," whispered John Scott, "but never mind, they have left you your hair."

Judge Burrough used to tell that, when the Gordon rioters besieged the Temple, he and a strong body of barristers, headed by a sergeant of the Guards, were stationed in the Inner Temple Lane; and that, having complete confidence in the strength of their massive

gate, they spoke bravely of their desire to be fighting on the other side. At length the gate was forced; the lawyers fell into confusion, and were about to beat a retreat, when the sergeant, a man of infinite humour, cried out in a magnificent tone, "Take care no gentleman fires from behind." The words struck awe into the hearts of the assailants, and caused the barristers to laugh. The mob, who had expected neither laughter nor armed resistance, took to flight, telling all whom they met that the bloody-minded lawyers were armed to the teeth and enjoying themselves.

At the period of the French Revolution the Inns of Court were most active in promoting the Volunteer movement, which then first became general all over the country. One of the corps formed by Lincoln's Inn was commanded by Sir William Grant, then Master of the Rolls, who had rendered military service by commanding a body of volunteers at the siege of Quebec by the Americans, first under General Montgomery and afterwards under Colonel Arnold. He is said to have been the only lawyer who has ever, in active service, discharged military and legal duties on the same day.

It is said that the court used to adjourn at three o'clock "to allow Mr. Grant to attend his battery." Lord Erskine had seen service both in the army and navy, having in 1764 joined the *Tartar* as a midshipman. In 1768 he retired from the navy, and entered the army as an ensign in the Royal or First Regiment of Foot, and in 1775 he retired from the army and joined the Bar.

Speaking of two reviews of Volunteers connected with London or the neighbourhood, held on October 26 and 28, 1803, in Hyde Park, by King George III. in person, Earl Stanhope says: "Reckoning both days, upwards of 27,000 men were present under arms. When the 'Temple companies' had defiled before the King, His Majesty asked Erskine, who commanded them as lieutenant-colonel, what was the composition of that corps. 'They are all lawyers, sire,' replied Erskine. 'What! what!' exclaimed the King, 'all lawyers? Why, then, call them The Devil's Own.'" Although Erskine had been a lieutenant in the army, and used to eat his obligatory law dinners in his scarlet regimentals, Lord Campbell says: "I did once, and only once, see him putting his men through their manœuvres on a summer's evening in the Temple Gardens; and I well recollect that he gave the word of command from a paper which he held before him, and in which I conjectured that his 'instructions' were written out as in a brief."

Lords Eldon and Ellenborough were in the rival corps—"The Devil's Invincibles"—but both unhappily in the awkward squad.

Lord Eldon used to say: "I think Ellenborough was more awkward than I was; but others thought it was difficult to determine which of us was the worst." This corps had attorneys in its ranks, and it was said of it that when Lieutenant-Colonel Cox, the Master in Chancery, who commanded it, gave the word "Charge!" two-thirds of its rank and file took out their note-books and wrote down 6s. 8d. It was also said that when a volunteer company of lawyers, which was raised during the apprehension of the French invasion, were told by the drill-sergeant to "about turn," not a man of those logical patriots stirred, but they all stood still and cried "Why?"

When the Volunteer movement began after the Crimean War, the members of the Inns of Court held a meeting on November 21, 1859, for the purpose of raising a corps of its members. The *Times* of that date thus describes the meeting:—

"The profession mustered in great force, and, seen in a mass, it would be difficult to find a more spirited body of men. Many of them from the Universities accustomed to athletic exercises, no more promising band could be submitted to the training of the drill-sergeant."

The following extract is from the *Times* of December 17, 1859:—

"The corps of the Inns of Court continues to receive fresh additions to its numerical strength every day: starting little more than a fortnight ago with about two hundred members, the numbers up to last night had increased to 520, and the practice proceeds with unflagging energy and spirit."

Among the judges of recent years who have belonged to this corps are the following:—Baggallay, T. Chitty, Davy, Grantham, Herschell, Lefevre, Lopes, Matthews, Baron Pollock, A. L. Smith, Willes, Thesiger, Selwyn, North, Macnaghten, Lindley, Kekewich, Hannen, Fitzgibbon, Cotton, J. W. Chitty, Rigby.

Sir Henry Havelock, of Indian Mutiny fame, was at one time a student of the Middle Temple. The names of two other distinguished military officers who were called to the Bar may be mentioned; the one was the late General Herbert Stewart, of the Inner Temple, who died of wounds received at Abou Klea; and the other is the present General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., a barrister of the Middle Temple.

J. E. R. STEPHENS.

ABOUT GIPSIES.

THE word "Gipsy" is probably a corruption or contraction of "Egyptian." In France this strange wandering race of dwellers in tents are known as "Bohemiens" or "Bohemiennes," and in Spain as "Gitanos." The earliest mention of the existence of the gipsy race in Europe is to be found in the histories of Hungary and Germany, somewhere about the year 1417.

Ten years later this mysterious people had made their appearance in France, Switzerland, and Italy. The date of their first arrival in Great Britain is rather uncertain, but in all probability it was not much, if at all, earlier than A.D. 1500.

The following is the preamble of an enactment regarding them which was passed in the year 1530 :—

Forasmuch as before this time divers and many outlandish people calling themselves Egyptians, using no craft or feat of merchandise, have come into this realm and gone from shire to shire and place to place in great company, and used great and subtil and crafty means to deceive the people, bearing them in mind that they by palmistry could tell men's and women's fortunes, and so many times by craft and subtilty have deceived the people of their money ; and have also committed many heinous felonies and robberies, to the great hurt and deceit of the people they have come among, &c. &c.

The Act then goes on to provide that all gipsies shall quit the realm within a certain specified time and under very heavy penalties.

By two subsequent Acts, passed in 1555 and 1565, it was made death to a gipsy to be found in the kingdom, and in the County of Suffolk alone thirteen of these wanderers were put to death under these cruel enactments within a very few years.

The Acts in question were only formally repealed as late as the year 1783.

Similar Acts of expulsion were also passed in France in 1560, and in Spain in 1591.

Grellman, in his "History of the Gipsies," puts the number of these wanderers in the whole of Europe at something like 800,000.

This writer is of opinion, and his idea is at least plausible, that the gipsies were originally natives of India, from which they fled

when Timur Beg ravaged the country in 1408 and 1409, and put to death an incredible number of all ranks and conditions of the people.

It is a very curious and interesting fact that many of the words in the gipsy tongue (nearly one-half of the whole) are precisely the same as those still in use in Hindostan.

Grellman's work above referred to contains vocabularies of the words in use among the gipsies of Germany, and any one who possesses a copy of that work and a Hindostanee dictionary can readily verify the foregoing statement.

The religion professed by the wandering gipsy tribes seems invariably to have been that of the country in which they happened for the time to be located, and they made no difficulty about changing it as often as they changed their place of temporary sojourn.

Grellman states that in Germany the gipsies seldom or never seem to think any formal marriage ceremony necessary to their unions, but that the children are very frequently presented for baptism.

Climate seems to have had little or no effect upon the gipsy complexion. Residence in Africa has not been known to make it darker, nor prolonged sojourn in the most temperate climates of Europe to render it fairer.

At the present day there are probably fewer gipsies in Great Britain than in any other European country, and their already small numbers are year by year still further diminishing.

A celebrated gipsy woman named Margaret Finch was buried at Beckenham, in Kent, in 1740. She was, at the time of her death, Queen of the English gipsies, and had attained the great age of 109. An immense concourse of people attended the funeral. A granddaughter of this Margaret Finch occupied the position of gipsy Queen at a later date, but with greatly diminished consequence and authority.

The following is the form of oath administered to all new members of the gipsy fraternity :—

I do swear to be a true brother, and that I will in all things obey the Great Tawney Prince and keep his counsel and not divulge the secrets of my brethren. I will never leave or forsake the company, but observe and keep all the times of appointment either by day or by night in every place whatever. I will not teach any one to cant, nor will I disclose any of our mysteries to them. I will take my Prince's part against all that shall oppose him, or any of us according to the utmost of my ability, nor will I suffer him or any of us to be abused by any strange Abrams, Rufflers, Hookers, Paillards, Swaddlers, Irish Toyles, Swigmen, Whip Jacks, Jackmen, Bawdy Baskets, Dommerars, Clapper Dogeons, Patricoes, or Curtals, but I will defend him or them as much as I can against all other outliers whatever. I will not conceal aught I win out of libkins (dwelling-houses), or pun the ruffmans (woods), but will preserve it for the use of the company. Lastly, I will cleave to my Doxy-Wap (sweetheart or wife) stiffly, and will bring

her duds (clothes), margery praters (hens), gobblers (turkeys), grunting cheats (young pigs), or tibs of the buttery (geese); or anything else I can come at as winning for her wappings (goods acquired by theft or robbery).

At the admission of every new brother it was the invariable custom for money to be provided out of the general stock for a great booze or drinking-bout. The necessary eatables were generally obtained by means of theft.

Curiously enough, the women invariably acted the part of butchers, and killed with their own hands the live stock stolen by the men.

When food and drink happened for the time to be plentiful, the gipsy camp almost always became a scene of brutal gluttony and debauchery.

It was always a matter of great difficulty to trace and recover property stolen by any member of a gipsy tribe, for it was generally passed from hand to hand until it found a secure resting-place with some member of the gang at a spot many miles distant from the place where the crime had been committed.

Most readers are doubtless familiar with the redoubtable gipsy Queen, Meg Merrilees, as she appears in Sir Walter Scott's "*Guy Mannering*," the scene of which novel is laid within a few miles of the spot where these lines are now written.

Less familiar to many, however, may be Sir Walter's striking delineation of one of the Bohemians of France, as given in "*Quentin Durward*," with the following quotation from which the present brief sketch of an interesting subject may close :—

While he hesitated whether it would be better to send back one of his followers, Quentin heard the blast of a horn, and looking in the direction from which the sound came, beheld a horseman riding very fast towards them. The low size, and wild shaggy untrained state of the animal, reminded Quentin of the mountain breed of horses in his own country; but this was much more finely limbed, and with the same appearance of hardness was more rapid in its movements. The head particularly, which in the small Scottish pony is often lumpish and heavy, was small and well placed in the neck of this animal, with thin jaws, full sparkling eyes, and expanded nostrils.

The rider was even more singular in appearance than the horse which he rode, though that was extremely unlike the horses of France. Although he managed his palfrey with great dexterity, he sat with his feet in broad stirrups something resembling a shovel, so short that his knees were well-nigh as high as the pommel of his saddle. His dress was a red turban of small size, in which he wore a sullied plume secured by a clasp of silver; his tunic, which was shaped like those of the Estradiots, was green in colour, and tawdrily laced with gold. He wore very wide drawers or trousers of white, though none of the cleanest, which gathered beneath the knee, and his swarthy legs were quite bare, unless for the complicated laces which bound a pair of sandals on his feet. He had no spurs, the edge of his large stirrups being so sharp as to serve to goad the horse in a very severe manner. In a crimson sash this singular horseman wore a

dagger on the right side, and on the left a short crooked Moorish sword, and by a tarnished baldric over the shoulder hung the horn which announced his approach.

He had a swarthy and sun-burnt visage, with a thin beard and piercing dark eyes, a well-formed mouth and nose, and other features which might have been pronounced handsome, but for the black elf-locks which hung around his face, and the air of wildness and emaciation which rather seemed to indicate a savage than a civilised man.

The rider was seated with his face to the horse's tail.

Quentin rode up to the Bohemian, and said to him as he suddenly assumed his proper position on the horse, "Methinks, friend, you will prove but a blind guide if you look at the tail of your horse rather than his ears."

"And if I were actually blind," answered the Bohemian, "I could guide you through any country in this realm of France, or in those adjoining to it."

"Yet you are no Frenchman born," said the Scot.

"I am not," answered the guide.

"What countryman are you then?" demanded Quentin.

"I am of no country," answered the guide. "I am a Zingaro, a Bohemian, an Egyptian, or whatever the Europeans in their different languages may choose to call our people, but I have no country."

"Are you a Christian?" asked the Scotchman.

The Bohemian shook his head.

"Dost thou worship Mahoun?"

"No," was the indifferent and concise answer.

"Are you a Pagan then, or what are you?"

"I have no religion," answered the Bohemian.

Durward started back, for though he had heard of Saracens and idolators, it had never entered into his idea or belief that any body of men could exist who practised no mode of worship whatsoever. He recovered from his astonishment to ask his guide where he usually dwelt.

"Wherever I chance to be for the time," replied the Bohemian; "I have no home."

"How do you guard your property?"

"Except for the clothes I wear, and the horse I ride on, I have no property."

"Yet you dress gaily and ride gallantly," said Durward. "What are your means of subsistence?"

"I eat when I am hungry, drink when I am thirsty, and have no other means of subsistence than chance throws in my way."

"Under whose laws do you live?"

"I acknowledge obedience to none but as it suits my pleasure," answered the Bohemian.

"Who is your leader and commands you?"

"The father of our tribe if I choose to obey him," answered the guide.

"You are then," said the wondering querist, "destitute of all that other men are combined by—you have no law, no leader, no settled means of subsistence, no house, no home. You have, may heaven compassionate you, no country, and, may heaven enlighten and forgive you, you have no God! What is it that remains to you, deprived of government, domestic happiness, and religion?"

"I have liberty," said the Bohemian. "I crouch to no one, obey no one, respect no one, I go where I will, live as I can, and die when my time comes."

A. J. GORDON.

HERRICK.

IF Herrick you would read aright,
 And crowd the moments with delight,
 Select some hour when skies are blue,
 And meads have lost their morning dew.
 Then choose some old, sequestered place,
 An orchard quaint—a shady space—
 Or garden sweet with homely stocks,
 And roses, pinks, and hollyhocks,
 And old-world flowers of small degree,
 Loved by the butterfly and bee.
 Thus Herrick's welcome muse engage,
 And wanton with his pleasing page,
 Delightful both to youth and age.
 See soon the daffodils appear,
 And cowslips kissed by virgins dear
 Behold the blushes of the bride
 That paint the joy she cannot hide ;
 And mark how Cupid bends his bow,
 A-Maying with Corinna go,
 And Julia's moods and virtues know ;
 Or gather maydew with the maids,
 While yet the charm of verse persuades.
 Then learn how grew so fair to sight
 The roses red, the lilies white.
 In pity hear the mad maid sing—
 Too sad a maid for marriage ring ;
 Or weep beside the silvery streams,
 Or pleasure find in fleeting dreams.
 'Tis with such simple themes as these,
 Sung with the mellow gift of ease,
 That gentle Herrick loves to please.

CHARLES LUSTED.

TABLE TALK.

THE BULL-FIGHT AT OUR GATES.

FAR, indeed, was I from dreaming, when I protested, not long since, against the permission accorded the bull-fight to pass from Africa, otherwise Spain, into the southern provinces of France, that I should find the same barbarous and fiendish entertainment—Heaven save the mark !—knocking at our own gates and asking for, and, I grieve to say, receiving support at the hands of Englishmen. This development has now, however, been witnessed, and there seems more than a chance that the bull-fight will be established as a permanent institution in Boulogne, a town almost more English than French.

PROGRESS OF THE BULL-FIGHT IN FRANCE.

BEGINNING at Bayonne, which is barely across the frontier from Spain, the bull-fight established itself at Arles, where the population is of Saracenic descent ; at Marseilles, where there has always been an important Greek strain ; in Nîmes, Toulouse, and other places of Provence, where the southern blood courses hot, and where passions and lusts are soonest stimulated. What I least of all anticipated was that it would pass the Loire and invade the cooler and more temperate north. This, however, it has done in its most revolting aspect, and, perhaps, because it is held that the north, on account of the supposedly more temperate character of its people, needs a stronger stimulus, it has even assumed a form more atrocious and more repulsive than in the south. At two points near the north-west frontier it has now been seen—at Roubaix, close to the borders of Belgium, where it took a form worthy of Rome in Imperial days, and in Boulogne, which, so far as any such thing can be said to exist, is the frontier town between England and France. Not difficult to understand is the selection of the spot. In each case the experiment was commercial, the object of the originators being to profit by the payments of those who, unable to witness such degrading exhibitions in their own country, would flock across the frontier line and render the speculation successful. After an attempt to trade upon what is basest in

the possibilities of Englishmen, the reproach that we are a nation of shopkeepers comes with the worst possible grace.

AN APPEAL TO FRANCE.

I AM not going to harrow the feelings of my readers with a description of the horrors that were witnessed at Boulogne, when, except for a paltry, unavailing and insignificant pretence to armour-plate the horses, three of whom are said to have been killed in the first fight, every disgusting feature of the sport which is Spain's lasting dishonour was perpetuated. I hold, however, that the case is such as to call for Government remonstrance. Of all the unfriendly acts that France can commit, the attempt to deprave our people is the most unfriendly. It is futile to say that it is a matter concerning France alone. The appeal to English brutality is direct and intentional, and alas ! there is but too much to which to appeal. Much of our sporting world is as bloodthirsty, as debased, as cruel as anything to be found the other side the Channel, the Loire, or the Pyrenees. We cannot, of course, prevent France from doing what she pleases within her own borders. Still, an appeal from our Government in the interest of humanity would strengthen the hands of that minority in France that is anxious to save the country from lasting infamy. How far we may be able to prevent our railroad and steamboat companies from running pleasure excursions (!) to these disgusting and degrading exhibitions, I know not. A corporation, as Sydney Smith says, has neither a stern to be kicked nor a soul to be saved. When a profit is in prospect it is very hard to be resisted. Some way or other, the attempt must be made. Saddest of all, it is Republican France, on whom so many eyes have been admiringly bent, that is responsible for these terrible arrangements.

"FLORIZEL."

SOME attempt is sooner or later made to whitewash every character that the world has stamped with infamy or regarded with disgust. When the Roman emperors find their champions and Lord Jeffreys his apologist, one need not be surprised at lighting on defenders of George IV. I have indeed been moved to sorrow at finding Mr. Justin McCarthy, for whom as man and as writer I have an equal admiration, demanding if the friend of Sheridan and Fox could indeed be such as he has been painted. I am not so unjust as to associate George IV. with Lord Jeffreys, still less with Nero or Tiberius. He was, however, a sufficiently detestable and disreputable personage. Greville, to whom he was well known, declares that "a more contemptible, cowardly, unfeeling, selfish

dog does not exist than this king." He was, says Mr. Hamilton, "a dissolute and drunken fop, a spendthrift, and a gamester, a bad son, a bad husband, a bad father, a bad subject, a bad monarch, and a bad friend." Let those who seek to learn how bad he was study Mr. Ashton's "*Florizel's Folly*," and they will be in a position to judge. Wholly compiled from contemporary documents and caricatures, many of which it reproduces, is this work, which is equally sprightly and accurate. *Florizel*—the reason for this name must be sought in Mr. Ashton's volume—was indeed the centre of the most vicious and degraded Court that has been seen since the time of the Stuarts, and figures in Mr. Ashton's book as the most contemptible being in a world in which almost all was contemptible.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

MR. ASHTON'S book is, however, something more than a chronicle of princely excesses. It gives an animated picture of the growth of Brighthelmstone, now known as Brighton, and its elevation from the position of a fishing village exposed to the ravages of the French to a centre of Court life and fashionable levity. That it was known to the Romans, Mr. Ashton shows; and it was a manor in the possession of the great Earl Godwin, whence it passed to Harold, who held the larger portion of it when he was slain, October 14, 1066, at the battle of Senlac. The bold stand made in 1514 by the inhabitants, inlanders and mariners, men-at-arms and hobilers, when the French navy, under Prior Jehan, a great captain "of the French navie," "with his gallies and foists charged with great basilisks and other artillerie, came on the borders of Sussex, in the night season, at a poore village there called Brighthelmston, and burnt it, taking such goods as he found," is duly described, and it is not wholly unsatisfactory to learn that among the "goods" this military ecclesiastic took away with him when he fled was an arrow in the face, by which he "lost one of his eies and was like to have died of the hurt." In the time of the Armada Brighton was quits for a scare, having taken for the *San Martino*, the *San Matteo*, and all the other vessels named after the Saints, by whom England was to be conquered and converted, a fleet of Dutch merchantmen laden with Spanish wines, detained by contrary winds in the Channel. One other story that can be read in the volume is the account by Colonel Gounter, of Racton, in Sussex, of the escape into France of Charles II., after Worcester, from Brighthelmstone, discovered about 1830, and now in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 9008).

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1899.

PETER ON MATRIMONY.

BY PENLEY REYD.

WELL, if this 'ere world ain't turned topsy-turvey, leastways th' volks in it, an' mostly th' 'oomen !

Now, jest 'ee 'old 'ee tongue, Bess, an' don't 'ee contraydic' I ! I knows what I knows. I baint a vool, nayther, an' so I tell 'ee straight ; but for arl that I'm derved if I can tell what be comin' o' th' 'oomen. Our coorate tells I they be what 'em calls "Advanced Fee-males," an' them as isn't, wants to be, which is arl th' same, I take it ; but sezs I to them arl, young an' old, gentle an' simple, "Keep in 'ee place, my dears, an' don't 'ee go yearnin' to wear th'—(to speak perlite like) th' trowsers !"

Tho' that's what it be comin' to, for I see sum o' th' gals wi' men volks' coäts on, an' shirts too, if 'ee b'lieve I ! An' our Jim as went up to Lunnon wi' a 'scursion, he sed as he'd a-seen leddies (save th' mark, sezs I !) wi' garments on as wer'n't petticuts ; but us couldn't swaller that no ways, tho' us didn't tell he so—'twould "a set up his back," as th' sayin' is. Lor' bless 'ee, it may be true, for I 'clare to 'ee these 'ere 'oomen smokes pipes nowadays—leastways, so they tells I. What will 'em do next ? But let me ketch our Tryphee wi' sich a thing in her mouth, derved if I wouldn't break th' beastly pipe, an' her head as well. Pipes be arl very well for grown men volks ; it soothes 'em like, an' be a rare comfort when they stumicks be a bit clemmed an' lear, but for 'oomen an' gals ! There, I be fairly moithered e'en to think on it ! 'Sides, us allers thought as 'twas only th' poor black savidges as smoked, 'cos at missionary meetin's there be picters shown us wi' th' 'oomen volks a-sittin' that

nat'ral, wrapped up in dirty blankets, wi' long pipes in their mouths, an' jest 'bout frozy heads o' hair; tho' I mind an Irish body come harvestin' once at Varmer Priddy's, an' her smoked like a man. But la a-mussy! us English be that fond o' copyin' other volks' ways, us don't mind be it French or other furriners, us must do as *they* does; an' so, I take it, th' 'oomen here copies they poor misguided blacks—more's th' pity. But can 'ee fancy a decent chap marryin' sich gals? If I had to go coortin', derned if I'd kiss a mäiden as smoked baccy; an' as to takin' her to wife—not I! Why, 'tain't in natur'; a sweetheart's lips ougher be sweet as honey, an' her breath as a rose. Jest 'ee think on th' smell o' baccy—ugh!

An' that brings I back to what I were a-goin' to remark 'bout matrimony.

While a gone I were up street, an' who should I see but Squire Rennels, Doctor, an' our coorate. The Squire had a book open in his hand, an' they was arl three on 'em larfin' jest 'bout.

Well, I come up to 'em, but avore e'en I could touch my hat, 'cos I allers minds my manners, Squire he sezs, in his jokey way, "Peter, 'ee be th' man I want. Us is divided in our 'pinions upon a vexed question. 'Ee be a very sage for wisdom, us arl knows!"

Derned if I could tell what he meant by sayin' I were "sage," 'cos that's garden stuff, an' my Bess, her chops it up to stuff pork an' our Christmas goose, but as I've said avore, "When 'ee don't know, hold 'ee tongue."

So on he goes a-sayin', "We are anxious to avail ourselves of your great and profound knowledge of, and insight into, human nature—therefore give us your aid."

Them's his very words, word for word, an' I ain't tellin' 'ee a lie!

"I'll do my best, sir," I made bold to say; "I can't say no more nor that."

"Well, then, what be your 'pinion o' matrimony," sezs he, wi' a merry twinklin' o' his eyes.

'Clare to 'ee, I were forced to take off my hat an' scratch my head a bit, 'tis a way I has when I wants to think, for th' question struck me "arl o' a heap," as th' sayin' is. Last I said, "Well, genelmen, I've been a married man nigh upon thirty years, but I'm derned if I can tell 'ee!"

How they did laugh, sure-ly. But sezs I, "'Tis like this: arl very well if 'ee've got th' right pardner, but if 'ee ain't—oh, lor'!" An' I pulled up sudden like.

"But, Peter," puts in Doctor, "don't 'ee know as 'tis said, 'Mar-

riages are made in Heaven'?" But I could see wi' half a eye he were only jokin'; so I sezs :

"Beggin' pardon, sir, 'ee knows better nor that. If them was made up in 'eaven, Bill Symes wouldn't a broke his missis' arm by knockin' she down when he were in his tantrums last Friday. Why, that poor body be a mass o' bruises from th' crown o' her head to th' sole o' her foot, they tells I. An' Jeff Keen wouldn't a run off an' left his wife an' chillern on th' parish. Aye, an' lots more be like them, e'en in these parts. As to th' gentry's goin's-on, you genelman knows 'bout they mor'n I can tell 'ee. Arl I can say, I won't have a noosepaper left 'bout my house, not for our Tryphee to get hold on—— Marriages made in 'eaven, indeed !"

"But how 'bout your own, Peter ?" asks Squire ; "wasn't that of celestial manufacture ?"

I didn't make out 'zactly what he meant, tho' somehow I guessed. However, I sezs right out, "As to that, Squire—beggin' pardin' for speakin' plain, but it strikes I as 'eaven hadn't much to do wi' my marryin' Betsy. 'Twas like this 'ere. Most volks 'bout these parts knows why I didn't feggie to Mary Jane, seein' as it got into a book I'm told ;¹ 'twas arl 'long o' *her* slam Macky ways. So as I kind o' wanted a home wi' some one to cook my vittles, wash my clothes, an' keep things tidy, I looked 'bout pruttly much avore I made up my mind ; but I goes one day arter my work was done an' asks Bessie Larkins, my missis as now is, to have I ; an' hers been a good wife, I'll not deny. Arl th' same, it seems to I that us workin' men jest chooses our wives as th' gentlevolks choose their servants, to do th' work for them, an' save lodgin's. Am I right ? Why, yes. I've got my eye on a widder 'ooman 'ere close handy, as married a widder man wi' three chillern o' his own (an' *her* has five, mind 'ee !) jest to save th' eightpence her paid him now an' again to see to her garden, an' plant her taters an' sichlike.² An' there's Tom Dwelly, as 'ee knows ; he've been an' got married last week 'cos he was payin' old Mrs. Skerm a shillin' a week for his lodgin', an' her washed for him too ! Be they matches made in 'eaven, I'd ask 'ee ?—t'other place (beggin' pardin' genelman) *most* likely !"

'Pears to I that some volks can't be serious, leastways 'mong th' gentry, for Squire he were nigh to chokin', Doctor roared outright ; as to our coorate, he be a quiet sort o' young chap enuff, tho' my missis do say as "his head's as soft as a b'iled cabbage," yet even he fairly chuckled, an' kep' a sayin', "Too good ! too good !"

¹ *Peter's Wooing.*

² A fact.

Tho' were th' goodness lay derved if I can tell, 'specially o' th' 'ooman Pridham wi' eight chillern to keep all to once, an' him an' her both good trencher-volks as th' whole village knows, an' arl jest to save eightpence once in a blue moon, as th' sayin' is ! Oh ! th' shiftlessness o' some volks !—marriages made in 'eaven, forsooth ! I couldn't laugh at sich trash ; our Tryphee says 'cos I ain't "got a sense o' th' riddicklous." La ! th' words that gal makes use of 'twould fairly puzzle a lawyer—that ever her passed that blessed seventh standard ! says I—but I be roddlin'.

Doctor, he were th' fust to get sober like, so he sez, "Then 'ee don't b'lieve in love, Peter?"

"Love !" sez I, a bit scornful. "Our Tryphee, her reads a lot o' rubbish out o' potray books an' other trash her buys 'bout love, but for arl I can make out, even in they books these lovin' volks allers come to grief, for seems to I this 'ere love soon dies out, jest like our kitchen fire, for lack o' th' right sort o' fuel as 'ee may say !"

"What would 'ee substitoot for love?" asks the coorate. Maybe he'd a reason for askin' ; they tells I he be a rare soft-hearted sort o' chap where th' fee-males be consarned.

"If, sir, 'ee means 'stead of'" (for substitoot were a teazer to I), I sezs to him, "gi' a man an' 'ooman a respect for each other, that'll last longest ; for, genelmen, I respecks my Bess, an' my Bess respecks I, so us jogs 'long prutty comfor'ble, as 'ee arl knows 'bout here. Course I don't know how 'tis wi' gentlevolks, but I takes it us is much 'bout akin."

I were took back a bit by Squire's next words.

"Look 'ere, Peter, 'ee can read well, can't 'ee?"

"Prutty fair, Squire, if so be there's no new-fangled words, nor bits o' French. I can't make top nor tail o' they."

"Well, I don't think th' words are as long as 'ee arm," he makes ans'er, a-laughin' ; "but p'r'aps your good wife is a scholar, if so——"

"Bless 'ee, sir," I sezs, "beggin' 'ee pardin' for interruptin' 'ee, but my Bess ne'er had but two weeks' skulin', her was wanted to home, tho' for arl that her can read her Bible wi' skippen th' big words an' hard parts as well as most volks wi' arl they boasted l'arnin'."

He shook his head, an' he sezs slowly, "Your daughter could read it, only, 'ee see, it might put ideas into that curly pate o' hern."

"The Lord forbid, Squire ! That Tryphee o' ours, her have got her head as chock full o' notions as a egg is full o' meat. Don't 'ee

let us gi' she any more ; I tell 'ee, genelmen, her's a trial a' times wi' her l'arnin' ! ”

“ Oh ! I dare say you can manage it, Peter,” sez Doctor ; “ it won't do to upset Tryphee's equilibr'um ” (what words l'arned volks do use sure-ly !). “ Give him some idea of what it is all about, Squire ; that will help him on.”

So Squire, he says, “ Well, Peter, some clever leddies have writ 'bout th' modern marriage market——”

“ The what ? ” sez I, an' I were that took back 'ee might have knocked I down wi' a feather, as th' sayin' is ; “ derved if ever I heard tell o' that avore. What be 'em up to now, Laud's sake ? Marriage market ? There be cattle markets, pig markets, an' markets o' arl sorts, but who would have thought us would a come to this ? La, la, do th' gals an' 'oomen stand in pens to be bought up, Squire ? ”

“ Not 'zackly, Peter,” he makes ans'er ; “ it hasn't come to that pass *yet* ; but some o' these good leddies would have us b'lieve th' mädens goes on show, so to speak ! ”

“ Then 'tis for arl th' world like th' hirin' fairs at Michael-Mass, when th' carter chaps as wants fresh places stands about th' market wi' whips in they hands, an' varm labourers wi' wisps o' straw in they caps an' haybands roun' they legs. When I were a lad, servants of arl kinds—fee-male as well as male—stood to be hired at these 'ere fairs, an' I hear tell that in some few parts they does it still ; but roun' here 'tis done away with for th' mädens to stand 'bout lookin' for places. An' to think that nowadays there's a marriage market ! Well, well ! Why, 'tis like our Edie were readin' a while agoone out o' her skule book 'bout Turks an' infidels buyin' they wives as us buys our cattle an' pigs. Dear, dear ! what be us comin' to ? ”

The genelmen seemed mighty tickled wi' what I said, but coorate, he says, “ It isn't quite as bad as that, but a lady has written——”

“ Bless they 'oomen ! ” I bust out a-sayin' ; “ why can't they leave things alone ? Them does more harm nor good wi' their foolishness ; let them keep their houses in order, an' their chillern, if they has any ; we should have better-behaved young ones if they did, an' happier homes. They'm for arl th' world as bad as Mother Eve, beggin' 'ee pardin', Mr. Smiles,” 'cos I thought as being a parson he might feel a bit hurt if I spoke agin Eve. “ 'Twas her did arl th' mischief *then* ; I never will b'lieve th' old sarpent had much o' a hand in that piece o' work, tho' her put it arl on his

back as 'ee may say ; an' now these derned fee-males won't rest till they turns th' world upside down wi' their gammicks. They don't behave seemly as them did when I were young ; they tears o'er th' whole earth on they confounded 'bikes,' dressed up like men volks ; they has they clubs wi' (I s'pose) notices stuck up—"No men or dogs admitted," tho' I make no doubt that, if a handsome feller got in, they'd arl fight for him, young an' old !"

I were that wrath, 'tis a marvel what I might a said if Squire hadn't a stopped me.

"'Ee be bitter 'bout th' leddies, Peter," sez he.

"Sir," I makes ans'er, "there be fower 'oomen-kind in my home, an' that teaches I summat 'bout them ; but when it comes to volks as oughter know better a-writin' sich things as 'Marriage Markets,' 'tis enuff to turn th' temper o' a saint !"

"There, take th' book home an' read it carefully."

An'—I did !

My missis, her sees I wi' this 'ere book, so her sez : "What be got now, feythur ? I be right down weary to see th' mort o' rubbidge as comes into this place. What wi' our Tryphee and Edie a-bringin' home no end of books, an' Joe an' Ben be most as bad, I 'clare sometimes I'm fashed as ever them went to skule at arl. 'Tis read, read, read ; for ever at it ; ne'er a bit o' sewin', mendin', or housework can I get 'em to do wi'out hounden 'em, an' now there's you, feythur, gettin' as bad as th' rest."

"Steady, steady, Bess," sez I ; "this 'ere ain't rubbidge, 'tis Squire give it I to read ; he wants my 'pinion o' it."

My missis, her give a sort o' sniff.

"H-m-m," her sez ; but I could tell, bless 'ee, her were a bit pleased. "'Ee be gettin' up jest 'bout, feythur, if so be th' gentry wants 'ee 'pinion o' books, forsooth ! Now, if it had been o' pigs an' sich——"

But I kind o' stopped she ; 'tain't wise to let 'oomen volks run on too far wi' they tongues, e'en th' best o' them, so I sez, "'Tis a grand book from what I can make out, writ by leddies, an', what's more, us mustn't let our Tryphee get hold on it !"

"Take it out o' th' house, take it out o' the house !" her hollers. "If our gal ain't to read un, 'tain't a fitty book to have 'bout th' place. Why, Peter" (her allers calls me Peter when her's waxy), "I'm right down 'shamed o' 'ee bringin' in sich muck, a feythur o' a vam'ly, too !"

"Now, look 'ee 'ere, Bess," sez I, stern like, "Squire, he knows what it be 'bout, else he'd never a give it to I. 'Tis 'bout materi-

mony; arl very well for us married volks, but not for they youngsters."

"La, no," sez mother; "they gets that into they heads soon enuff, th' gals a' most as soon as them can toddle, an' th' boys avore they be breeched!"

"Jest so, an' this tells us o' these new marriage markets."

"Lord help an' save us!" her cried out, lettin' vall a saucepan-lid her had in her hand, her were that struck; "we'll ne'er let our Tryphee, nor our Edie, go to 'em, will us, feythur, not if us was driv up ever so? Do 'em put a price on th' mädens avore 'em goes to th' market, or is 'em sold by auction? La, I'd rayther our gells died old maids if 'em can't get husbands any other way—well to be sure!"

I kind o' chuckled, to think o' drivin' our Tryphee to a market against her will, an' th' missis had th' same thought, 'cos her rubbed her nose wi' th' corner o' her apron, thoughtful like, an' her sez: "Can 'ee fancy a chap a-buyin' our Tryphee if her didn't feggie to him? Laud's sake! I'd find it in my heart to pity th' poor chap, for certain he'd have his work cut out; our gal is a bit masterful, I must say!"

But I see my Bess had got th' wrong end o' th' stick, so I sez: "From what Squire said, it wer'n't quite like that, but I'll tell 'ee more when I've a read th' book."

So that very night, arter tea, when th' chillern was out about, an' only missis an' me to home, I begin to read what these leddies has to say 'bout th' marriage markets an' materimony, but I'm derved if I wer'n't fairly moithered, for there be fower o' them as had a finger in th' pie, as th' sayin' is, an' as true as Gospel truth, ne'er a one on 'em knew what 'em was talkin' 'bout!

Th' fust one, her seemed to be a pusson as thought that volks nowadays should live like Adam an' Eve in th' Garden o' Eden, th' gals as innicent as woolly lambs, an' arl th' lads as simple as th' very sheep, wi' ne'er a brazen serpent to tell 'em o' evil. Bless 'ee, they don't want a serpent to teach *that*; from what I see o' th' young volks th' wickedness comes to 'em quite easy and nat'ral wi'out any tellin'; an' her would have them marry wi' ne'er a thought as to how th' vittles was to be got, an' th' boots an' shoes later on, let alone garments for they bodies. Laud's sake! 'tis bad enuff as 'tis now, wi' th' young volks marryin' wi' ne'er a stick or stone to call their own, an' ne'er a sixpence to vall back on. Why, th' work'us' would be fuller than ever, an' just 'ee think o' th' poor rates; them's high enuff now, us arl knows too well! I tell 'ee, 'tain't love as makes them rush into gettin' married like that—there's another name for it, truth to say, in

these parts (aye, an' in many other places, I've been told); a'most an' o' these weddin's, 'specially 'mong th' workin' volks, don't take place a day too soon for th' credit o' th' parties most consarned! I can't say plainer nor that! An' 'ee calls it *love*! Then love is a queer sort o' virtoo!

As I said avore, I dunno th' goin's on o' th' gentry, but this leddy tells o' a couple as lives content on a hundred pound a year. Bless th' pcor body! let she come to our village, an' I'll show she two or three vam'lies, gentlevolks, too, as hasn't got that to call their own! Hundred pound a year! why, that would be a fortune to many as carries themselves up high too. Us can't see th' skelingtons in they cupboard, poor dears, for they motto be, "Keep up 'ee dignity, if 'ee don't sell a ha'p'orth."

"God help them!" sez I; they needs our prayers. Brave hearts are these, an' not worn on they sleeves neither!—there, I be maunderin' again.

But as to workin' men, why Jim Collins, one o' th' best chaps 'bout these parts, as steady, sober, an' contented a man as 'ee find in a day's march; he've worked for Varmer Bayley nigh 'pon fifteen year, an' never had no more than twelve shillin's a week! 'Ee should see him an' his missis a Sundays! 'tis a sight to see Jim wi' his black suit on, a reg'lar genelman, so to speak! an' his missis! an' they've eight to vam'ly—aye, an' he ain't th' only one as I've my eye on; so 'tisin't th' long purse well filled as make th' married lives happiest. Well, arter a bit, this 'ooman, her goes on to say as they gentry sends they darters out wi' a'most nuthin' on they bodies, which ain't seemly, I must say, 'sides bad for their healths. I ain't seen sich a sight, for th' gals 'bout here are all decent clad, I must say that for 'em; but once when Squire give a ball, Mrs. Harmish, as is th' house-keeper, asked my missis an' me to go up an' see th' grand volks "rive," as her called it. 'Twas a pretty sight surely, an' for sartain many o' th' leddies did show a lot o' they backbones, which ain't much to look at, being mostly knobbly, I take it, an' would be pruttier covered up. But Mr. Sparke's doctor's 'sistant, he sez, "'Tis th' human form divine, Mr. Peter!"

Well, us sees it's th' human form plain enuff, an' us gets too much o' it, tho' I'm derved if I can find out th' divineness o' it; still, don't tell I they does it to catch a husband. I'll not believe it o' our English 'oomen, nay, nor o' our Englishmen; th' mädens dress in that fashion 'cos it's cool for they dancin'; why, they'd melt right off if them was dressed up otherwise, poor dears! But la! that's neither here nor there; all I can say is that this leddy seems to have read as

many love-*tales* as our Tryphee, her 'pears as full o' sich trash as she, for her sez: "They" (meanin' gals) "ought to look for men—not money."

"Can 'ee do wi'out cash?" I asks she.

"Love, rather than a home."

"My good soul, a' body can't live on love only; 'tis poor fare for fillin' th' stummick, 'ee wants th' bread an' cheese as well as th' kisses, an' if a man don't find they two fust on th' table when he comes home from work, derved if th' 'ooman, tho' she were a white angel from 'eaven wi' shiny wings into th' bargain, would get th' kisses; more like to be th' rough side o' his tongue, for nuthin' keeps a man in better temper so much as a good dinner!"

An' her goes on—I copies this from th' book—"Love, rather than an establishment," which I take it means "a home"; then arl I can say is, wi' "Poverty at the door, Love flies out at th' winder," an' then where's th' 'stablishment? or I should say th' Love, wi' th' baillies inside, an' th' tax-collector ringing at th' front-door bell; will love pay *them* off, as well as th' butcher an' baker, not to mention th' rent? I 'clare to goodness this poor body oughter lived avore th' Flood, th' needs o' civilisation were fewer then, I'm thinkin'; fig-leaves an' beast's skins did for clothes; what them eat no one 'pears to tell, but there didn't seem to be any house-rent or taxes; then them might contrive to live an' bring up vam'lies on—love! But sich gammicks don't do nowadays; 'sides a man who calls hisself a man wouldn't want a gal to marry he on "nothing a year," an' th' mäide would be a vule to have him, sez I. Why, th' world would be full o' beggars prutty soon if th' men volks an' 'oomen got married as this leddy would have 'em do. "Love in a cottage," sez these voolish bodies, "wi' sweet roses a-climbin' everywhere!"

Bless 'ee, cottage roofs ain't water-tight, an' there's a mort o' ear-wigs an' creepy things 'bout they prutty flowers! Not that volks should think o' money only, half an' half, sez I; but while volks has to work for they daily bread, this 'ere world will never be "full of fine sympathies, delicate emotions, and luscious songs," which word "luscious" sounds as if she were talkin' o' ripe plums, pears, an' sich like, don't it?

Then 'nother 'ooman her puts her spoke into th' wheel, as th' sayin' is, an' her sez to t'other party, "'Ee be all wrong, 'tain't a bit as 'ee makes out; th' gals don't go 'bout like Mother Eve a pupposs to catch th' chaps. Volks oughter look on gettin' married as a matter o' bizness, an' put aside arl that romantic trash."

"Brayvo !" sez I to that.

"An' don't 'ee blame th' mothers !"

I take it she's a married 'ooman, an' got darters o' her own.

So her gives it to t'other party jest 'bout, not in these 'ere words 'zackly, but her means it arl th' same, an' her takes up th' cause wi' hearty goodwill. Her seems to say as th' mädens see so much o' th' ways o' th' chaps nowadays, they don't want them for husbands. I've heard tell as "familiarity breeds disrespect," so s'pose that's it, for sartain there's lots o' young men 'bout as I wouldn't look twice at if I was a gal, wi' pipes for everlastin' in they mouths, silly grins on they faces, nuthin' sensible to say for theirselves, an' no chins to speak of ! But I be a roddlin' sure-ly, tho' I must say as I felt a bit cheered by this good body ; *her* doesn't say as arl th' 'oomen volks is gone to th' bad—quite t'other way 'bout, for *her* sez as th' lads an' gals is a deal better than them was, which is a comfort, as well they oughter be wi' what us pays for skule rates, only they don't teach manners for th' money, I find.

But laud sake ! I fairly bust out a-larfin' when I come to read what th' third party had a-writ !—different altogether to they other two ! Will 'ee b'lieve I, but *her* would have us copy th' Injuns' ways o' gettin' married, that's th' best way, sez she !

"The happiness o' wives an' mothers is as great in India as in England," is what her have writ in this 'ere book.

An' yet us spends millions o' money to send missionaries to they parts, to teach these "happy females" they be arl wrong, an' to shew them *our* ways o' doin' things, includin' materimony !—well, well, to be sure ! An' then her sez outright, knockin' to smithe-reens th' fust good leddy's "love" notions, "The girl who gives herself for exchange in pure passion is quite as mercenary as th' one who sells herself for gold !"

Now look 'ee 'ere !—"sells herself for gold !"

As I've said avore, I've fower fee-males in my house, an' each one o' them thinks that much o' herself that arl the gold in Californy an' Klondike wouldn't be enuff to buy either one at her own price ! why will they talk such bosh ? What be us to do, if one 'ooman tells th' mädens to marry arl for love, wi' ne'er a thought o' th' bread an' butter, let alone th' rent an' taxes, but jest rush into th' arms o' th' fust chap as 'ee fancies—that's th' style ! Foller th' example o' th' dicky birds, an' give ne'er a thought for th' morrow, so long as 'ee got th' article *called*—love !

The second party, her is a bit more sensible, though e'en *she*

don't make th' matter much plainer, it seems to I; then up flares th' t'other body, an' her sezs summat like this :

"Gals mustn't think o' theirselves or they feelin's; *they've* got to think o' th' State ! Motherhood is *the* thing, the individual ought to be sacrificed for the sake o' the general good."

Arl I can say is, 'ee'll never get volks to think o' th' "State" avore theyselves, an' when marriage is in they heads they thinks o' th' benefit to theyselves, an' not o' th' good to their country; but if this "general good" consists in a greater increase o' th' poppylation, then us is gettin' on fine towards perfection ! Th' word "good" ain't in it, for I'm derved if th' chillern don't swarm everywhere, an' marriage ain't answerable for a mort o' them neither ! Motherhood, indeed ! Mor'n half th' 'oomen as is mothers have no right to be; they don't e'en know how to rear their chillern properly when they has them.

Now th' leddy who has her say last 'pears to I th' most sensible o' th' whole b'ilin'.

Her sezs, an' her's right too, "If 'ee wants to be happy in married life, jest 'ee mate wi' one o' thee own sart; 'ee won't feggie together if 'ee don't !"

"Brayvo ! my leddy," sezs I; "'ee've got th' right pig by th' ear, as th' sayin' is." Why, if I'd a married a fine madam 'stead o' my missis, where should I a been by this time ? an' if our Tryphee was took up wi' a genelman, an' dressed in silks an' satins, an' had to sit in a drarin' room all th' day, her'd be jest like a fish out o' water. Sich may *read* all right in books, but it don't wash in real life. Why, I've got my eye on two mädens as was took out o' they proper places by marryin' above them—good gals too; one pined away wi' th' grandeur her wer'n't used to, an' died in a year or two arter, poor soul; an' t'other, bless 'ee, many, many th' times her've a-wished herself back at Varmer Baily's, along o' Sam Dyne, th' head carter, as was sweet on she ! Like oughter mate wi' like; 'tis natur' that, an' nothin' else will do.

I've heard tell o' a young man as chose his wife by th' way she eat some cheese, 'nother seein' she wash th' doorsteps, an' Cobbett, my Jim was readin' to we, chose *his* missis from seein' she at a wash-tub. Some marry a prutty face, some a fine figure, many marry a purse o' money. I've known one, he married a house o' furnitur', an' young Batson down this way married into "a vaml'y" to raise hisself.

I've ne'er heard how th' chap wi' th' cheese got on, nor th' doorstep young 'ooman, but a prutty face ain't *allers* smilin', an'

changes turrible wi' time, 'specially if there ain't nothin' 'sides it ; an' a fine figure alters considerable ; as to money, that often dwindles away. Th' poor chap wi' th' furnitur' ? Ah ! they chairs an' tables was flung often an' often at his unlucky head, so to speak ; an' as to that "vaml'y" many's th' time that unhappy man have a-wished he'd a married a orphin out o' a 'sylum. No, no, sez I, *respect* each other, an' have a *true regard* ; keep safe th' two Bears—Bear an' for-Bear—an' 'ee stands a chance o' married life bein' a happy life ; for life, as I take it, ain't anywhere arl beer an' skittles, as th' sayin' is.

But another thing this sensible leddy says—ah ! *her* thinks avore her opens her mouth, her doesn't take th' bit atween her teeth, an' rush off on th' high strikes—an' it's this : that volks wi' diseases ought to remain single. That's it ; 'ee got it, my leddy !

If I was a Parleyment genelman, I'd vote that every man, or 'ooman, should produce a doctor's certificate, properly signed *an'* witnessed, avore ever they went to church or a office to be married. Us wouldn't want so many lunatic 'sylums, or hospitals for drefful diseases, like us has now, if that law was made ; poor helpless babes would not then be born chock full o' awful complaints to carry 'bout wi' them arl they miserable lives, sufferin' for th' sins o' they feythurs, as th' parsons reads out to us every Sunday, an' much notice *us* takes o' they words ! Us would be a healthy nation then, 'stead o' a dying out, a dwindlin' sickly lot, as is mostly th' case ; why, if a prize was offered for a real healthy pusson, male or fee-male, I'm derved if 'ee would find many able to come for'ard to lay claim to it ! Yet sich volks marry, an' as Doctor said to I, "An' transmit their diseases !"

Aye, but 'tis turrible !

But, bless 'ee, arl th' books in th' world won't settle this marriage question ; if eddication isn't goin' to improve th' morals, an' teach th' risin' generation to think of higher duties than th' mere fact o' marryin' an' gettin' married, then, sez I, "Shut up th' skules, an' save th' rates." I once heard it said : "Girls, be brave ; young men, be pure !"

Now if them was taught *that* maxim, both to home an' to skule, an' not only were *taught* it, but saw it practised by their elders, I take it there would be happier married volks, an' us wouldn't have to grieve for th' state o' th' streets o' our cities, as swarms, I'm told, wi' poor lost critters ; an' us as lives in th' country wouldn't have cause to be 'shamed to see th' heap of nameless little 'uns as is to be found in ev'ry village throughout this so-called Christian land o' ours—'tis a turrible disgrace to th' whole of us !

So I took th' book up to Squire when I'd read it.

“An’ now what’s your ’pinion o’ it, Peter?” he asks.

“Well, Squire,” I makes ans’er, “’twould fairly puzzle a man to tell. These leddies have done their best, but it leaves th’ bizness just where it was avore ! ’Ee can take a horse to th’ water, but ’ee can’t make him drink, as th’ sayin’ is, an’ same way ’ee may talk to th’ young volks ’bout materimony till ’ee gets black in th’ face ; ’tain’t a bit o’ good ; they’ll do as it pleases them, an’ arl th’ talkin’ an’ writin’ of th’ whole world won’t mend th’ matter, or put things straighter. ’Tis Natur !—an’ her be uncommon queer sometimes, I take it.”

FRENCH POETRY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

ACCORDING to most of the critics who have dealt with the history of the Romantic Movement in French Literature, the French poetry of the nineteenth century began with the period—and, indeed, with the verse—of André Chénier. Several among the Romantic poets themselves, Sainte-Beuve, for instance, and Théodore de Banville, were of the same opinion. No greater error could be made. It is because André Chénier was a great poet, and, above all, a great artist—as Racine and Ronsard were artists—that he is so clearly distinguished from all the versifiers of his time, from Lebrun and Delille, from Roucher (with whom he is so often associated for no better reason than that they two mounted the scaffold on the same day of the Terror), and from the Chevalier de Parny, too. He had not even one of the characteristics of the Romantic School. His “*Elégies*” breathe the ardent, yet exquisite, sensuousness of his age, but in his “*Idylles*” one finds again the classic, the contemporary of Ronsard, the pagan, the Alexandrian, the pupil of Callimachus and of Theocritus. It must be noted, too, that his “*Poésies*,” of which, for more than twenty-five years, only scattered fragments were known, were not published until 1819; and their influence may be traced in the first “*Poèmes*” of Alfred de Vigny, which appeared in 1822, but not in the first “*Odes*” of Victor Hugo, also published in 1822, nor yet in the “*Premières Méditations*” of Lamartine, which bear the date 1820. The truth is, that at the very source of nineteenth century French poetry one finds the inspiring influence of two great prose writers, and of one woman of genius: the author of the “*Confessions*,” Jean-Jacques Rousseau; the author of the “*Génie du Christianisme*,” Chateaubriand; and the author—too often forgotten—of “*L’Allemagne*,” Mme. de Staël. Rousseau had freed the Ego from the dungeon in which, for two centuries, it had been confined, victim of a tradition founded upon an essentially *social* conception of the literary art. Through all these two hundred

years neither the Salons nor the Court, which made and unmade the literary reputations of the period, would permit a writer to talk about himself, his love affairs, or his domestic life. The privilege of that freedom was accorded only to those who wrote a volume of Memoirs, or compiled a selection of letters, and the canon held that even this measure of liberty could be extended only to cases of posthumous publication. Rousseau—whose whole literary product was a prolonged personal confidence, whose features appeared through the meshes of a veil so transparent that it was no more than a literary convention—broke away from this tradition, and opened again to the world one of the most important and profound sources of truly great poetry ; a source not the less important because it is neither the most abundant nor the purest.

Chateaubriand did even more. He was a traveller, and he restored the perception of nature, of animation, of colour, to a literary period cramped by the narrow routine of fashion ; to a people who knew nature only as it appeared on the trim terraces of Versailles and of Fontainebleau, who, if they did not altogether forget that nature existed, at any rate ignored it, and kept their gaze narrowly fixed upon the moral and intellectual aspects of human life. A historian, as well as a traveller, Chateaubriand aroused his contemporaries to an appreciation of the difference between one age and another, he showed them how the man of one century departs from the type of a previous century, he emphasised the contrast between a feudal baron and a courtier of Louis XV. He was a Christian, too, and he informed the art of his time with the religious sentiment which had been lacking in the eighteenth century poets—a deficiency which made their creations the more definite and clearly cut, but left them always dry and hard.

To Mme. de Staël we owe, in turn, the last stage of this gradual transformation. Our poets needed a fresh inspiration, and she supplied it when she gave them her "*Littératures du Nord.*" It cannot, indeed, be said that Lamartine, Hugo, or Vigny imitated Goethe or Byron, and her achievement may, perhaps, be more justly defined if one says that she enlarged the skies of France, and tempted the wings of our poets to a broader flight, beyond our frontiers, towards new horizons which she first rose high enough to see. A new inquiry, a new curiosity, shone in our eyes. We began to doubt if the old ideals were the only ideals. Fresh processes added themselves to our habits of intellectual investigation, new elements came, silently as the dews, to our spiritual soil. There awaited new poets, if they should arise, a liberty which had been denied to their predecessors ; the taste of the

people, the conditions of the age, were ready for the literary revolution, which even a genius could hardly have accomplished without the co-operation of his environment.

In these conditions lie the secret of the success achieved by Lamartine's first "*Méditations*," a success which bears to the history of our lyric poetry the same relation that the success of the "*Cid*" or of "*Andromaque*" bears to the history of the French stage. But the "*Méditations*" gave rise to no such controversy as that which marked the days of "*Andromaque*" or of the "*Cid*"; opinion was unanimous in recognising the poet, and when the "*Nouvelles Méditations*," the "*Mort de Socrate*," the "*Dernier Chant du Pèlerinage de Childe Harold*," the "*Harmonies Poétiques*" were, between 1820 and 1830, added to the "*Méditations*," the most obstinate of the Classics were forced to acknowledge that a new school of poetry had been born to France. The "*Poésies*" of Alfred de Vigny, published in 1822, and republished in 1826; the "*Odes*" of Victor Hugo in 1822, followed by his "*Ballades*" in 1824, and by his "*Orientales*" in 1829, soon gave firmness of definition to the essential quality of the new school.

These three great poets had much in common, notwithstanding the originality which distinguished each of them from his two fellows: Lamartine, the more pure, more harmonious, more vague; Hugo, the more precise, more imbued with colour, more sonorous, the more barbaric to the French ear; and Vigny, who was more delicate, more elegant, more mystical, but whose note was less sustained. It may be that all three had masters among their predecessors of the nineteenth century—Lamartine in the person of Parny, and in Millevoeye, too; Hugo in Fontanes, in Lebrun, and in Jean-Baptiste Rousseau; Vigny in Chénier; but their originality becomes apparent when one compares them with the survivors of the pseudo-classic epoch, such as Casimir Delavigne with his "*Messéniennes*," or Béranger in his "*Chansons*." A perspicacious critic might perhaps have foreseen that all three of them would soon diverge upon separate paths, Lamartine becoming more the idealist, Hugo more the realist, Vigny already more the "philosopher"; but for the moment, between 1820 and 1830, they formed a group, if not precisely a school, and it is that group which we must endeavour to describe.

It must first be noted that no one of them belonged to the party which was then called the "Liberals," the party of Benjamin Constant or of Manuel. They were all three "royalists," extremists in their royalism, and they were of the Catholic party, too, the party

of Joseph de Maistre, of Bonald, and of Lamennais. Hugo was, even at that time, the most absolute, the most uncompromising of the three; horror and hatred of the Revolution is nowhere more energetically declared than in his first poems, "Les Vierges de Verdun," "Quiberon," "Bonaparte." Their devoutness is as sincere and as ardent as their royalism; and it colours all their ideas, as the religiosity of their master, Chateaubriand, coloured all his. Their conception of Love is a *religious* conception; it is from the *religious* point of view that they admire God's work in the domain of Nature; and their conception of the poet's function is, again, *religious*. Their religion is not always very lasting, nor very firmly grounded upon reason, nor is it even altogether orthodox. Lamartine's piety evaporates in a sort of Hindu pantheism; Hugo glides insensibly from Christianity to Voltairianism; Vigny, from year to year, progresses towards a pessimism not greatly unlike that of Schopenhauer. These changes, however, came later, and in the meantime the beginning of nineteenth-century French poetry is marked by a permeation—even by an exaltation—of religious sentiment.

This body of verse is, furthermore, personal or individual; the poet himself supplies not only the occasion of his verse, but its purpose, its habitual subject matter. A French ode and even an elegy had, up to that time, been always of the broadest origin, built upon generalisations, abstractions, which the poet, in the process of elaboration, sedulously deprived of any particularity his premises might have possessed. Any one copy of verse resembled every other. There is no reason why an elegy of Chénier's should not have been Parny's instead; and if the printer had put Lebrun's name on the title-page of a volume of odes by Lefranc de Pompignan, the poets themselves would hardly have perceived the error. The "Méditations" of Lamartine, the "Poèmes" of Vigny, the "Orientales" of Hugo are, on the other hand, no more than metrical journals of the poet's daily impressions. Lamartine spends an hour on the Lake of Bourget, accompanied by the woman he loves, the Elvire of the "Méditations," and he writes "Le Lac"; he passes Holy Week at the house of a friend, and writes the "Semaine Sainte à la Roche Guyon." Vigny is interested by a paragraph in the *Journal des Débats* of July 18, 1822, and he finds the pretext for the "Trappiste." As for Victor Hugo, the mere titles of his "Orientales"—"Canaris," "Les Têtes du Sérail," "Navarin," show their close relation to what we call nowadays "actuality." There are, no doubt, distinctions to be made; Vigny is, of the three, the most objective in his attitude, the most epic, one is almost tempted

to say, in his "Eloa" or in "Moïse." Victor Hugo often loses the sense of his own personality when he is confronted by something that seems very real to him; in the "Feu du Ciel," in the "Djinns," in "Mazeppa," he is borne out of himself not only by his pictorial instinct, but by the current of a word-flow so ample that it betrays the rhetorician. Lamartine himself, the most subjective of the three, has here and there a dissertation—in his "Immortalité," for instance—or a paraphrase, as in his "Chant d'Amour," which overruns the narrow limits of personal poetry. Yet, after all is said, every one of them found his inspiration in himself, his emotions, his recollections. The suggestion of the moment guides them. Whether it is Bonaparte dying at St. Helena in 1821, or Charles X. receiving the crown at Reims in 1825, these poets confide to us their own impressions. It is not the inherent and intrinsic beauty of the subject that provokes their song, but the subject's suitability to the especial character of the poet's genius. More precisely yet, the subject is a mere pretext for the disclosure of the poet's point of view, the confession of his own fashion of feeling. It is this, and nothing else, that one means when one formulates the second characteristic of Romantic Poetry as opposed to Classic Poetry: its dominant *personality or individuality*.

A third and last characteristic springs from this second: the *freedom or novelty* of the Romantic School. "Let us set new thoughts to the old rhymes," said André Chénier, in a line which has preserved its fame—a line often overpraised for that matter. The Romantic poets, better inspired, perceived that these "new thoughts" could only be expressed in the terms of an art as novel, and it is that renovation of style and metre for which they have been most admired. Vigny shows more precocity, more seeking after words, more embarrassment in his manipulation of rhythm, and for that reason is far less varied. His French, too, is less rich and less abundant. Lamartine's is not always very novel, nor yet very correct, this great poet was a careless writer; and yet his liquidity is incomparable; the form of his verse is faultlessly classic, and not even Racine found more exquisite associations of sound. Victor Hugo unquestionably shares with Ronsard the pinnacle of eminence as a creator of rhythms; and his French, somewhat commonplace in his earlier work, in the first "Odes," had attained, at the time of the "Orientales," a freedom, a vigour, an originality which may with truth be described as democratic. No one, certainly, did more than he to abolish the old distinction between the Grand French and the Familiar French, to put, as he said, "the Cap of Liberty on

the head of the aged Dictionary." It was in this fashion that these three poets, unaided, shook off the yoke of the eighteenth-century grammarians ; restored to words their pictorial value as mediums of expression or of description ; and freed French verse from the shackles which prevented its yielding to the requirements of the poet. There is no poetry without music, no music without movement, and movement was precisely what the French alexandrine lacked.

These being, then, the three essential and original characteristics of eighteenth-century French poetry when it first took definite shape, it may be said that its history, from that time, has been the history of a conflict between the three. Their strife is still unsettled. Is the poet to be only an artist, looking down, from the height of his "ivory tower," at the fruitless bustle of his fellow-men? Is he to be a thinker? Or is he to turn aside from philosophy as well as from æsthetics, and be only a "sonorous echo" indifferently stirred by all the vibrations of the air? Or should he try only to be himself?

Before tracing the successive stages of the unending struggle, it is due alike to the decorum of chronology and to literary justice that one should say a word about the author—popular, and even famous, for a moment—of the "Iambes": Auguste Barbier. His lot was that of a middle-class Parisian, and when he had sung his brief song, he fell back into his dull routine, and survived himself for nearly fifty years, never again finding the poet that was in him. Yet three or four of his "Iambes," such as the "Curée," the "Popularité," the "Idole," are among the masterpieces of French satire. I do not know, indeed, where one can more distinctly perceive the affinity, more clearly trace the consanguinity, between lyric and satiric verse ; and the "Iambes" contain two or three of the most beautiful similes in all French poetry. That is, in itself, something, from the point of view of art. But it is a reason, too, for regretting that even in these few pieces there is a twang of vulgarity which debarb Barbier from the rank of a true poet. No such fault is to be found in the other three men who are, with him, the most illustrious representatives of the second generation of Romantic poets : Sainte-Beuve, Alfred de Musset, and Théophile Gautier.

Personal poetry is triumphant in the persons of the two first—Sainte-Beuve, whose "Confessions de Joseph Delorme" appeared in 1829, to be followed in 1831 by "Consolations" ; and Alfred de Musset, whose "Premières Poésies" saw the light between 1830 and 1832. Here are two poets who occupy themselves solely with them—

selves ; tell us only of themselves, their predilections, their desires their dreams of personal happiness. Nor is this the limit of their subjectiveness : Lamartine and Hugo chose, for expression in their verses, those of their impressions which seemed to them to be most general, those which they thought would have been shared by their contemporaries ; Sainte-Beuve, on the contrary, in the "Confessions de Joseph Delorme," turns away from this very class of impressions, and devotes himself only to the observation, the analysis and the expression of that which he believes to be exclusively his own, that which distinguishes and differentiates him from other men. In this respect, and for this reason, the "Confessions de Joseph Delorme" is morbid poetry, almost pathological : it seems the work of a neurasthenic or a neurotic. Add to this that Sainte-Beuve displays, as an artist and as a versifier, refinements and elaborate researches, of which the restless subtlety is equalled only by the utter ineffectiveness. These elaborations escape the unaided eye, they can be appreciated only when one is cautioned to look closely for them. It is in quite another fashion that Musset is "personal," he displayed another sort of affectation ; he is foppish, he is ultra-Parisian. He became more simple after a few years ; passion makes a new man of him. At first, in the "Marrons du Feu," in "Mardoche," in "Namouna," he is the Lovelace, the Brummel, of the Romantic School, notwithstanding the poetic gift which already places him so far above the level of the disguise he assumes—and above Sainte-Beuve's level too. He makes verses for mere pastime, laughing at himself for making them, even ; they are his diversion from graver pursuits. These more serious occupations were—his brother tells us—"to hold grave conferences with the best tailors in Paris," "to waltz with a genuine Marquise." We learn, too, from other sources, that to these ponderous duties he added a routine of attendance at the gambling-clubs and at even less decorous resorts. It is for this reason that if his inspiration differs from that of Sainte-Beuve, it rests upon the same foundation ; it is "personal" to the verge of egoism, and no man ever carried further the pretension of individuality. His contemporaries took this view of him, and a legion of imitators crowded upon his footsteps and upon those of Sainte-Beuve, imitators who possessed none of the originality of their models, and who occupy no place in the history of French poetry. The first requisite for a "personal" poet, although not the only qualification necessary, is that he should possess a personality, and that is a gift few can claim. Men of originality are rare !

Théophile Gautier perceived all this, instinctively, and if the

issue had been in his hands, the Romantic School would at once have turned to the impersonal phase of art. The description of places, the picturesque presentment of the past, faithfulness of imitative work, the submergence of self in objective studies, would then have become the chief aims of the poets. Neither nature nor history, however, proceed by sudden transformations and revolutions. The possibilities of "personal" poetry had not yet been exhausted, the fertility latent in its formulæ had not yet given place to sterility. None of Gautier's great contemporaries had yet said all that he had to say, completed the outpouring of his confessions. The whole period, too (more especially the years that immediately followed 1830), was inauspicious for the epicurean pursuit of art for art's own sake. New problems presented themselves to the poets of the day. Religion, which had preoccupied the poets of the past decade, ceased to preoccupy the poets of a society which doubted everything, and they became "socialists" and "philosophers."

The evidence of this change is to be found in Victor Hugo's "*Feuilles d'Automne*," of 1831, in the "*Chants du Crépuscule*," of 1835, and in the "*Voix Intérieures*," 1837; or in Lamartine's "*Jocelyn*," of 1836, and his "*Chute d'un Ange*," in 1838. "*Jocelyn*" is, in fact, the only long poem in the French language, and the "*Chute d'un Ange*"—although it remained unfinished—is neither the least important of Lamartine's works, nor the least conclusive manifestation of his genius. In both these poems all the qualities of the "*Méditations*" are again to be found, some of them, indeed, in an exaggerated degree: liquidity and fertility, for example. Other qualities add themselves to these, qualities which are not generally admired, and which failed to bring Lamartine the applause they deserved. It was he who created philosophical poetry in France; for André Chénier, who hoped to do so, has left us only the outline of his "*Hermès*," with a bare half-hundred lines; and Voltaire's "*Discours sur l'Homme*" is a moral, rather than a philosophical work—and furthermore is only prose. Lamartine has more than once succeeded in expressing, without the slightest loss of clearness or of harmony, ideas of the most abstract, the most purely metaphysical, sort that the human mind can conceive. It is another of his merits, pre-eminently shown in "*Jocelyn*," that he could write in a familiar strain without becoming prosaic, and even without losing his nobility of expression. Nor was his point of view a mere pose, as Sainte-Beuve, not without a tinge of jealousy, asks us to believe. If ever a poet was naturally and involuntarily a poet, it was Lamartine, a poet even when he wrote in prose, and even in his

political utterances. Nowhere is this more strikingly shown than in his "Jocelyn," unless, indeed, it be in the "Chute d'un Ange," or in the larger conception of the philosophical epic of which the "Chute d'un Ange" is itself only an episode. One certainly regrets that the hasty execution of the work is not always in keeping with the grandeur of the project, but that disparity is characteristic of Lamartine's genius. Is it not possible, indeed, that in the altitudes where metaphysics and poetry melt one into the other, a want of precision adds a further fitness, a new charm and beauty?

Yet, as one is about to think so and to say so, the shade of Victor Hugo interposes. Whether Hugo's visions be filled with realities, or only with possibilities, no poet has ever made his dreams more vivid, given to them a firmer form, made them more palpable. A blind man could perceive how boldly Victor Hugo's verse brings its subject into relief. Lamartine purifies and idealises the real—dissolves it, sometimes, in the liquidity of his lines; but Hugo, in the architecture of his poetry, captures the ideal, makes it concrete and material. He is as "personal" as ever in his "Feuilles d'Automne" or his "Voix Intérieures," it may even be said that he is nowhere more "personal" than in his "Orientales" or his "Odes." It is in these poems that he is most prodigal of confidences and avowals, and yet he is not the less attentive to "actuality." Half his poems are poems of occasion; their titles show it: "Rêverie d'un passant à propos d'un Roi," "Dicté en présence du glacier du Rhône," "Pendant que la fenêtre était ouverte," "Après une lecture de Dante." But he begins, at this stage of his work, to do what he had not done in the days of the "Orientales"; he begins to inquire into the mysteries, to wonder at what Baudelaire well calls "the monstrousness which envelopes man on every side." Lamartine escaped from himself, raised himself above the level of his own personality, as he turned to the heights, *ad augusta*; Victor Hugo leaves his own person in order to search in mystery itself, *per angusta*, the explanation of what he has found inexplicable in his own personality. If it is a different sort of philosophising, it is still philosophy, and after twelve years of silence, or of political activity, from 1840 to 1852, when he returns to poetry, he resumes this philosophical preoccupation, never again to abandon it. No doubt his philosophy, at that period, differs widely from the catholicism of his earlier attitude, but, nevertheless, he had the right to say that the intensity, the continuity, of that preoccupation were always of a religious character. It is that which saves him from the double, yet diverse, excess of purely personal poetry and purely naturalistic doctrine.

Nevertheless—while Lamartine and Hugo thus imparted to romantic poetry and to personal poetry a tendency toward philosophical and social poetry—Musset, “descending to the desolate depths of the abyss within himself,” gave resounding utterance to some of the most energetic notes of passion in all French poetry—in all the world’s poetry. We need only mention a few of his poems: the “Lettre à Lamartine,” the “Nuits,” the “Souvenir”; not a thousand lines in all. They are poems in which fastidious critics have found passages of mere rhetoric; but they will pass down the ages. Other poets may equal, but can never surpass, their bitter sorrow, their poignant eloquence. Musset’s “Nuits” are at once the most realistic and the most personal poems in the language. The adventure had been commonplace, its termination, although it was cruel, was not extraordinary. But the poet suffered so profoundly, his whole life had been so utterly devastated by the blow, that it is impossible to imagine a more irreparable disaster. To express the pride of his passion, his horror of its unfaithful object, his absolute despair, he found words so profoundly pathetic that they wring, even from the driest eyes, tears almost as abundant as those he himself shed over his dead love. He has interposed so slight a veil of “literature” between his readers and his heart, the cry of his agony rises so naturally, that we can never be closer to any man’s soul than to his. It is for all these reasons that, whatever one may think of his other works, Musset’s “Nuits” places him in the first rank of poets. And perhaps it is for these reasons, too, that “personal” poetry has become so difficult to the poets of our own day. It is apart from personal poetry, or in antagonism to it rather, that the evolution continues, in the works of Victor de Laprade and, above all, in the “Poèmes” which Alfred de Vigny afterwards embodied in his “Destinées.”

Impelled by circumstances, yet always in accordance with the direction of his own talent, Vigny followed the same general trend as Lamartine and Victor Hugo, turning from personal poetry to objective and philosophical poetry. He lacked the fertility of the first, and was yet farther from the verbal and rhythmical inventiveness of the second. His philosophy was not the same, nor his philosophical temperament; he was born a pessimist of the most thorough sort; one of those who cannot forgive life for being the miserable thing it is, and still less forgive God for not having made it happier. From such convictions as these, the road to despair is short. Yet Vigny had too noble a nature or too elevated a mind to permit himself to sink into the gulf; and the conviction to which

his pessimism led him—after a period of hesitation—was what has since been called the religion of human suffering. He proclaimed, in a line which has remained famous, his love for “the majesty of human woes.” It is this sentiment which inspired some of his finest verses: the “Sauvage,” the “Mort du Loup,” the “Flûte,” the “Mont des Oliviers,” 1843, the “Maison du Berger,” 1844, and, later, the “Bouteille à la Mer,” 1854. It is essential to note that, independently of their other merits, all these poems have the two characteristics of a work of art; each is “a philosophical thought presented in an epic or dramatic form”—the definition is his—and, above all, each is a *Poem*. By this last word one must understand something complete in itself, something of which the development is not left to the caprice or the fantasy of the poet, but depends upon the nature, the importance and the compass of the subject. This is the limit imposed upon the liberty of purely romantic poetry.

Another poet of the same period restrained that liberty in another fashion: Victor de Laprade, whose “Psyché” in 1841, “Odes et Poèmes” in 1843, “Poèmes évangéliques” in 1852, unquestionably contain fine lines, but they are cold; they seem enveloped by some indefinable haze. There is no comparison between Victor de Laprade and Lamartine or Vigny, to whom he really owes less, though he may seem to owe more, than to two writers who are somewhat overlooked to-day: Ballanche, the Lyons printer, who was Mme. Récamier’s friend, and Edgar Quinet, the friend of Michelet. Whatever may have been his inferiority, the purposes of Victor Laprade were profoundly interesting. Instinctively a pantheist, and an idealist as well, he laboured for ten or twelve years at the task of eliminating the poet’s personality by reducing him to the office of an interpreter of the voice of nature. It was a sort of reversal of the romantic point of view, according to which nature herself only served as a pretext or an occasion for displaying the poet’s personality. The subjective impression became, with Laprade, almost a matter of indifference; the truthful representation of the object was the important matter. Unfortunately for Laprade, he combined with this purpose, even in his verses, so many vague side-issues that one loses sight of his novel idea. And amid all this philosophy, which at times was little better than theosophy, the sense of form, of style, and even of prosody, was lost. Poets built their manner upon isolated examples of the work of Musset and of Lamartine, and thought that to be as careless, as often incorrect, as they, was the way to equal them.

Upon this theory a whole school of poets founded their work, a school which the barbarous word *Formistes* was coined to describe. Happily the word has not survived the school. They did not at once formulate the doctrine of "art for art's own sake," but they were finding their way to that motto. The "*Cariatides*" of Théodore de Banville, 1842, and his "*Stalactites*," 1846, were born of this suggestion. All that he appropriated from romanticism, and from the "*Orientales*" and the "*Consolations*" of Sainte-Beuve, was a scrupulous attention to form, to "pure beauty" as it was soon to be called. At the same time, however, he turned back to the Greek and Latin antiques, to the very source of classicism. He looked to André Chénier for inspiration, he sang the "*Vénus de Milo*," the "*Triomphe de Bacchus*," or the "*Jugement de Pâris*"; and all this was at once an abjuration of the romanticism of the Middle Ages and of that which might have been called Lamartine's neo-Christianism. The same must be said—or almost as much—of Théophile Gautier's collections "*Emaux et Camées*," which appeared in 1852.

Banville and Gautier were true poets, true artists, over-anxious, indeed, to find new and singular expressions of art, but they had the misfortune to be also journalists and "men about town." From this combination there resulted a confusing association of incongruous ideals; strata of the quivering air of Paris and of the serene atmosphere of art. It is not always easy to distinguish their serious utterances from their æsthetic paradoxes. Were they sincere, or were they laughing at their readers? In the case of Banville the suspicion is stronger, for in the earlier work one perceives the "dandyism" of Musset, the Musset of "*Mardoche*" and of "*Namouna*." The mere title of one of his collections, "*Odes Funambulesques*," which appeared in 1857, sufficiently indicates the prankish side of his nature, and shows, too, why it is that his influence was so limited. Théophile Gautier, on the other hand, urged by the spur of need, did so much work of all sorts that the hack novelist pressed close upon the heels of the poet. The honour of becoming the true leader of the school was reserved for another, the author of the "*Poèmes Antiques*," 1852, and the "*Poèmes Barbares*," 1855-56: Leconte de Lisle, one of the foremost poets of contemporary France—if not the most perfect among them all.

He is certainly the most "objective," and in this regard he is the antithesis of the romantic poet and of the lyrical poet; in reality he is an epic poet. In all his works he only speaks of himself two or

three times, and with splendid disinterestedness he soars above all the questions of his day, giving place in his verses only to the thoughts which he believed were for eternity, *sub specie æternitatis*. It is this which gives him his sound and lasting value. He sang of the unchanging aspects of nature, the same before his time, in his time, and in our time. They fill his "Midi," his "Juin," the "Rêve du Jaguar," the "Sommeil du Condor." He celebrated, too, the traces which have been left to us by the great races and their successive civilisation: "Qaïn," "Brahma," "Khirôn," the "Enfance d'Héraclês," "Hypatie," "Mouça al Kébyr," the "Tête du Comte," the "Epée d'Angantyr," the "Cœur d'Hialmar." He gave voice to the resistless melancholy which rises from the mass of ruins, from the dark void in which all human effort seems at last to be lost. He was a great artist, he always prepared himself for his work, adding the breadth of modern erudition to the scrupulous accuracy of the classic school. It was his ambition to give every line the precision of a bas-relief, the durability of bronze or marble. The larger public could hardly have been expected to turn with eagerness to so severe a form of art, but the poets promptly rendered their homage, and one is not surprised to learn that the influence of Leconte de Lisle was felt for a moment by Hugo himself.

This is plainly to be seen, if one compares the "Châtiments," 1852, or the "Contemplations," 1856, with the "Légende des Siècles," 1859. In the two earlier collections we find Hugo still a lyric poet, and more than ever before a personal poet, but in the third he is manifestly inspired by the dominant note of the "Poèmes Antiques" and the "Poèmes Barbares." With still greater truth he may be said to have been aroused by the sound of a rival's lyre, and, calling all his skill to his aid, he reasserts his sway over the empire which the new-comer had attacked. But the leopard skin which hangs from the poet's shoulder never altogether changes its spots, and although the "Légende des Siècles" contains some verses of truly epic ring—the "Sacre de la Femme," for instance, or "Booz endormi"—the Hugo of the "Orientales" and the "Chants du Crépuscule" reappears in the other pieces, the Hugo to whom history and legend are no more than scene-painter's draperies, garnishing the stage from which he expresses his own, his most intimate sentiments. No matter how earnestly he tried to subordinate himself to his task, to mirror faithfully the scene he describes, his powerful imagination inevitably distorts the image, and it is always Hugo that we see. The other school aimed at a diametrically opposed result, and just as the romantic movement had spread from the field of poetry to

that of the theatre, to history and even to criticism, they tried now to impose the canons of the naturalist's æsthetics upon criticism and history, the theatre and the poetic art.

It was the first article of their code that the personality of the poet should be *subordinated to nature*, that he should become a sworn interpreter; not necessarily impassible, but yet quite impartial and incorruptible. It is no longer the question to know the poet's point of view, whether he is pleased or indignant, or with what sentiments he is agitated by the spectacle of nature or the events of history. It is his function to present things as they are, for what they are, independently of his personal opinions. A line of Horace expresses the new rule:—

Non mihi res sed me rebus subjungere conor.

The nature of things is exterior, anterior, superior; it is not our task to correct or perfect, but to reproduce, and the first of all poetic qualities is the fidelity of presentment. It is a painter's law, or a sculptor's, perhaps, as much as a poet's, and it may easily be carried to undue extremes; a law, indeed, that was afterwards to bring about strange results. But it worked a great change for good in the years that immediately preceded and followed 1860, it recalled the poet to the observation of nature, to the study of history, to respect for simple truth. We owed to it, between 1866 and 1875, the "Trophées" of M. J. M. de Heredia; the popular poems, the domestic and intimate verses of M. François Coppée; and, since we are not forbidden to study, in our own persons, the phenomena which Montaigne described as the "changing outlines of man's inner conditions," we owe to this same law some of the subtle and pathetic poems in which M. Sully Prudhomme has so well expressed the complexity of the contemporary spirit.

These three authors, widely dissimilar as they are, have a second characteristic in common: *each is almost perfect in his own field of work*. There are no more beautiful sonnets in the language than those of M. J. M. de Heredia. The Dutch painters, Gérard Dow, for instance, and Jean Steen, have painted no interiors more finished than the popular poems of M. Coppée. Finally, M. Sully Prudhomme has touched our most secret fibres with verses of unparalleled delicacy and acuity. Perfection of form was indeed the second article, as the subjection of the poet's personality was the first article, of the new school's code. If critics forgave Victor Hugo the obscurities which were often darkened depths of meaning, and which never interfered with the correctness of his

diction, they were pitiless to the carelessness of Lamartine and of Musset. The poet's art was no longer measured by the abundance or the strangeness of its inspiration, but by the richness and sonority of the rhythm, the fulness and soundness of the line, the precision and elegance of its French. There was a return to the opinions of the past, a renewed perception of "the power of the right word in the right place." People even began to discern in words many qualities which they do not possess. This was a logical change, no doubt, for there is only one way to imitate nature with fidelity, and that is to concentrate upon the perfection of form all the energy which has been repressed in the process of restricting the liberty of imagination.

To these two principles—the *perfection of form* and the *impersonality of the artist*—a third added itself: the principle that *art exists for art's sake only*. Art has no moral or didactic mission, and one has no right to question the poet's choice of a subject; his method of treatment is the only ground for the exercise of the critic's function. Gautier believed this to his last day; his work remains to prove it. Leconte de Lisle violated the principle in some of his poems, but he was not conscious that he did so, even when, finding his inspiration in the "Légende des Siècles," he tried to rival Hugo's anti-religious ardour. M. de Heredia has never swerved. It was this central idea that the Parnassians made their rallying-point in 1866. Some illustrious prose writers, Flaubert in the first rank, encouraged them. And if M. Sully Prudhomme and M. François Coppée escaped from the strict yoke, it was because they were affected by another influence at the same time as Leconte de Lisle's, an influence more subtle and not less powerful, that of Charles Baudelaire and his "Fleurs du Mal."

These poems appeared for the first time in 1857; but there are books which make themselves felt as soon as they appear, just as there are others which need, as it were, to be felt from a distance. Of such are, in the history of French prose, Stendhal's "Chartreuse de Parme," and, in the history of French poetry, the "Fleurs du Mal." At a first glance the critics imagined—fantastic as the idea seems to us—that they detected Catholicism in the "Fleurs du Mal"; and this was at the moment of a general reaction toward Paganism. The fact is that at a time when the elaboration of form was everything, Baudelaire's verses displayed the mosaicist's care, they suggested the prose writer who has with painful labour mortified a rhyme upon the end of every line. It was also a moment at which poetry tended to the impersonal; and the inspiration of

Baudelaire betrays its debt to that of Vigny, and yet more to that of Sainte-Beuve—the Sainte-Beuve of the “Confessions de Joseph Delorme.” He not only imitated, but exaggerated this strange morbidity. While the critics for these reasons despised even what there was of novelty in Baudelaire’s product, the youth of his day recognised it, and felt its fascination. Beneath the declamatory tone, and the charlatanism even, of his lament, they perceived the sincerity of a suffering which was not less genuine because it was purely intellectual. It has been said that of all the sensory suggestions the most material and the most diffusive are those which appeal to the olfactory perceptions, and that no others so immediately stir the memory. And if this be true, it must be remembered that the “Fleurs du Mal” are permeated by the whole gamut of exotic fragrance. They are full, too, of those subtle values of sensory co-ordination which Baudelaire himself indicates when he says that “forms and outlines and sounds all correspond the one to the other.” There was novelty in all this, a fruitful and a lasting novelty, and as it did not seem to disagree with the lessons of the Parnassians, people listened obediently to the lofty teachings of Leconte de Lisle, but read Baudelaire with infinite delight, like children devouring a book in secret.

I remember trying, twenty-five years ago, in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to describe this influence which Baudelaire exerted upon M. François Coppée, M. Sully Prudhomme upon M. Paul Bourget, too, whose first verses had then—in 1875—recently appeared, and upon other writers. François Buloz, who was still living at the time, was hugely displeased, although he had printed in the *Revue* Baudelaire’s first verses. “So you take Baudelaire for a master, do you?” he cried. I thought that I had answered him when I said, “No, but he is a master in the eyes of the poets I named.” But Buloz was not convinced. I little knew how amply time would justify me; I had not long to wait before a whole generation were invoking the name of the author of the “Fleurs du Mal,” the generation of Paul Verlaine and of Stephen Mallarmé.

Although they still continued to bow to the Parnassian discipline, they began to chafe under it. Despite the poet’s dictum, *ut pictura poesis*, they began to perceive that poetry withered in this dry perfection of execution. The precision of outline, the richness of metre, the unsurviving fidelity of representation combined, embarrassed, cumbered, cramped the freedom of the imagination, the amplitude of visions. It was impossible to escape the accurate grasp of the

artist, and when he had clutched you, there was no release. There was no background, no distant perspective, there was none of the indistinctness, the obscurity, the *chiaroscuro*, which is, nevertheless, one of the elements of true poetry. Save for some among M. Sully Prudhomme's verses, everything was brought into the whitest light, and if, by chance, the meaning of any work, as a whole, was not quite clear, each line was in itself uncompromisingly distinct. People began to find, too, that this reproduction of nature was extended, in the past as in the present, to many objects which possessed no real interest. It does not follow that because an event has taken place it is necessarily a poetic event; nor is it true that everything that lives should be immortalised by art. It was said, too, that if ideas were plentiful enough in the masterpieces of the Parnassian School, no one idea ever passed beyond its original limits, or became the mantle and the veil of something more secret, more mysterious; the visible and palpable exterior of that which can neither be seen nor touched. There are, unquestionably, certain correspondences and associations between ourselves and the world in which we live: every sensation should lead us to an idea, and in that idea we ought to find something analogous to the sensation. The reality of things does not manifest itself in their mere exterior, they must be exposed to the light of the truth in accordance with which their forms are defined. Every representation which fails to base itself upon that fact is necessarily incomplete, superficial, mutilated. The Parnassians forgot this, and their forgetfulness created the school of symbolism.

It is difficult to see very clearly the inner meaning of Paul Verlaine's work. He was an "irregular" in the eyes of all the schools, and his emancipation had been no more than a return to the liberty of the Romantic School, and a step beyond even that liberty. He owes his reputation less to the profoundness and the ingenuity of his symbolism than to the cynicism of his "Confessions." He was at once violent and feeble, ingeniously perverse, capable, by turn, of the worst sentiments and the most sincere repentances, inheriting from Baudelaire and from Sainte-Beuve the love of sin and of remorse. Poor "Lélian" wrote some wretched verses, and some that were detestable; but he wrote also some that were original and exquisite. His great merit is, perhaps, that he wrote exquisitely diaphanous lines, verse as lightly burdened as French verse ought to be. Stephen Mallarmé wrote the most incomprehensible verses, more obscure than any Lycophron ever had made before his time; but he had a poet's soul; he talked limpidly, if he wrote turgidly; he

possessed the secret of clothing the strangest ideas in an enchanter's web of apparent truth ; he has been, and will no doubt remain, the hierophant of symbolism, as Baudelaire was its precursor. I doubt whether he will be largely represented in the anthologies of the future, but no historian of nineteenth-century French poetry can refrain from mentioning his name. A certain Maurice Scève, of Lyons, played just such a rôle in the sixteenth century, only to disappear, when he had played it, in the effulgence of the great Ronsard.

There is one more observation that should perhaps be made before terminating this too hurried essay. It is a Ronsard that symbolism has lacked, and still lacks ; it is a Ronsard that we have been awaiting for nearly ten years. It would be easy to name a dozen excellent craftsmen in verse, and three or four poets, among the younger men : M. Henri de Régnier, for instance, and M. Albert Samain. But however much talent, natural or acquired, they may have shown, it must be admitted that no work of theirs has aroused the immediate and universal emotion which Lamartine's "Méditations" and Ronsard's "Amours" kindled as soon as they appeared. Why is it so ? Is it, perhaps, because the time is not favourable to poets, and that our poets lack the encouragement, the complicity of opinion, so to speak, which is more necessary to their development than to the development of any other sort of artists ? Surely this is not the case. On the contrary, our poets find to-day a keener audience, not in France only, but abroad, than could have been hoped for ten, or twenty, or thirty years ago. Are fewer poets born, or is it more difficult for them to find the opportunity of appealing to the verdict of the public ? is life less kind to them to-day than formerly ? One can hardly say so, in view of the number of volumes of verse which appear each year. Is it that they ripen less rapidly, and that the standard they set themselves is higher, more complex, and demands longer effort ? Are they awaiting a rounder maturity ? As they are all young, let us hope that this is the case ; and if the close of the nineteenth century, so abundant in poetic talent, is somewhat barren of poetic product, we can only wait, in the hope that the expected masterpiece is taking form, somewhere in silent seclusion, and that the sudden radiance of its appearance will greet the beginning of the new century. *Sic aliud ex alio nunquam desistit oriri.*

THE STORY OF THE SHOE.

THERE is an American lady who belongs to that now enormous class—the collectors of curios. But her special hobby is an unusual one, consisting of old shoes. They are, however, all shoes of historic interest, which have belonged to more or less eminent people. What very many would deem the gem of her collection is the pair of shoes which Marie Antoinette wore on her journey to the guillotine, and which thus symbolise the last scene of one of the most pathetic and many-sided life tragedies which the world has ever seen.

At first sight there may not seem much of dignity or interest about shoes, the coverings of man's lowest extremities and the constant associates of mud. Nor is one of the innumerable stalls which may be seen in the vast toiling quarters of the Metropolis, with its shabby assortment of old boots and shoes, a romantic sight, unless you possess that inner eye which sees these worn articles in the freshness of their first appearance and the forms whose feet filled them. The little boots and shoes which tiny possessors have trotted about in always appeal to one's imagination, and set one wondering how far they have travelled or will travel, and what regions and adventures will surround them. But at first sight one does not see much in old foot gear. Yet, after all, why not a collection of these as well as of hats and coats? For instance—the glamour of the Napoleonic legend is perennial—though the perforated cocked hat and worn coat of Marengo, which Bausset, the Prefect of the Palace, says the Emperor wore at a great review on the anniversary of the famous battle which virtually gave him the throne of France, are full of interest, must not the riding boots which spurred his charger hither and thither during the stress and fury of the battle be equally so?

And man's history is associated with the shoe—a term which here covers boot also. The covering for the feet must have been, in cold climes at any rate, an earlier need than one for the head, protected as that was by its thick and shaggy hair. But soles, however toughened, are not impervious to sharp stones and tangles of

prickly vegetation, while even mud and snow must have been more agreeable to remote man when the feet were covered than otherwise. The first rudimentary idea of foot gear is therefore the hide sandal, just cut to protect the sole and fastened with a thong. By-and-by a genius has the notion of covering up the whole foot and cuts a larger piece of hide, enwraps foot and instep, and fastens it with a thong. The undressed hide adapts itself to the foot. It is merely the most rudimentary form of the Indian mocassin. And first used—how many years ago?—is also as late as the early part of the last century, the fashion of the Highlanders in their most remote solitudes.

However, our theme is the shoe, not the sandal. So far as our own realm is concerned, shoes seem to have been worn as early as the age of Canute, if not earlier. With the Norman Conquest there came shoes and boots of various degrees of ornament. Of course the richer Saxons found it politic to follow their conquerors' fashions, and thus the Thanes equipped themselves. The freemen wore stout shoes; as for the slaves, they were, it would seem, barefoot.

From the reign of William Rufus to that of Henry VII. fashion appears to have played the most remarkable freaks with shoes and boots—all the more remarkable because played in a practical very much out-of-door and athletic-recreations age with articles of dress which were necessities for use, not mere accessories capable of any amount of grotesque absurdity. Fashion dictated as enormous absurdities as it did, say, among our grandfathers in the days of the Regency. Especially during the reigns of the Plantagenets the shoe craze attained its most extensive dimensions. Richard II.—who was, however, in "his earlier manner" a far more strong-minded and clever prince than usually deemed—had later a good deal of George IV. in him as regards interest in matters sartorial. Probably the high-water mark of shoe folly was reached at that Plantagenet period where the leaders of fashion had the points of their shoes turned up much in the fashion of a ram's horn, and linked up with golden chains to the knight's knees. Grim-visaged war had here, indeed, smoothed his wrinkled front, for the doughty warrior, however renowned in battle or at the chase of the tall deer—the only occupations for *nous autres* for centuries—could not, when wearing these up-to-date shoes, get his feet into the stirrups. And walking must have been, except on the most level surfaces—which in the days of rush-strewn floors and roads of the most rudimentary kinds, such as Arthur Young hundreds of years later execrated, must

have been rare—difficult indeed. Fulke, Count of Anjou, is credited with having originated the fashion, to hide an excrescence on one of his feet. Sometimes at the extreme point of the shoe in ultra fashionable wearers some fantastic device, as for instance a bird, was carved.

What occurs to one as remarkable is that at a period when the conveniences of life were as few and practical as possible so much elaboration should have been lavished on one of the most needed and essentially practical articles of clothing. Possibly the knights and *jeunesse dorée* generally felt more at ease in armour, cumbrous as that was, for, at any rate, then they were firm in their stirrups. This fashion, by the way, did not, as often imagined, last through the reign of Edward IV., fond of showiness as he was; for in 1468 common sense had asserted itself, probably due to the ordinary citizen having imitated the “hupper suckles” in their pointed shoes, and the fashion which had begun in 1382 was forbidden by a sumptuary edict under a penalty of 20s. With the accession of the Tudors a practical state of things seems to have been introduced. The shoes of the time, as seen in the portraits, are of the sturdy and stalwart aspect which was that of the Tudor race. Square-toed and ample are those of Henry VIII. and his courtiers, as of men who swing solidly on whatever the path where their intentions led them, whatever the obstacles, and so far as Henry was concerned those uncompromising shoes of his pounded over everything like a steam-roller. Those singular freaks, however, which from the time of William Rufus to that of Edward IV. fashion was permitted to play, and which were some of the most remarkable which caprice ever devised, ceased with the Tudors.

Ere completing allusion to them, however, one may mention that their variation in colour and ornamentation was far greater than imagined by modern ideas. The pointed shoes were fastened back by chains or ribbons, red, white, blue, green, and parti-coloured, which were stitched with pearls and adorned with silk, silver, and gold, and various furs which came from the East, Venice being the great mart in this respect.

Ribbons, though used in different fashion, were conspicuous on the Tudor shoes. It was the precise antithesis of the effect nearly three centuries later of

Roland the Just with ribbons on his shoes,

for every courtier, both of Henry VIII. and Francis I. on the other side of the Channel, used a large quantity of ribbon in adorning his

shoes. Brilliant colours were the favourites, and carnation perhaps the most popular. But with the French courtiers the ribbon was used in the form of big rosettes. Spain imitated France in this respect. English fashionables rather preferred bows and the like. Henry himself was fond of rich shoes—indeed he liked that quality in everything—and they were wrought with his badge of the red rose.

The next variation in fashion in the shoe that is seen among the leaders of society is that, if one may use the Hibernianism, it becomes a boot. This is at the Court of Elizabeth, where the wide-topped Spanish boot—handsome, and, to our eyes, theatrical—became popular among the rival courtiers, each endeavouring to outvie the other in the Queen's eyes. The most handsome and admired of all were made of white Cordova leather edged with costly lace and having gold spurs. Sometimes buff and red, and much more rarely the now prevalent black, leather was the material. Shoes for men seem to have gone out of fashion during the Stuart era so far as the upper classes went. Your plain citizen always adhered to a more or less substantial shoe when at home, and seldom drew on boots save when on a journey—a terrible expedition, however short the distance, up to the middle of the last century. Thus in Charles II.'s day Cowley, writing to Dr. Thomas Sprat from so near a place to London as Chertsey, says that he might very conveniently come thither “the way of Hampton town—lying there one night.”

When you come to consider the Stuart period and its general dramatic and episodical aspect, there may seem, if you choose to indulge in such speculations, a certain fitness of association in the theatrical lace-bedizened open-topped boots. But one thing is indisputable, that, taken in connection with the other articles of costume, the dress of men of superior rank in the reign of each Charles is far and away the most handsome and picturesque which is to be found in our annals. A certain nobility of aspect, or at any rate distinction, is lent to the most commonplace faces and figures by the complete splendour of the dress, and as combined with the general brilliance the boots are precisely those which the best taste would dictate. The austerities of the Protectorate in costume but emphasised the beauty of the past and the gaiety and gracefulness of the succeeding fashion.

It is when we arrive at the commencement of the last century that we find ourselves emphatically at the period of the shoe. Save for horse soldiers, travellers on horseback—that method long continued the speediest and most practicable for going on expeditions of any length—and foxhunters, boots were little used. Let us

premise that whatever the vagaries of fashion among the shoes of fashion, the London citizen of however much credit and renown always wore serviceable black square-toed shoes, as did the apprentices in the days when men lived at their shops and apprentices looked to the prospect of becoming common councilmen or aldermen as the highest honour the future could bestow.

A digression must be made before we start on the eighteenth century, however. During the last years of the seventeenth, after the arrival of the Dutch Deliverer, it seems rather out of tune with his austere character, but under his sway the red-heeled shoe, which is the mental accompaniment of costume plays and masquerades, came into fashion. And with a *furor*. Not only England, but France, Spain, and Germany became enthusiastic on the subject. For both sexes, they were adopted by the "smart people" of the period. During Queen Anne's reign these ornamental heels were for the fashionable youth your only wear, and soldiers like Marlborough, when they capered nimbly in a lady's chamber, exhibited themselves in such heels, which were higher as the dandyism of the wearer was more developed. The tint grew more vivid, the height greater each year until the fashion altered. The *Tatler*, of November 19, 1709, in classifying the "coxcombs of the time," says that "red heel'd shoes and an Hat hung upon one Side of the Head shall signify a Smart."

With the reign of George I. the shoe in its plainer fashion, so far as material goes, became general. There were wide distinctions, however. Your shoe was, however, nothing without the buckle. Indeed, it was a case of the "tail wagging the dog," for the buckle was the attraction and the shoe but the accompaniment. Be it observed that at first, however, it was not the size but the costliness of the buckle which was conspicuous. Thus among royalties, people of high rank, and those who were the glass of fashion and the mould of form at court wore diamonds. Needless to say that then, as now, those who desired to imitate them wore paste buckles, happy perhaps in that self-complacency which imagines nobody else shrewd enough to estimate possibilities. Thus in 1720 a leader of fashion would wear a full flowing curled wig reaching in ringlets half-way down back and arms, a laced coat cut straight, with buttons put on in every possible place—thereby, by the way, affording a remarkable similarity to the "pearlies" of the popular and up-to-date costermonger—and square-toed, black shoes with an enormous flap on the instep, high heels, and on the flap a small but brilliant buckle. Next to the buckle of brilliants came those of gold. Rich landowners and equally rich merchants, men whose reputation for being "warm"—

or in the then recent Alsatian-fashionable slang "rhinocercal," a quite obsolete synonym for moneyed—wore gold buckles larger than the diamond ones, but still small in proportion to the shoe-flaps. Your thriving shopkeepers wore buckles of silver, and your opulent farmers those of shining steel, and the poorer classes had buckles of brass or iron; but of some material everyone wore buckles on the shoes. Indeed, so wide-reaching was the depreciation in buckle-makers' work when, at the epoch of the French Revolution, people in general followed "Roland the Just's" example and took to shoe ribbons, that the buckle-makers actually, in their desperation, petitioned George III. and Parliament that shoe ribbons should be forbidden under penalties, clamouring for a renewal of the sumptuary laws of Plantagenet and Tudor with an apparent inability to read the signs of the time. A spasmodic attempt was made by the princes and their *entourage* to benefit the buckle-makers by wearing buckles as ostentatiously as possible; but ribbons, decidedly far more unpicturesque though much more practical, carried the day.

Ere this happened there are various other developments to be chronicled in shoes from the period 1720 at which we have arrived. The satin shoe of the eighteenth-century beauty—a veritable work of art—was embroidered and ornamented in various ways, and not seldom used when obtained from her maid by her admirers to drink the champagne and burgundy in which they toasted her. Shoes were for women the only wear throughout the century. Always with the high flaps. But whatever the wet weather the girl of the period had to make her way through ill-paved London or the muddy rutty country roads in shoes. Perhaps high heels and flaps gave some protection in front and behind, but the well-made natty boot which enables her modern sister to defy all weathers—sometimes with the addition of gaiters—was far beyond the dream of any feminine imagination, and would have been deemed vastly unfeminine if it had ever taken form in anticipation. Later in the century the buckles got larger and the flaps somewhat smaller. With a minority shoes of other colours are worn—red, white, and blue. During the reign of George the Second, as a glance at Hogarth shows, the high heels, especially for women, remained in favour. There is then much to be said that this was not merely, as in late years in Paris and London, a whim which makes the wearer's muscles ache. When one thinks of the habitual state of streets at that time, paving and scavengering being merely expressions devoid of meaning, the actual use of high heels in keeping out of the soil the skirts of the wearer can be imagined.

Philosophically regarded, the prevalence of the shoe says much for the stay-at-home character of the last century majority. For the badness of the roads, the slowness (a necessary corollary) of all public and many private conveyances—great people found six horses and running footmen with long canes necessary—and the highwaymen made a trip from one county to another a thing to be looked on as very adventurous, and from one end of England to the other an achievement which was the talk of a lifetime, and not seldom the result, was a modest but stilted and formal “journal of a tour.” There were then all over the realm local centres of population, the members keeping to their own town, having their own local necessities, enjoyments, amusements, and artists, and rarely, if ever, visiting London. So the majority of Londoners were content with their own much smaller capital girdled round with now extinct pleasure grounds and tea gardens, all these within easy access of each quarter of the town. Thus there was comparatively little walking about. Sedan chairs, hackney coaches, and above all the ten thousand licensed boats which plied on the Thames, were the favourite means of locomotion. Shoe leather was mainly worn out at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and similar resorts. The dress of the women, especially as shown in Hogarth, shows the apparent rarity of outdoor excursions on foot, for all the figures, as a rule, seem quite unprotected from what was then known as “foul weather.”

As the eighteenth century approaches its end the shoe with the upper classes undergoes a transformation—becomes, in fact, the boot. Ere we go into this subject, however, let us hark back for some fifteen hundred years and allude to a pair of shoes which deserved much earlier mention. This pair was found in 1802 on opening a Roman burial-place at Southfleet, Kent. They were placed in a stone sarcophagus between two large glass vases, each containing a quantity of calcined bones. They were of superb and expensive workmanship, made of fine purple leather, and in shape not unlike a modern woman's houseboot, with thongs to fasten the sides across the instep. The leather was reticulated in the form of hexagons, and each hexagonal division was worked with gold in an elaborate and beautiful manner. Thus among the Romans was a type of the modern shoe, which was forgotten for many centuries.

About the time of the French Revolution's commencement the decadence of the shoe, so far as men were concerned, begins. Ribboned shoes had but a short run then, though they reappeared and long flourished after Waterloo as “bluchers,” thus named as a compliment to the gruff and grim, but then popular German commander.

About 1789 top boots came in. By no means for country squires only. Merchants who never crossed a horse save as John Gilpin did, under necessity or a doctor's dictates, and with much trepidation, walked along the London streets and transacted their business on the Exchange and elsewhere in top boots, the spurs only being absent. Members of Parliament, leaders of fashion, men of various sedentary occupations are seen in prints and caricatures of the time in accurate top boots. Perhaps partly as symbolising the bluntness and John Bullism which then characterised the nation, and which was so useful in the long war so soon to commence against the towering ambition and mighty power of Napoleon. But, curiously enough, France here copied England. An *Anglomanie*, of which the prominent signs were *redingotes* and top boots, set in in Paris. Danton, the Stentor of the Revolution, roars from the tribune, and Robespierre, his deadly rival, minces his words from it, both equally in top boots—though these be the symbols of the British aristocrats. Top boots of the finest kind are worn by Philippe Egalité, whose last words when on the scaffold, to which his intrigues and vote had aided in sending his unhappy cousin, concern them. "They will come off better *after*," he says cynically to Sanson's assistants, who were about to pull them off before placing him on the plank. Thus it is curious that at a time when the nations were approaching grimmest hostility both should adopt the same form of footgear.

The top boot, with the long riding coat and the laced cravat, made a picturesque dress, and the boot was undoubtedly, when the wearer was accustomed to it, one of the most serviceable for wet walking and indifferent roads. By-and-by, however, it went gradually out of fashion. But some of its most persistent supporters were the British farmers in their days of prosperity from "war prices" and corn laws. With them who were as much in the saddle as on foot a more useful form of foot-gear could not have been devised. Needless to say, that to this day John Bull, as typified in illustration, always wears top boots. It seems difficult to imagine a form of boot, now only seen in the hunting field or the racecourse, generally worn by prosperous merchants at their places of business, and with some of the old-fashioned sort who lived in their fine old city houses with all the appliances of wealth around them, hardly ever out of the familiar sound of Bow bells, the same remark applying to doctors and lawyers and other occupations, with much more of "hearing the mouse squeak than the lark sing" about them.

The top boot's decadence is followed by a foreign importation symbolical of the German sympathies which actuated the nation

during the Napoleonic wars. This was the Hessian boot. It was shiny and polished of surface, with tassels outside. Many old-fashioned men wore it late in the century, sometimes with powder and pigtail. Then came the Wellington, which had a long run. But next to the difficulty of getting it on was that of getting it off when the feet were bad and swollen, and it made, like the top boot, boot-hooks and boot-jacks a necessary part of the wearer's equipment. Simplicity and ease, if there be no particular symbolism, mark the later varieties of foot-gear, but these are not our theme.

F. G. WALTERS.

THE PELOPIDÆ PAPERS.¹

IN days when the public appetite for "Memoirs," even of the least distinguished of contemporary characters, seems practically insatiable, it would be strange, indeed, had no curiosity been roused by the discovery of these records of the most celebrated, if not the most virtuous, family of antiquity.

Merely as a discovery, the fragments before us altogether eclipse in interest not only the recently unearthed "Poems of Bacchylides," but even the most romantic finds of the Renaissance. Had the excavations in an ancient Genoese palace (rendered necessary by the earthquake of September 1897) revealed the existence of the lost Odes of Anacreon or the missing Decades of Livy, the event would have been sufficiently remarkable. How much more so when the original documents thus unexpectedly preserved for the modern student are found to be separated from us not by nineteen but by *twenty-nine* centuries, while the actual copy now extant is but some three or four hundred years later in date ! The preservation of any particular MS. (paper or papyrus) for four or five centuries more or less is, of course, as often as not matter of the purest accident. There are many books printed and written to which even a longer period seems to have done much less harm than is often wrought by a week's wear and tear in a circulating library. But before attempting to bridge over what must to the inexperienced in such matters appear a very formidable interval, let us briefly recapitulate the contents of the MSS.

Besides, then, the much-talked of (I.) "Correspondence of Agamemnon and Clytæmnestra"—an incomplete series of some forty or fifty letters dating mostly from the Greek camp before Ilium and the Royal Palace at Mycenæ, respectively—we have, comprised in the same roll,

II. "The Journal of Electra," briefly and irregularly kept, but

¹ *Privat-Briefwechselungen und handschriftliche Denkmäler des Uralt-Pelopidäischen Stammes* (Giessen, 1898 ; 8vo. pp. lxxxiii, 147). *The Pelopidæ Papers*, edited and translated by A. Dobell-Yeoveril, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge (in the press).

apparently complete, and supplying important data as to the gradual estrangement of her Royal father and mother ;

III. A few "Letters of Ægisthus to Clytæmnestra" (of these some passages have been prudently left in the original Greek ; what is *translated*, however, will serve to confirm the worst estimates formed of this base and designing man) ; and, lastly,

IV. An anonymous document, obviously intended for publication and entitled "A Defence of the Pelopidæ." This last, which belongs to a somewhat later date, was almost immediately identified by scholars as the famous missing pamphlet of Orestes. It is to this, in fact, that we owe the most interesting details of the family, disentangled, as will be seen, from their highly tragical mythology. The domestic interest of the work is also very great. The story of the murder of Agamemnon and the amours of Clytæmnestra will of course be familiar to every reader of the classics. It will be equally clear that the relations of Orestes (after the death of his father Agamemnon) and Ægisthus (when the latter had obtained the object of his illicit intrigues) could have been no less hostile than those of the King and the Prince of Denmark in the play of "Hamlet." When we recall the fact that the usurper who had done all in his power to vilify the memory of Agamemnon and the legitimate branch of the family, had alleged *the insanity of Orestes* as a plea for excluding him from all share of the property of his murdered father ; that Orestes, after various delays—during which he reproaches himself with his irresolution, even exclaiming, "Why do I live (in the position of) one saying 'This ought to be done' when all the time it is allowed me to do it?"—did return and put to death the usurper and his mother (*the latter by poison*), it will at once be seen that the controversial interest of the pamphlet (addressed on the restoration of the young prince to his trusty friend Pylades) is nothing to its *literary* interest as another possible source of Shakespeare's play ! That is by the way.

We can only touch on these details, except in so far as they concern the history of the Papers as a whole. As appears from a "pressmark" and date in one corner, the MS. was in the Laurentian Library at Florence in the fifteenth century, and was probably one of those dispersed on the partial plunder of that collection by the French under Charles VIII. It is quite possible, then, that some obscure Latin novelist of the time (whose writings would be quite as intelligible to Shakespeare as those of Saxo Grammaticus !) may have got hold of the story of the Pelopidæ as told by Orestes and utilised it in some form, of which the only remains lie buried beneath that mound of

mouldering controversy, the play of "Hamlet." Without mootings again the Shakespeare-Baconian question, one may observe *en passant* that Pylades (gatemanager or gatekeeper) was an epithet naturally and commonly applied by later Greek writers to *Horatius Cocles* the famed keeper of the bridge (or rather of the bridge-gate, for the bridge was cut down): hence it is likely enough that in Renaissance times the names Horatius (Horatio) and Pylades may have become confused.

It is of more interest, however, without digressing further on this tempting subject, to note that the "Pelopidæ Papers" were, at widely separated periods, in the possession of two of the most celebrated despots known to history—Lorenzo de' Medici and *Pisistratus, the "tyrant" of Athens!* By a curious coincidence the two are almost equally well known as plutocrats and collectors of books, manuscripts, and artistic curiosities. What the Renaissance owes to the great Medici banker all readers of Mr. Roscoe's popular biography are aware. But Pisistratus, who inherited a large fortune from his father, Hippocrates, is equally celebrated as the first to bring together and publish the scattered "Homeric" ballads. That a monarch with such tastes, means and opportunities should have included in his collection such a work as the "Pelopidæ Papers"—directly bearing upon the history of the greatest celebrities of ancient Greece—is natural enough. More difficult (at first view, though modern scholarship has proved itself equal to the task) is the solution of the problem how such a relic escaped the attention of the Classical age—how it found its way to Italy. But here we are confronted by the statement regarding Pisistratus printed in every respectable "Classical Dictionary," viz. that "upon his expulsion *the effects of the tyrant were sold by auction.*"

And we know more than this. Others besides Cicero have been struck by the fact that at so famous a sale there was "only one bidder"; an expression, however, by which we are to understand, not that no other bids were offered, but that, as is occasionally seen at modern auctions, one buyer, by his superior means and determination, practically overbore all opposition; and natives of Athens, we may remember, might naturally be timid purchasers of what the tyrant might perhaps reclaim with interest on his return, which actually occurred a few years later. Who, then, was this person? A foreigner, naturally enough. His very name is now before us, together with a note of his purchases (and of the prices paid for the same) at the Pisistratian sale. These, though not, after all, very numerous, contain several highly curious items. The "Letters of

Phalaris" (the rumoured existence of which suggested the fifteenth century forgeries that afterwards gave occasion for the celebrated Bentley-Boyle controversy), and the "Rejected Designs for the Brazen Bull," for which, it will be remembered, three Athenian artists were invited to compete. [Pisistratus, it seems, had at one time contemplated setting up a similar institution at Athens. But the proposition had been severely handled by Theognis in a scathing satire, which was the immediate cause of the retirement of the poet to Megara.] Such a catalogue, short as it is, is a priceless fragment of bibliography; the author of which deserves to be remembered. Bernaldus Corycius or Quiritius (a Corycius was a correspondent of Sadoletto in the sixteenth century) was, as his name implies, a Roman agent sent by the Latian monarch to attend the Pisistratian sale, and to purchase, in particular, the item to which this quasi-catalogue is appended. It bears, as has been said, his name and *his address at Rome*—"In vico sacri fontis" (the Street of the Holy Spring or Well), which perhaps corresponds with the modern "Via Beccatelli," situated near the Circus Maximus. If it be asked why an Italian agent should be commissioned to purchase such a work, we must remember Niebuhr's striking assertion that "the Rome of the later kings was already the *centre of a great State*." And the vague traditions destined to be immortalised in Virgil's "*Æneid*" of its foundation by a Trojan colony; the anxiety to connect its new-born institutions with the legendary glories of the Priamidæ; the feeling already embodied in the rude line of Ennius:—

Ille superbus erit quasi ad Tro- natus erat -jam
(*As proud as if he had been born at Troy*)—

were accentuated in the mind of the reigning monarch, Servius Tullius, by a morbid anxiety to distract attention from his own obscure origin. But alas! the only detail in the papers concerning *Æneas*, the legendary founder of the Latian dynasty, was the authentic account of his disgraceful treachery and expulsion from Troy! The character of "pious *Æneas*" (or whatever remained of it in the minds of those acquainted with the works of Virgil) having been practically demolished in a recent Review, it need only be added here that that prince (chiefly known to modern readers for his heartless desertion of Dido) was, it would now appear, in literal fact *kicked out of Troy* by his disgusted and indignant father; while it is probable that a hasty glimpse of the incident by some military underling gave rise to the pleasing legend of his being "jumped upon" in another sense (the Greek and English idioms have the same ambiguity), in fine, of his carrying away an aged parent from the flames—lighted by Greek troubadours—at

Troy. . . . It will be easily seen how necessary it is for any modern reader, before approaching the subject, to free his mind from a mass of fanciful illusions with which both ancient and modern writers have overlaid it. He must allow the sun of modern criticism to dispel for him the conventional mists still hanging round the so-called "classical" antiquity, to contemplate actions and facts, as has scarcely been attempted till our own days, from a human and familiar point of view.

We do not study the character of Godfrey de Bouillon in the pages of Tasso, or look for the real history of our own early monarchs in the pages of Shakespeare. Yet we are so familiar with the figures of Agamemnon, Clytæmnestra, Ægisthus, and the rest, as exhibited under the limelight of the fantastic imagination of Æschylus, that we are apt to forget that the characters from which he drew were human beings like ourselves.

The action, moreover, of the Greek Drama, is so cramped and confined by the rules of a to us incomprehensible technique, the practical homely details of life are so thrown into the background, that, at a period when figures hardly give us any idea of chronology, we are content to find human nature itself almost unintelligible. But increasing experience only shows us now more clearly the restricted limits of its variation ; and one result of these discoveries covering the private and public career of the Pelopidæ will be to throw a positive flood of the dry light of modern historic (we had almost said journalistic) actuality upon the distant and conventionalised outlines of life in ancient Greece.

They will certainly confirm the suspicion of many educated minds that the she-villain of the greatest of ancient dramas had perhaps less of the stiff, heavily dignified enormity of a Lady Macbeth than of the homely and practical astuteness of—shall we say?—a "woman who did" in the twelfth century what many have done in the nineteenth. Not to give a needless shock to the reader who is still under the impression that Clytæmnestra *murdered her husband with an axe as he sat in the bath* (immediately after his return from the Trojan war), let us note in passing that this never very satisfactory poetical figment is here finally exploded. The discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ, in 187-, had already shown, taking the accepted structure of the royal palace, its extreme improbability ; and there seems no reason to doubt, from the papers now brought to light, that Agamemnon's death occurred in a much more natural manner.

The elaborate and luxurious mechanism of the ancient Greek

bath-room was scarcely realised before the modern excavations in the neighbourhood of the "Gate of Lions." Hot water as well as cold—and not merely "vapour," as described by Herodotus—were laid on from a subterranean well and boiler through ornamentally fashioned taps, though what we should call the fittings were, if more artistically beautiful, no doubt also more clumsy in their mechanism than those familiar to every villa resident of our own day.

Agamemnon after long years of tent life on the dusty plains of Ilium—the Scamander with its dangerous deeps and eddies offered few attractions to the bather—would naturally appreciate a warm bath. Why, then, should we longer refuse to credit the account given by Clytæmnestra (in a long letter to Ægisthus, dating but a few weeks later, when the events would still be fresh in her mind) of the accident that followed?

"My poor old *Monstre*" (this is Dr. A. Dobell-Yeoveril's effective version of the Greek sobriquet *philon* or *philtaton Therion* with which she commonly addressed her lord)—"My poor old *Monstre*, seizing the all-brazen tap, turned right against himself the horn of the fatal bull." (This fanciful method of saying that the hot-water tap was turned on and then "stuck" will be understood a moment later.)

Clytæmnestra, far from "ensnaring him" in the bath-room with a "net" (of all likely contrivances! Was this perhaps one of the large "cross-woven" bath-towels still used by Argive women in Xenophon's time?), was not even in the house at the time of her husband's arrival. Misled, it seems, by one of the fire-signals ("Ag." 30) she had gone out to meet her lord on the wrong high-road. On her return, hurrying up the steep hill and under the great Cyclopean gateway, the ruins of which have impressed so many travellers, she heard, so she tells us, his screams—those screams that are perhaps the one substratum of fact in the sensational legend popularised by the greatest of Greek dramatists, and *ran*—down a long corridor and up a flight of stone stairs—to his assistance.

The cries of the suffering general would indicate clearly enough what was the matter. Perhaps he did, perhaps he did not, "bellow like a bull, 'O beloved Clytie, having with my powerful hand let loose a flood of boiling water, I cannot by any device arrest its course.'" (Greek loquacity, we know from other examples, was equal to even lengthier exclamations than this in no less serious emergencies!) Such a detail matters little. But what could be more natural than that the courageous little woman, rushing to his assistance, should, as she says she did, "snatch up an axe left in the

corridor by one of the Palace guard," and with that weapon endeavour to execute in a moment repairs which might perhaps have occupied a skilled modern plumber for a fortnight?

She arrived, unhappily, a moment too late. Agamemnon (who would perhaps have been wiser not to take a hot bath at all after so long a journey following on a tedious campaign) had succumbed to his injuries. What follows? Who is the next person to arrive, as we are told, on the scene of this natural, albeit painful, domestic calamity? Why, of all people, *Cassandra*! Cassandra, in whom a natural jealousy of the Queen was combined with the revengeful pride or anger roused in a well-born maiden, accustomed to every luxury, by one of those complete revolutions of rank and fortune so lamentably familiar to the ancient world. And what is the spectacle presented to her passionately prejudiced view? It is that of a strong-minded woman, already suspected of an illicit attachment to what Mr. Kipling would call a "tertium quid" flushed and excited, brandishing an axe in the presence of her recently deceased husband! Let us suppose further (nothing is more likely) that one of the blows hurriedly aimed at the recalcitrant tap (they were sometimes fashioned, Bekker tells us, like *bulls' heads*: might this explain the curiously muddled metaphor of Cassandra in the play, l. 1125, in which Clytæmnestra is represented as *a cow killing a bull*?) had accidentally wounded the already inanimate monarch. What more promising materials for a legend of conjugal criminality could possibly be asked by the mythologer committed, as he already was, to the historic convention that every generation of the Pelopidæ (including their husbands and wives) must commit some glaring iniquity, or that if not—the inference to the Greek mind was obvious—it must be invented for them? Popular tradition, for that matter, coloured by the malice of Æschylus, who was not above hiring bards to sing on these revolting topics, had already emblazoned in lively colours the ancient pedigree of the royal house of Mycenæ. The founder of the family had brought from Asia, probably from China, together with considerable wealth, the reputation of *an unsavoury feeder*, and being (as is admitted by Orestes, "Defence of the Pelopidæ") unkind to his children, he was quite naturally accused of an exaggerated species of cannibalism! *A quarter* of Pelops (or rather of his substance) was in fact "devoured by Ceres"—consumed, that is, by the agricultural depression so common in those waterless regions. (Danaus, the well-known inventor of the *siphon*, who had supplied the "thirsty Argive plain" with fifty "Danaids" or centres of irrigation, had been

ridiculed by his ignorant contemporaries as raising water for the mere futile purpose of letting it run away again ! The "Nemean Lion," one of the wonders of the age of Perseus, was a roaring torrent in a cave. Hettner's "Athens and Peloponnese.") The *repetition* of so nauseous a scandal in the very next generation is partly explained by that *eclipse of the Sun* (see the allusion in Seneca's "Agamemnon"—

Quod sol ne videret refugit)

which imperiously demanded some proportionately sensational crime. In the general superstitious terror of the moment, people exclaimed (such is the plea urged by Orestes, no doubt soundly enough) "Oh, those Atridæ" (Atreus or Thyestes, this time, or both) "have been doing something"—or, as we should say, are "at it again." There was no time to invent a new monstrosity, even if a worse could have been invented. To us, who have no interest in blackening the character of the Pelopidæ, all these little touches merely make their history more actual and convincing.

And if, on a nearer view, Clytæmnestra, the red-haired, scheming, and unscrupulous, but still attractive Clytæmnestra (for even her enemies admit this much), recall to us a character far more familiar to modern readers than the favourite heroine of Mrs. Siddons ; if Agamemnon appear (as he does appear in the light of his wife's letters to him at Aulis : see esp. Nos. 33 and 34 A, Nov. 119 $\frac{2}{3}$ B.C.) the typical "Heavy Guardsman" of Society novelists, with scanty intelligence and well-developed muscles ; if, in fine, Ægisthus, the quiet, crafty and plausible Ægisthus, seem at times but a painful likeness of Count Fosco, and Electra strike us chiefly as a soured and opinionated young-old maid, with a propensity for leaving tracts about the house and correcting her elders, *there is nothing in all this that need surprise us*. Human nature is eternally the same, and there can be no reason why we should persist in contemplating it through artificially coloured glasses.

And Clytæmnestra herself (to dwell upon this crucial point a moment longer) makes no pretension of passionate love for her husband. She frequently accused him of having "no heart," while she herself was "all feeling and soul." In fact she had never forgiven him his cold-blooded treatment of her eldest daughter, Iphigeneia, lured to Aulis (during the Trojan War) by the promise of a marriage with the youthful prince Achilles, and there united, against her will, to an aged Argive general, to whom her father, in the long vacant evenings before Ilium, had lost enormous sums at

play, sums which, it is to be feared (*cf.* Scholiast B. on the allusion in the first Chorus of the "Agamemnon"), should have been spent upon the stores, cables and fittings of the Greek fleet! The popular legend of the later atrocity-mongers (unknown, be it observed, to Homer), that the girl had been literally *sacrificed to Artemis* was contradicted by a rival tradition even in the time of Euripides. Dr. Casaubon, of Lowick, was the first to show that the phrase meant something less repulsive, if scarcely less *reprobable*, than the tragedy so effectively handled by Æschylus. "Who," he asks very pertinently, "was *Artemis*?" ("Key to all the Mythologies," Bk. iii. Sec. 105). "She was the goddess of the chase, of sport, and in particular of *gambling*!" The *literal* interpretation of her name here is, as he points out, just one of those prosaic touches that occasionally jar upon us, among so much imagination and mysticism, in the finest Greek poetry. The particular game was the still obscure variety of chess or draughts mentioned more than once in the literature of ancient Greece. Ulysses also played a great deal, but he (*vide* letters of Agamemnon, 21, 23, 28, 30, &c., which throw some light on the epithet most commonly applied to the son of Laertes) *almost always won*. Penelope's visitors, it will be remembered, found the implements of the game—four sets of men (ivory-gilt) and four marble tables—"Odyssey," i. 107) in his house at Ithaca. The *late slumbers* of Agamemnon (a natural result of these gambling orgies) and his consequent unfitness for public duties were a subject of common dissatisfaction, with which, however, only Nestor ("Il." ii. 24) could venture to tax him personally. . . .

Whatever the domestic interest of the documents before us, it is nothing to the satisfactory light they throw upon one of the darkest periods of classical history, confirming to an astonishing extent the results or conjectures of recent research. It is scarcely too much to say that the whole significance of the Trojan War has hitherto been almost completely misunderstood.

The great campaign of antiquity, the so-called "Siege of Troy," began, as is well known, in the year 1193 B.C.—the year marked, according to Pingré, by the second appearance of the great comet. Some two years before, Agamemnon and his brother Menelaus had paid a visit to their father-in-law, Tyndarus, King of Sparta, a visit destined to affect the educational interests of all Europe. Agamemnon, the shepherd of his people, had for some time been united to Clytæmnestra, and Menelaus more recently to Helen, the peerless Helen, "daughter of Zeus" (a *sobriquet* applied to every fashionable beauty in ancient Greece), whose *swanlike* whiteness, and other

superhuman charms gave rise to the curious legends concerning her birth.

She is said, in the language of ancient mythology, to have been hatched from one egg with her brother, Pollux. Her advent would possibly be better described, in modern metaphor, as the "bursting of a shell" in the pious family circle at Sparta. At an early age her giddy affections had been inflamed by an admiration for Theseus, then heir-apparent to the crown of Attica, and already celebrated for his Herculean strength exhibited in contests with men and animals all over the known world. But, disgusted by that prince's hostility to the cause of the Amazons—or "advanced women," as we should call them, of the day—she had returned to her distracted relatives. [Both Clytæmnestra and Helen, as was always abundantly clear, held "views" which were highly unpopular among the respectable Greek society as typified in the Æschylean Chorus.] Since then she had, as has been said, become the bride of Menelaus. At Lacedæmon, however, the newly married (and not very securely attached) couple were destined to meet the unscrupulous Paris, son of Priam, who by the wittiness of his conversation as much as by the beauty of his person must have totally eclipsed either of the Atridæ, for whom he was no match in the sterner contest of battle ("Il." iii. 380)! It may be remembered, more by way of explanation than apology of his conduct, that he had at an early age been abandoned by his family, brought up in the lowest society and engaged, if not wedded, to a milkmaid. What followed is the prototype of all European scandals. Helen and Paris left Sparta surreptitiously, and, as it now appears, *under assumed names* (a detail which may have misled contemporary chroniclers), for some retired destination—*certainly not Ilium*, since they were, as is well known, driven by the first gale upon the coast of *Egypt*. The latest criticism here finds itself returning upon the trail of Herodotus (that priceless authority—as is now every day more and more clearly recognised—upon all matters Egyptian) in asserting that Proteus, the eccentric monarch of that country, discovered, and (in a fit of disgust at her perfidy) detained Helen, and dismissed her gallant, who at once returned to his father's court, with characteristic levity concealing from his relations the whole episode which had so abruptly terminated his tour in Greece. Some acquaintance with the *disposition* of Helen acquired during the voyage from Lacedæmon may account for the alacrity with which that heartless young beauty was deserted by her third *innamorato*. Yet, it has been asked, why was not "the robber Paris" himself arrested? One probable ex-

planation lies in the well-known inconsistency and vacillation of Proteus, which has been a byword throughout history. But Casaubon suggests a still more satisfactory key to the enigma. Paris was neither detained nor maltreated by Proteus *for that very reason, that he was a thief*, and that thieves (as every reader of Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians" is aware), enjoyed a sacrosanct character among the worshippers of the Nile. They constituted, in fact, an organised body, maintaining a sort of order, and performing functions not unlike those of certain modern officials—the police, for example, in New York.

Helen, in consequence (and to come to the main point), *never was at Troy at all!* This may surprise some readers. But why? Of the historical value of the literature from which our ideas of this remote period are derived enough has already been said. The statements of "Homer" (even apart from the editorial prejudices of Pisistratus) are only evidence of the popular impressions current among the private soldiery and camp-followers of the Argive host, and there is no reason to doubt that the Greek army firmly believed that the faithless wife of their General had taken refuge with her unprincipled paramour within the walls which they besieged so long. The presence of Paris, indeed, was sufficiently indicated by the execution daily wrought in their ranks by that accomplished marksman. But we now know (what certain German critics had long suspected) that the leaders of the host (*years* before the abandonment of the expedition) had reason to know that they were there upon a fool's errand.

In the letters of Agamemnon, amid much domestic detail, references to his health and the trying winds on the plain, the stupidity of his Boeotian body servant, and complaints (upon which subject a word later) of the inferiority, excessive *length*, of the *spears* served out to the army, we find abundant evidence of this.

"Scyllias," he tells us, "packed the wrong swords. My desire was for the golden-handled one, same which I killed [some local chief—name illegible] . . . also he left behind my dear [*i.e.* favourite] shield with the lion crest." Apart from this, we are assured, in somewhat bragging accents, he would have killed Paris before this time. "A rumour flies" (some six months later) "that Helen is not here." And in November of the following year, "The old man" (Priam) "denies that she for whose sake we have all come is within the high walls."

Priam, in fact, over and over again declared his utter ignorance of the whereabouts and even of the very existence of Helen. Menelaus

was equally positive in the contrary assertion : and it was not till the so-called "capture" of Troy (a partial surprise effected only through the treachery of Æneas and Antenor) that the mistake was discovered (!) ; upon which the Greeks, too proud to acknowledge so disgraceful a blunder, too much irritated even to consent to an exchange of prisoners, returned to their homes with such feelings as may be imagined ! The stupidity of the Trojans has been vastly exaggerated by modern Hellenistic prejudice ; but for the full story, the "roman comique," of "the Wooden Horse, and how they watered it," we must refer the reader to Agamemnon's letters and the entertaining excursus of Mr. A. Dobell-Yeoveril. "Wooden heads" surely contrived the "wooden horse" ! Even Greek vanity (involving as it did a positively French incapacity for self-criticism) had some difficulty in believing that their enemies never saw through this stupendously clumsy device. As a matter of fact, it was never even taken seriously, except for the dully "religious" *manner* in which the Trojans acted out that one comic interlude in the dreary monotony of the "ten years' war." When for the second time a "rattling of arms" was heard inside the portentous and sacrosanct structure of Epeus, as it entered the gates of Troy, one of the officiating priests sagely observed, "The great Horse having traversed the dusty plain, is thirsty" ; to which another replied, "Let us conduct the guest of Pallas to the city pump" (sensation among the concealed Greeks). Finally a small hole having been made in the head of the image, water was poured in *till it would hold no more*. It was then led out of the city "to graze." Ulysses and Sthenelus suffered ague for months afterwards ! There is, of course, nothing really novel in this conclusion. More than a century ago a learned German critic, Dr. Ralph, author of a curious essay on Optimism, translated by Voltaire, had incisively expressed a cultured contempt for the whole incoherent legend : "*Cette Hélène qui est le sujet de la guerre et qui à peine est une actrice de la pièce ; cette Troie qu'on assiège et qu'on ne prend point : tout cela me causait le plus mortel ennui.*"

Greater wars have perhaps been originated in our own times by causes almost as immaterial to the great mass of the combatants ; but there can hardly be found a more tragi-comic spectacle in history than that of an enormous host occupied for so many years in the annoyance and destruction of their fellow-beings on account of the obstinate incredulity of one man !

It may be asked why Homer, when compiling and arranging the contemporary materials of Corinnus and others, did not correct a mistake which had been long since discovered. The answer is obvious :

—that to do so would have been to stultify half the Greek nation, a people, like the French, morbidly sensitive of ridicule.

The facts of the Trojan expedition were notorious. It had started with all the pomp and publicity of a crusade ; and the discovery that the whole enterprise had been based on a stupid misunderstanding was not made until more than nine years had elapsed ! Such preposterous and blundering absurdity it would be the first wish of a patriotic poet to conceal. But the veil of fiction is, to critical eyes, tolerably transparent.

“He who thinks Homer blind,” we may say in the words of Schlegel, “*must shut his own eyes.*”

The bard, on the contrary, the interested Rhapsodist, the pirate *trouvère*, was only too wide-awake. If he appears to “nod” it is rather with the object of blinding others.

Menelaus had, no doubt—to all who can read between the lines of subsequent history or popular tradition—the best of reasons for not facing the storm of Aristophanic chaff that would have greeted him on his return to that home of military prowess and veracity—Sparta.

Penelope—the wife of one of his most able colleagues—the famous Penelope, surrounded by so many *anxious inquirers*, had indeed a *web to weave*. And if her efforts to hoodwink the nobility of Ithaca and the neighbouring islands were periodically defeated by the arrival of fresh news (involving her in the invention *each day* of some new fabrication), we can easily understand why Ulysses—who of all the Greek leaders had perhaps most intellectual reputation to lose—under pretence of being lost at sea, seized the opportunity of making a tour round the Archipelago in order to evade an explanation of the part he had played in the fiasco before Ilium ! We can well imagine how on his final return to Ithaca (compelled by the exhaustion of his funds), and assisted by a dutiful son, who would naturally take his father’s part, he found his well-known powers of “drawing the long bow” taxed to the utmost in silencing the inquiries of intrusive friends and neighbours.

But such episodes supplied the most handy of materials for a writer anxious to distract attention from the questionable statements put forward in his account of the Trojan War by the publication of the *Odyssey*, a work obviously put together with little object beyond this. Not that we need suspect Homer’s praise of the highly “just” and respectable “establishment” of Alcinous at Corfu (the attractions of which—unlimited board, ample sea view, and a *tennis ground*—together with the homely picture of the well-born daughter of the

house washing the linen in person, will recall similar traits to the Swiss traveller), or his significant reference to the notorious casino of Circe, goddess or magician of the *kirkè* (circle or *roulette-table*: v. Bekker's "Charicles"), and, as *daughter of the Sun*, the *impersonation of thirst and intemperate drinking*, whose abode (after her expulsion from the Continent) had become the Monte Carlo of antiquity (Boeckh, "Finances of the Greek Islands"), where men become swine, &c., &c. And how far the poet's design succeeded we see from the ignorance and mystification of subsequent ages.

But the actual facts of the Trojan expedition were so ludicrous in themselves that we might still expect to find some graphic representation of them in the form of satire and comedy intended to amuse or scandalise a later generation. And such an attempt was, as we know, exhibited (see K. O. Müller's notes on the "Eumenides") in the essentially unconventional "Proteus" of Æschylus, the burlesque drama concluding the Greek Orestian trilogy.

In this work of "extravagant humour" we may now be tolerably sure that the figure of Helen ("Im Ilios gesehen und *in Aegypten auch*," as Goethe pointedly remarks), lounging about the lower reaches of the Nile in a sumptuous dahabeah surrounded by every known luxury, would be vividly contrasted with the wearisome toils and sufferings of the deluded Greeks. But if the Greek army and even its leaders were deceived, the spectator could not doubt that there were traitors both in the camp and *in the home*. And the moral enforced would be the prominent Greek idea, so repeatedly emphasised by Euripides (see Grote, chap. i.), that *woman was the source of all evils*, in fact (for the parallel between Gaul and Greek is constantly noticeable), the modern French "*Cherchez la femme*."

Clytæmnestra, as, with our knowledge of her character, we can easily see from her letters, had sufficiently strong reasons for encouraging her husband's vain ambition to conduct the Greek armament to Troy (and remain with it there until—the Greek Kalends !)—the reasons which affected so many a faithless spouse (cf. Heeren's "Influence of the Crusades") in the great military expeditions of the middle ages.

Among other causes for the preposterous extension of the campaign there crops up in the letters of Agamemnon a detail almost beneath the dignity of history ! The Greeks of course—for so much is discernible even from the garbled Homeric account—were almost as often *besieged* (either behind actual *palisades*—as to which see a recent correspondence in the *Athenæum*—or more creditably behind their shields in rank) as they were besiegers. They remained at the

siege of Troy—like the Irish soldier and his “prisoner”—*because the Trojans would not let them go!* But it seems, above and beyond this, that the Greek military system was affected by a curious form of corruption, and that the various official minstrels and “troubadours” who accompanied the army and were nominally unpaid (Suidas) had an *interest in the sale of the arms and weapons* supplied to the host. When the German editor of Pausanias finally explained the multifarious locations of Homer’s birthplace by the explanation that his father (like Mr. Ruskin’s) was a commercial traveller, the only remaining question, “*In what did he travel?*” was soon set at rest by an examination, in this new light, of the Homeric texts. If Homer were, as there is now little reason to doubt, the son of his father and not of another person of the same name, it is very improbable that a mere gift of versification would have induced him or any other of his versatile and many-sided race to altogether abandon a profitable trade for what is still the most unremunerative of professions. Now, as every schoolboy knows, *certain articles* are throughout the “*Iliad*” constantly mentioned with extravagant, monotonous, and (on any other theory) perfectly pointless eulogy. According to Homer (or the “Homeric” bards: it skills not which, if we are to take them literally), all the arms and accoutrements used by the Greeks were of first-rate excellence. He scarcely ever mentions the host but to describe them—privates and generals alike—as “*well-greaved*” Achæans! Why? What should we think of a modern reporter who was always complimenting an army on its leggings? In Homer every sword is large, and keen, and double edged (it should have been, we know; but we find Agamemnon complaining—p. 83—that it was not big enough to carve a leg of mutton and had no edge at all!). Similarly every spear is “sharp” (was this remarkable?), while the length of the shaft (a great point with timid warriors) is insisted upon *ad nauseam*.

This tiresome verbiage is now disclosed in its true light as simply so much fulsome advertisement of articles which we have ample grounds for saying were on the whole of decidedly inferior quality.

This is a detail which we cannot here discuss further. The burlesque in which these and similar scandals were effectively handled was very likely, as has been conjectured, suppressed at once by the Athenian Government. Of Æschylus as a humourist we accordingly know nothing except from some of the Choruses in the “*Choephoræ*.” But if the “*Proteus*” was a failure, this—as will be apparent to any student of these papers—was from no want of materials suggestive of the broadest farce.

THE SELLERS OF BOOKS.

IT would surprise many people if they knew how considerable a proportion of a bookseller's purchases are made in his shop. Those whose positions are in the more important thoroughfares have a constant stream of sellers from the opening in the morning until the time the door is locked at night. Many bring back purchases to the shops where they were bought—on the whole an excellent plan ; some are speculative sellers who, having bought somewhere what they consider a bargain, are endeavouring to obtain a profit ; others, and this the most numerous class, are selling from sheer necessity the little library of a dozen or so of books they had purchased in more prosperous times. Without number are the would-be sellers of old Bibles and old printed books in general. No amount of persuasion can convince the owner of a 100 years' old Bible that it is not a valuable book, and a curious fact to be noted is that most of these Bible owners are old women, suggesting to the cynic a doubt whether the male folk own such a thing. A short paragraph in their weekly paper, noting the excessive price a Gutenberg or a Wycliffe has fetched, arouses an avaricious curiosity in their feeble old minds, and forthwith is hunted out the old family Bible, come down in direct descent from their grandfather, with births, marriages, and deaths inscribed in various degrees of faded ink on the inside of cover and on the end-papers. The Wycliffe or Gutenberg implies nothing to them, and they feebly tramp for days from bookseller to bookseller in the vain hope of getting a fancy price for their worthless edition. A short time ago a paragraph went the round of the London newspapers anent the value of Cromwell's Soldier's Bible published by Field, and innumerable was the number of Field's Bibles that were brought and offered to the booksellers as the famous one. There is a sad want of logic thus shown by the British public, for though Field printed many Bibles all Bibles issued by that famous publisher were not the one in question.

A sad story without words is told by another seller. With half-

hesitating steps, and the shy ways of one not used to raising means of existence in this way, a young lady offers two or three books for sale. A novel of Charlotte Brontë, one of Mrs. Craik's, and a volume of Tennyson are the books, and the labels inside, though much has been scratched away, still bear stray letters, which by care may be read to show that these were the rewards of diligence, good conduct, and proficiency in French. The names of the school and schoolmistress are quite erased, and the names of the owner—indeed, these have been so thoroughly scratched away that the knife has gone into the substance of the cover. No reproach to the school, and no shame on the parents ; all to be borne by the girl herself, who has now begun to see a shadow in the world she never saw before—a shadow that will grow deeper and heavier the longer the days drag on. No wedding ring on the finger, only an engagement ring and keeper ; but the dark circles below the eyes, and the white and worried face, tell the old tale of confiding love and man's deceit.

The working man, with his little library of "Valentine Vox," a few of Dickens's, &c., is a habitual seller in times of depression of labour, and as regularly in the days when work is plentiful and continuous does he invest his shilling or two a week in buying the very same authors back again ; for Dickens, Henry Cockton, Samuel Lover, and a few similar authors are his household literary gods, and when he buys these and puts them on his three-shelf 4s. 6d. bookcase he feels that he is on safe ground and in the best of company. The more modern authors he is only just beginning to know by the medium of the free libraries and his own girls, and he ventures on Ouida, George Moore, Stanley Weyman, &c., with considerable doubt, therein showing much wisdom, for Dickens, with his homely humour and pleasant pictures of his own class of life, his pathos, exaggerated though it may be, is certainly more suitable to his position and tastes than the aristocratic villains of Ouida, the morbidness of George Moore, or the matter-of-fact prosing of Stanley Weyman. This last writer he tolerates to a certain extent, as he provides exciting episodes, which are dear to his heart nearly as much as broad humour.

The professional book-thief is another of the bookseller's callers, and many a poor bookseller has been defrauded by some well-dressed man of gentlemanly appearance. Not that the shop-keeper buys indiscriminately whatever is offered to him without raising any questions as to the ownership. No such thing, for self-interest alone will prevent him encouraging anyone on his premises to whom he may become the next victim. In fact, there

are some booksellers in London who make it a practice not to buy books offered for sale in the shop. But when an address is given, the seller coolly answering all questions and talking freely and with knowledge of the books he vends—as many do—and puts forth a plausible tale, what has the bookseller to do? And yet when it has been proved afterwards that the books were come by in a dishonest manner, and the purchaser is in the witness-box, he has generally to suffer much snubbing by the magistrate, and is allowed to leave the court only after severe cautioning. Many of these thieves have by some means obtained access to private libraries, to libraries of institutions and such like, and where there is a stamp it has been removed by chemical or mechanical means, for they are artful enough to know how to do this; and the purloining may go on for a considerable time, until suspicion is aroused, when the suspect changes his quarters to a more favourable locality and commences business afresh.

An occasional and unwelcome visitor also is the drunkard—for, sad to say, there are or have been a few literary men so afflicted—who comes in with trembling hands after a debauch to raise money either to steady himself and face the day again or to begin afresh. Many years ago a secretary of a leading institution was a not infrequent visitor to a well-known bookseller, entering the shop immediately on its opening, sometimes without a hat, always with a deplorable appearance, his immediate available means having gone the night before in a wild carouse, and reduced to beg the loan of a few shillings on his books—the necessary tools of his work—to enable him to make himself respectable in the sight of his fellow officials.

And another regular visitor—almost, I might say, a daily one—and one who is received with hearty detestation and dislike, is the bargain-hunter, or bargain-seller, as it may happen to be. Every bookseller is fallible, and cannot know every branch of his trade; one may know all about art-books, another is an expert in old and rare, and a third has an extraordinary knowledge of poetry; but the dealer in art-books seldom knows much else, knows possibly two or three rare books of poetry, and, perchance, nothing of the old and early-printed; thus each man may be well acquainted with one branch of the trade, and have but a superficial knowledge of the others. It may easily be seen that at times bargains are to be picked up, the art bookseller marking, possibly, a scarce book of poetry, with which he is unacquainted, only the tenth part of the value that the dealer in poetry would charge and get; and *vice versâ*. The bargain-hunter, by dint of studying numerous catalogues—which the bookseller has not the time for—learns a good deal of

various knowledge about all classes of scarce books, and makes a profession of buying from one and selling to another. And, to add to the injury inflicted on the feelings of the bookseller by taking advantage of his mistakes, he endeavours to still further cheapen the price when buying, and haggles for the utmost farthing when selling. Of course, everyone has a right to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market, but the average bookseller—who is only a human being, with human feelings and human instincts like other humans—scorns all philosophical and economical principles when applied to the bargain-hunter, and hates him with intense hatred, preferring that his bargains should go amongst the general public, who provide him with his bread and butter. Many parsons and curates are addicted to this practice, employing their spare time—of which they seem to have a great deal—in thus arousing wrath amongst a peaceful body of men. Occasionally a worthy bookseller loses his temper, and, having first with great candour and openness expressed his opinion of them, has wound up by forbidding their entry on his premises again. Some are even notorious in the trade for their hastiness in this respect.

Many callers during the morning hours are travellers with remainders, or with lists for subscription issues. Remainders, as they are technically called in the bookselling trade, are generally the unsold residue of some newly-published book that has not taken with the public. Some publishers—kindly hearted, genial publishers they are, too—are always willing, and even, strange to say, sometimes anxious, to assist young authors in launching their often lopsided barques to face the storms of literary life, and they often, in so assisting, kindly give the said authors a sharp pecuniary lesson. But when the books have been published, and the unappreciative public (“always slow to recognise talent,” comforts himself the author) refuse to buy them, they must be got rid of somehow, and then they are offered to the booksellers, second-hand and new, at a great reduction in price. Though many remainders are simply rubbish, there are also at times remainders of good standard books, the publishers of which, having miscalculated the public demand, or the author wishing to close his account, and too many having been printed, have to rid themselves of the surplus in this way.

Also preparatory to the production of a new edition of a book, especially when it is about to be reduced in price, the custom is to sell off the unsold copies of the existing edition. This will enable the wondering book-buyer to understand how it is that he can see everywhere so many new copies priced at 7s. 6d. of the book of travels

he bought only last week at 21s. It is not a joke on the part of the booksellers—it often causes them severe loss when they already have copies of the book in question in stock—nor is it a bibliomaniac's dream of a volcanic eruption.

As to the possibilities of buying a future gold mine, it may suffice to say that Keats's "Endymion"—the original edition—was sold as a remainder at fourpence a copy, and is now worth pounds.

Of the larger collections of books, large libraries, connoisseurs' collections, and so on, there is not much to be said. The choicest go to the auction rooms, Sotheby's and Puttick's principally; the bookseller gets but the smaller libraries offered to him. It was in the purchase of private collections such as these that there was money to be made. Many were the bargains once to be had. It has even been whispered that in the good old times of bookselling occasionally a lucky purchase has resulted in a good year's income over the one transaction. *Mais, nous avons changé tout cela*; these days are past; the legends of the money once made are relegated to the collection of folk tales and myths. The public know now whether their books are good or bad, and, instead of accepting the valuation of the first bookseller called in, issue cards of invitation to all the trade, and, as the result of competition, get nearer the market value of the wares they vend. Better, perhaps, for the widow and the orphan that it be so, though it is to be regretted that the old race of booksellers, with their dusty shelves, their musty tomes, their old traditions of famous authors and buyers, and their not-to-be-despised knowledge of both the inside and outside of their books, has in consequence practically ceased to exist. The knowledge of the modern race is principally confined to an estimate of the probable sale of the "Woman who Did" or "Didn't," or, perhaps, an opinion offered upon the literary merits of the "Yellow Aster"; but if asked for Hakluyt or Béranger their ignorance is profound.

EDWARD TURNBULL.

JENKINSON AND THE SLAVER.

ONE misty night a steamer's gig slid leisurely up a muddy river which, winding down through the cottonwoods and mangrove swamps of the East African fever belt, pours its yellow waters into the Indian Sea. This undesirable region stretches northwards past Quillimane and Mombasa, and, if less deadly than the Guinea shore, its record of European mortality is still a creditable one. Once it was a favourite hunting ground of the light-draught slavers, and although the British marine police have harried them persistently, now and then an Arab dhow crawls furtively down the coast from lagoon to river mouth, to return, if she escape the gunboats, with a load of black ivory.

Six perspiring representatives of the British mercantile marine lounged over the oars of the gig, dipping them languidly from time to time, for the flood tide still made up the river and the night was swelteringly hot. They had rowed their skipper from the cargo-hunting steamer anchored outside the bar to a trail which led under the bombax trees towards a Portuguese factory, whither he had gone in the hope of securing a few tons of oil to help his scanty freight. Bos'n Jenkinson, however, had been on that coast before, and, knowing the ways of Africa, afterwards persuaded his companions to accompany him in a wholly unauthorised excursion of his own to a collection of rickety huts lower down. There they chattered for native tobacco and sundry calabashes of palm wine—not the innocent fresh beverage, but the fermented article, which under certain conditions can be made almost as exhilarating as champagne. Now he lay in languid contentment upon the stern sheets with a calabash under his arm, regardless of the thirsty mosquitoes which trumpeted over his head.

A flood of silver moonlight poured down across the stream, and the feathery tufts of the taller palms ashore were outlined against it in ebony tracery. Further on, a sombre wall of cotton trees crowned a sandy point, while upon the other hand a waste of mire and mangroves stretched away to the south. Steam rose up above them, and drifting across the river hung here and there in clammy wreaths

heavy with exhalations that bring the white man death, while the rankness of putrescent vegetation mingled with the smell of river mud, forming a bouquet which the malaria-stricken trader knows too well.

By-and-by a little greasy winchman who dipped an oar in the bow said indignantly, "Wait here all night for the skipper ! He's a nasty, selfish pig, a-guzzling wine in tumblers with a blooming Portugee while we catches fevers. Say, bos'n, you're a directory—why was that gunboat waiting in the lagoon we passed yesterday ? "

"Layin' for a slaver most likely," was Jenkinson's reply. "Her skipper won't go up river for all his men to get sick an' find them loadin' oil innocent. Wants to catch them comin' out with slaves aboard instead, so he'll send his pinnace to hang about the bar. It's prize money an' hon'rabl mention, an' lots of beer for the men." Then, after a pull at the calabash, the bos'n told strange stories about the slavers' doings he had heard along the coast, and others which he had not, for his imagination was as vivid as his speech, and the finding of mythical treasure figured in the tales. His companions listened greedily, and when the narratives slackened the winchman passed up another calabash, saying, "Go on and tell us some more." Jenkinson did, and his listeners' eyes dilated as the calabash went round while the last of the flood tide bore them upwards into the black shadow of the trees, until low-lying vapours gathered about the boat. Then a sudden creaking, followed by a flutter of slatting canvas, came through the steamy stillness, and a clamour of voices fell sharply on their ears.

"Blocks and stretchin' tackle. Hallo, there's paddles now," said bos'n Jenkinson, as he caught a regular "chunk-chunk" of wood, the hafts of hard-plied paddles striking the gunwale of a canoe.

"Like a loose foresail flapping," said the winchman eagerly. "Must be towing down one of them vessels you was talking about ;" and, the oars dipping noiselessly together, the boat stole out of the mist. Close ahead lay a curious, high-sterned vessel, with a huge high-peaked sail swinging blackly across the moonlight above her stationary hull, while at the end of a tautened line ahead indistinct, shadowy objects were toiling with the paddles in a low canoe.

"An Arab dhow slidin' down stream on a misty night to go out with the first of the ebb ; must be slaves aboard. Brought up on a shoal she is. Lord ! how we could nail her now," said Jenkinson excitedly, and he said enough. Perhaps it was the effect of the tales he told, or perhaps something else, but instinctively every man swang back with a tightening grip on his oar. The blades bent like whalebone as they ripped through slimy scum, the river boiled high against the

bows, and the boat leapt forward at the sturdy stroke, while the bos'n swaying at the tiller shouted frantic encouragement, "Pull, ye useless packet rats. Oh! for any sake, row."

A howl of terror and fury rose from the deck of the dhow, the canoe backed in towards her bows, and a train of crimson sparks leapt from her lofty poop, while an unseen, whirring object struck splashes from the stream. The men were catching their breath in jerky gasps, but they managed to raise a cheer when the helmsman called again, "Faster—they're bolting now." So a hoarse cry which some of the Arabs had probably heard before rang out lustily and the white gig lifted her bows each time the oars came home.

"Stand by to run aboard her," cried Jenkinson in the stern. "Handy with the boathook forrad. Only two strokes more," and with a jarring thud the gig rasped alongside. A heavy stone came down past the head of the bow-man, and smashed the forward thwart. There was a yell, "Up with you, every man," and clawing like cats at the sloping sides they swang themselves on board. But ere the foremost gained the open planking in the waist a hasty splash of paddles rose from the other side of the dhow. Several dusky figures leapt wildly from her rail, and when bos'n Jenkinson stood panting on the poop he saw a canoe flying towards the misty bank, while the heads of panic-stricken swimmers dotted the water behind.

"Thought we was the British navy, a prowlin' cutter's crew. A nice kind of jolly you would make, runnin' loose in a sawn-off coat," he said, smiting the diminutive winchman on the back. "So I'll confuscate her in the name of Her Majesty, and it's a full-blown Admiral you're goin' to obey to-night. First ye'll tow her off the bank, then we'll sit up an' talk."

Scarcely knowing what they did the men obeyed, for they were confused with excitement, and, finding the end of the grass rope, bent their backs to the oars, while Jenkinson with much labour hauled the sheet until the huge sail swelled out again. For ten minutes he could hear the half-choked cries of the men as they encouraged each other at the oars, the dhow creaked a little, and a clamour of muffled voices rose out of her waist. Then she listed over to a puff of sultry breeze, shaking her keel from out the sand, and slid grinding over the shoal, while the boat came back to the quarters and her crew climbed up on board.

"Now you'll search her," said the bos'n, with his back against the helm, and, as the men peered down between the deck-beams in the half-planked waist at the rows of naked bodies the moonlight fell upon, a curious musky odour rose from the shadowy hold, an odour

peculiar to Africa, but triple extract this time. A few of the boldest swang themselves down below, and came back shaky and sickened, though it needs more than a little to upset the equanimity of a tramp-steamer's deck hand. The rest rummaged her fore and aft on deck, but a store of rice and millet, with one or two straight-bladed swords whose hilts were ornamented with Eastern silver work, and several gorgeously inlaid guns, were all that they found. These the bos'n stowed away under the floorings of the gig, which had been hauled in across the waist, for in spite of erratic fancies he had an eye to the main chance. Then he called the rest around him, and made the position plain.

"We did it by an accident, but we done it all the same," he said with authority. "Thought we was Her Majesty's seamen, an' if they knew we was only half-starved lime-juicers they'd soon come back again. So you have got to take her out of this, an' find that gunboat, an' mind we stop for no cutters on the way. If there's any pickin's the same's for you an' me."

"More likely get hung for pirts. I'm not going to come to grief for Jenkinson's foolishness. What good is catching this blooming slaver going to be to us?" commenced the little winchman; and the bos'n answered sententiously, "Beer and other things. That commander would give his eyes for her. Now get a drag on them halliards, and pass some water down below; there's no time to waste in ill talking."

Laughing and yet uneasy, the rest did as he bade, though one among them muttered something about a swollen head, while the hardiest with rough kindness carried water down below, and the winchman soothed his feelings by sitting astride a beam and encouraging the frightened negroes with deep-sea endearments which they could not understand. It is more than probable that Jenkinson's explanation was correct, and the slaver's captain, knowing there was a gunboat hanging about, had mistaken the white gig for a man-of-war's cutter, and so caught suddenly hard aground had bolted in panic. Meantime, the ebb was trickling down, the land breeze freshened also as the forest was left behind, and the dhow listed over, with the muddy river frothing about her bows. Presently the wide stream bent away to the north, bringing the wind ahead, and the ripples grew crisper under the moon.

"I don't know this drain," said Jenkinson, "but with the luck of the lime-juice pier-header I'm going to take her through," and keeping a weather strain on the tiller he sailed her full and by. Down the silent river they drove on tack and tack, sliding past shoals

of festering mud where crocodiles floundered away, sweeping through the shade of the mangroves until putrescent yeastiness swirled about the stem, then swinging the sail to lee again stretched out, with a gurgling wash behind, across a deep moonlit reach. And all the time a hoarse vibratory monotone drew nearer and louder, and the bos'n's face grew anxious as he wondered if he could find the channel across the thundering bar. They had entered at low water in daylight, and he remembered with reluctance the long lines of spouting breakers which smote the shoals on either hand.

Then the last of the dismal mangroves faded away astern, and they swept on into a dim lagoon across which the steam of the oozy swamps drifted in heavy wreaths. The slope of deck grew steeper, the phosphorescent ripples were streaked with creamy white beneath a rush of breeze, and a boiling train of green sea-fire flung off from the lee bow flamed away astern. "Sailin' like a witch she is—they Arabs know how to build," said Jenkinson. "It's the live weight as makes her tender; I wish I knew how to reef that latine. But she'll have to drag her canvas, we can't find out in the dark. Two of ye keep your eyes liftin' forward, we'll soon be on the bar."

"An' broke up into little smithereens; that's what's going to be the end of this blamed foolishness," growled the little winchman as he eased off the main-sheet tackles, for the bos'n put up his helm. Innumerable wild fowl were screaming eerily, or rose on harshly beating wings and lumbered away overhead; the stump mast and lofty yard creaked threateningly, and a flickering, noisy smother gathered about the bows. But through and behind all this there rang a deep-toned note, the roar of heavy ground-swell smiting the trembling shoals, and the crew glanced at one another, for close ahead they could see the long ocean ridges leap up into the moonlight beneath a haze of spray and dissolve in spouting cataracts.

"More sheet, she's getting hard in the mouth," was all that Jenkinson said, struggling with the tiller, and the dhow plunged sharply as she met the first of the broken seas that rolled in across the bar. A hail came aft from the look-out, "Take the starboard channel, Admiral; the other isn't one," and the bos'n frowned, for in all that chaos of tumbling froth he could see but a single narrow streak of less troubled sea. Then the keen bows went down to the stem head, while a torrent of luminous brine poured in across the waist, leaving spangles of blue radiance along the slippery planks when it washed out again, and the dhow hove her fore foot aloft as her poop went down. Next moment under the thrust of the big sail she buried them to the mast in a frothing wall of water crested

with lambent flame, while a discordant creaking broke out in all her crazy hull. Up her fore deck swept again until a fathom of rockered keel was clear in the air, and the backwash poured down her streaming sides like surf on a half-tide rock. Now a dhow is built like a basket, and through every hard-strained landing the sea trickled in, while howls of frantic terror rose from the slaves as showers of sand-filled water fell upon their heads.

She was also hard upon her helm, threatening to twist on the crest, and buried to the gunwale by the mass of sail, but the man who gripped her helm, half-blinded by flying spray, had thrashed the deep-loaded nitrate barques round the stormy Horn, and with his teeth set together drove her foaming through. Twice the look-out forward was nearly washed away, once the low waist disappeared from view, and then the plunges grew easier, for the water deepened fast, until at last each man drew a breath of relief as they rolled forth across smooth-backed rollers into a misty sea.

"It was the ebb settin' against the run of the sea that piled it up so bad," said Jenkinson, dashing the brine from his hair. "Now we must find the gunboat as soon as ever we can, for I'm not keen on prowlin' in this basket all over the Indian Sea. Someone hand me the calabash, my throat got dry over that."

The men emptied the last of the palm wine, and wrung the salt water from their clothes; after which they speculated together what would follow the handing over of the dhow, or, as the winchman expressed it, "Just where we come in." But their adventures were not finished, for the land breeze drove the steam of the swamps to sea, and presently the thud of oars in crutches came out of a bank of mist.

"Pull, men; lift her together. Heave that dhow to or I'll fire. Hail them at once, interpreter," cried a British voice; and, straining their eyes, the seamen made out what seemed to be a gunboat's cutter swinging across the hazy swell, as though to cut them off.

"Heave to!" said bos'n Jenkinson, with a contemptuous cough. "An' leave our lawful inheritance for a crowd of gunboat's jollies to squander away in beer. I'm goin' straight for the commander, an' there's no vermilion lootenant goin' to say he took this ship. If you'll keep in the gloom of the mainsail there'll be less chance of an accident."

As one of the men in that cutter afterwards averred, the young lieutenant in charge of her gasped with astonishment when, in answer to the challenge of his Zanzibari interpreter, a British voice replied, "I don't savvy that lingo. Get out of my way or I'll ram

you—we're in a hurry to-night." Also a fantastic figure mocked him from the lofty poop, with half-heard but insulting references to a boatful of mythical jollies who hunted lobsters for their skin.

At this there was a grin from the bluejackets, and a growl from the marines, while the lieutenant said, stupidly: "Englishmen—crazy lunatics! Well, may I be shot!" and another howl of derision rose up as the lofty sail vanished into the mist. Then he shook himself, as he added, "No use pulling after them, she's going a clean seven knots, and, of course, the steam-pinnacle must be somewhere else. You all heard it beside me, and you will remember that—I hardly care to ask the commander to believe a yarn like this."

Meanwhile, Admiral Jenkinson—for so he was termed that night—headed his craft out eastwards, until by the easy lift and fall and the lightening of the breeze he guessed he was clear of the shore, and, steering by the constellations, held on towards the south. All night the dhow wallowed gently on a long and cradle-like roll, which came brimming out of the east, streaks of silver shimmering on the broad backs of the swell, and depths of darkest indigo in the hollows between. The breeze was light in the offing, and the faint hot air which came off from the steamy mainland was scarcely sufficient to hold the big sail asleep. Still, the dhow was crawling onward, for each time she rose from the shadowy trough there was a splashing beneath the bows, and the sea sucked down from her weather side in sheets of radiance, while with a drowsy gurgle the black ridge in the gloom to leeward broke up into flickering green and gold close beneath her rail.

Here there was neither mist nor foulness, for the woolly vapours hung about the distant shore; only the wholesome dew of heaven, and the wide vault of azure firmament swept from the cloud bank to the westward in one great semicircle across the Indian Sea. The lofty yard-peak swang raking across the stars, and the huge sail was alternately brightened by silver moonlight or washed with dusky shadow as the dhow rolled sleepily. Two of the men were smoking about the heel of the mast, and somewhere in the darkness beyond them the winchman crooned hoarse parodies of choruses he had heard in the music halls, and the limping doggerel jarred harshly through the harmonies of the night. Even the bos'n felt this, for there is something in the vastness of the ocean which speaks in a voiceless whisper now and then to the rudest seafarer's heart. On moonlight nights in the tropics, when the great four-master slides silently under the stars, a mass of dimly-gleaming canvas rising in stately spires above the thin wedge of hull which is ringed about with fire, one may hear quaint conceits of poetic fancy from the lips of

hard-handed men, some of whom realise many more things than they care to speak about.

Therefore, when an unlovely refrain, "Down among the Bulrushes," rose up in a dog-like howl, Jenkinson called out, "If anyone can find a hide bucket, pour some water over him. I can't stand that sort of singin', an' them condemned bulrushes always makes me sick."

At this the music subsided into a lower key, which was almost more trying, until one of the drowsy listeners drove his boot heel into the singer's ribs, and with muttered indignation the winchman gave it up. So the night passed slowly, with content to those on deck, and stifled, choking misery to those in the hold below; and at last a broad streak on the horizon broadened and deepened until the sun leapt up, a huge disc of burnished copper, out of the lonely sea.

"I hope we'll find that gunboat," said the bos'n wearily. "If there's no sign of her in another hour, you'll clean out that cooking place and bring up them bags of rice—we can't starve the poor devils below."

Soon a breadth of golden light streamed across the swell, and steam rose from the dew-soaked sail as the burning day began; while a breeze set in from the eastward, and the dhow took a list again. A little later there was a shout from every watcher, for a pair of reeling spars crept out of the western haze, the short yellow funnel between them swinging like a pendulum, as a little, white-painted gunboat wallowed across the well. The plunging wedge of hull grew nearer, until they could see the sapphire ocean break into white foam at the bows, while a trail of smoke streamed behind it, tracing curious zigzags across the indigo.

"Firin' up," said the bos'n, chuckling to himself. "I should say we'll surprise her commander by-an'-by. Keep down out of sight when she comes up—you ain't a beauty show; an' remember I'm goin' to do the talkin', so the rest can shut their heads."

At last, with a shriek from her whistle, the gunboat crossed their bows, the pounding of engines slackened, and the yeasty welter beneath her poop suddenly died away. Then another British officer could scarcely believe his ears, as in answer to his summons Jenkinson made reply, "Where's this dhow from? I don't know. We found her in the river, and I'm open to a deal—you can have her as a bargain, full fore an' aft with slaves."

"We ain't going beggin' with her!" broke in the winchman, "so if you're not quick about it we'll look for some one else. There's other rickety gun shops between here an' Quillimane."

Thereupon the bos'n smote him on the head, with the remark that no under-sized oil stealers gave orders on board his ship, and the commander struggled with astonishment and laughter, as leaning out over the bridge rails he replied, "Confound your impudence ! I have too much on hand to waste time over fooling like this, so I give you warning if you shift your helm before I send a boat we'll sink her under you," and the davit tackles rattled as a white gig sank down the steamer's side.

Twenty minutes later Jenkinson and the winchman, who insisted on accompanying him, to see fair play, he said, stood unabashed before the officer in the gunboat's chart-room. The latter listened as gravely as he could, though his eye twinkled now and then, and when, after several times reproving his companion for unseemly interruptions, Jenkinson concluded a rambling narrative, said, "You are a somewhat extraordinary couple, and this is about the maddest freak I ever heard of. Still, all things considered, you did it very well. Of course, I can make no bargain with you—indeed it's questionable whether you have not involved yourselves in some unpleasantness. However, I think if you leave the matter to me you may count upon receiving some consideration for—your assistance in this affair. If you are wise you won't talk too much about it—you have not Her Majesty's warrant to capture slavers, you know. Now I'll inspect the vessel, and then I suppose we must go back to find the cutter and your ship. Afterwards, you will have an opportunity of explaining matters to your skipper—probably he will not take kindly to being left alone in that swamp."

"The old man has a wicked temper, a vicious rough spoken pig," answered the winchman ruefully. "There's sure to be brimstone an' sulphur when he gets hold of us."

The winchman was right, for when, after placing the bos'n and his companions on board the anchored ship, the gunboat's pinnace steamed into the river mouth under the burning heat of noon, the lieutenant in charge found the tramp-steamer's skipper waiting in a state of pent-up fury beside a mangrove swamp. His face was swollen from mosquito bites, his duck garments were daubed with mud, and the thirsty grass leeches had blistered his lower limbs.

"Have you seen my rascally loafers anywhere on the way?" he said. "They stole the boat some time last night, though where on earth they have gone to in this distressful wilderness is more than a sane man could say. I've been stranded here for eighteen hours, and not booked a ton of oil."

The lieutenant laughed as he answered, "We have got them safe

enough, but they have been doing great things since they left you—captured an Arab slaver, forestalled a British cruiser and bluffed her cutter, too. I should say that kind of talent needs careful holding in.”

“They’ll get it,” said the skipper grimly as they steamed away. “I shipped them as common deck hands, not naval officers,” and he listened with disapproval while the lieutenant related the story on their way to the ship, though the latter chose a sheltered channel which wound out through a mangrove swamp instead of crossing the bar.

The skipper proved as good as his word, and during the rest of that voyage bos’n Jenkinson several times regretted he had ever commanded a dhow. Still, the gunboat’s commander also did as he had said, and though their names appeared in no official despatches, the men who first seized the slaver were able to retire for a space of well-earned leisure on their arrival home.

HAROLD BINDLOSS.

WYCLIFFE'S LUTTERWORTH.

THIS is the day of grateful recognition. Never perhaps before in the history of the world has mankind been more anxious to know and acknowledge the debt under which it lies to the Great of the Past, never perhaps have the claims of the mighty dead to the gratitude of the living been more carefully set forth and more justly appraised. There is a generous wish abroad, too, to set up visible signs of this gratitude, tangible memorials that may show posterity that the men of the nineteenth century were not insensible to what was heroic in the past, and so, all over the land, here a tablet is affixed, there a monument rises, elsewhere the home of the genius is preserved intact, all that they may serve as eloquent witnesses to this grateful recognition.

And the little Midland town of Lutterworth is a case in point. Five centuries have passed since John Wycliffe dwelt there, and yet until this century no tribute to its greatest Rector graced even his church—a reproach now happily removed—and not until the year 1897, when the inhabitants were seeking to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee, did the town think to raise a monument to the man who had immortalised it. But now, at the entrance from the Coventry side, rises by the road a massive obelisk, the grey granite of which is typical of him who stood out, rock-like, against the stream of corruption of an evil age; and the words upon it, “Search the Scriptures,” were the keynote of his life, and so characteristic that in them he “being dead yet speaketh.” No more appropriate record of the Jubilee could have been erected than this memorial to the man, who, Rector of Lutterworth at the first Jubilee of a King of England (Edward III. 1377), so swayed the mind of the nation that Parliament suggested that the fittest way of celebrating that Jubilee year would be to remedy those abuses which he had been the chief instrument in exposing.

Wycliffe’s connection with Lutterworth did not begin until he was in the full maturity of his manhood. He was fifty years old when, in 1374, he was appointed by the King to the living. We

have no record of how the town welcomed him, but his new parishioners must have felt some glow of pride in the advent of a man already famed throughout England for his scholarship, his power and patriotism, his upright honourable life and religious fervour, and his knowledge of the Scriptures—a knowledge so unusual at that time, even among priests, that he was called the Evangelic Doctor. Already, too, he was known as a leader among men; he had written many books on Church topics of the day, he had been Warden of Balliol College, Oxford, he had led a crusade against the Mendicant Monks and exposed their rapacity and turbulence, he was a Doctor of Divinity, and had just been raised to the dignity of the Divinity Chair at Oxford. Moreover, for years he had been in the forefront of the opposition to the Papacy, and had been publicly called upon to defend the action of Parliament, which resisted the audacious claims lately revived by the Pope.

It may be remembered that King John of infamous memory had surrendered the British Crown to the then Pope, and had received it back only as a vassal of the Holy See, doing homage for the same and paying a yearly tribute of one thousand marks. This act of the King had been sorely resented by his successors and the nation at large, and the homage had often been left unyielded and the tribute unpaid. But at the time of Wycliffe the Pope bethought himself of his thirty-three years of arrears (almost the whole of Edward III.'s reign the tribute had not been sent), so he reasserted his claims. The statesmanlike King referred the matter to his Parliament, and Parliament met the demands with a characteristic British answer. "Forasmuch as neither King John, nor any other King, could bring this Realm and Kingdom in such thralldom and subjection, but by common consent of Parliament, the which was not done, therefore that which he did was against his oath at his coronation. If therefore the Pope should attempt anything against the King by process or other matter in deed, the King with all his subjects should, with all their force and power, resist the same."

Wycliffe supported this decision in a tract marked by great vigour and sturdy common sense. The tract appealed in a wonderful way to the nation, who saw in the writer a typical Englishman, but it naturally roused the greatest animosity in Rome. For he was also a priest.

For the first year or two after his appointment to the Rectory he was involved in difficulties with his clerical superiors on account of his determined attitude against the Papacy, an attitude which cannot

surprise us when we remember that at that time two Popes were quarrelling over the Papacy, like two dogs over a bone, each asserting that he was the true successor to St. Peter, and each denouncing the other as Anti-Christ. But John of Gaunt—a veritable tower of strength—was his firm supporter, so the ominous threatenings subsided, and Wycliffe settled down for a time to his pastoral labours, and to the duties of his professorial chair at Oxford, congenial work which would keep him in touch with the best thought of the day. Once more, indeed, the storm clouds gathered, and Wycliffe was summoned to Lambeth to answer a charge of heresy, but again authority in high places intervened. This time it was the Queen Mother who sent a message to the assembled Papal delegates, and absolutely forbade them to proceed any further against him, at which the old Roman chronicle scornfully adds “their speech became softer than oil.”

Soon after this (1279) an event happened which drew much closer his tie to Lutterworth. While on what proved to be his last visit to Oxford, he received a first warning of death, a slight stroke of paralysis. This caused him to give up the chair of Divinity there, and to retire altogether to his quiet Rectory, and he never again left the little town, though the most important works of his life were completed after this illness, namely, the translation of the Bible into English, and the organisation of his “Poor Priests.” In connection with this illness a rather interesting incident is related. While he lay at Oxford, as was believed, dying, his old enemies the Mendicant Monks, seeing their adversary, like an old and toothless lion, prostrate at their mercy, resolved to take advantage of his weakness. So some of them entered his chamber and rebuked him for his exposure of them, and pointed out that as he was about to die he had better revoke and repent of all he had said against them. He heard them in silence to the end, then raised himself, and said in a firm voice—the voice at which they had so often trembled—“I shall not die, but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the Friars.” Which he did, to their confusion and annoyance.

Let us now turn to the life at Lutterworth, and see how nearly we can enter into it. Lutterworth is still a sleepy, old-world little town (up to the present no railway has invaded it, though, perhaps unfortunately as some may think, this disability is about to be removed), but in those days it must have been very small and quiet—two centuries later it only boasted of 500 inhabitants. It stands high on a table-land, and the church is at the highest point. On one side a somewhat steep descent leads down to the valley in which the Swift

brook ripples along. Up this hill the High Street crawls. Lutterworth is almost at the centre of England, for six miles away the two great Roman roads, the Fosse and Watling Street, cross. Of the great Rector's home there we know nothing, though popular rumour, probably with truth, assigns it a position near the church. No record of any sort seems to have been kept of it. But with the church with which he was so closely associated the case is very different, for we see it much as he saw it all those centuries ago, and it is easy, with a little care, to draw a picture of it as it was when he was rector.

Imagine then the church walls and pillars as they are at present, the nave, the two aisles, and the narrow chancel (without the organ chamber, added this century), but blot out the seats, and see it open and devoid of sittings. At the east end of the south aisle replace in the mind's eye a small chapel and a side altar where private masses would be said. The side altar has now disappeared, and its place is taken by a carved marble monument to John Wycliffe, but the piscina (or stone basin in which were cleansed the holy vessels) is still in its old place in the wall. The chancel, newly built of fresh stone, would in those days lack the mellow tone of years, but beyond that has altered little, while the east window, in form, though not in colouring, would be the same. Beneath the east window the high altar of stone would stand on the same site as the present one, and at this Wycliffe would frequently officiate. On both high and side altars a cross or crucifix—the symbol of salvation—would rest with tapers on either side. The piscina in the chancel wall we may well look upon with reverent interest, for undoubtedly it is unchanged since the days when the great Reformer used it. Opposite on the left is the aumbry or square cupboard in which the sacramental vessels were kept, and often must his very hands have placed them there.

To the right of the chancel is still a lancet window and a small priest's doorway, both of Early English, and before his time. Through this doorway he must have daily entered his church, and to-day, as in his day, the bright summer sunshine streams through it, and falls athwart the chancel, lighting up with a golden touch the very spot where he was laid for so short a rest. The chancel arch has been restored, but by its side is the ancient hole in the wall left so that the people entering by the north door, and shut out from a full view of the chancel, could yet catch a glimpse of the elevation of the Host as the priest offered it in high mass. This aperture is technically known as a hagioscope, but the term has been simplified

locally into strong nervous English as the "squint," and many a varying picture of priest and service must have been framed in its grey outline.

The pulpit, though restored, contains parts of the very one from which the great Rector preached those heart-stirring sermons, those vigorous denunciations of evil which still are instinct with so strong a vitality, though they have lain in MS. unprinted and perhaps unread from the day they were uttered five hundred years ago, until the reverent love of the present century unearthed and published them. Once more, bridging over time, the echoes of Lutterworth Church have resounded to his very words, for twice lately, the present Rector, Canon Alderson, has given, almost intact, addresses which Wycliffe wrote at Lutterworth for the parishioners in his charge.

Among the many subjects on which he spoke to the people at Lutterworth there are none more urgent, more solemn, than his appeals on the results of wrong-doing and the awfulness of the Day of Judgment. As he spoke the eyes of his listeners must often have travelled upwards to the space above the chancel arch, where a large fresco of the Day of Judgment vividly illustrated the words of the preacher, and which remains to this hour an awe-inspiring vision of the terrors of the Last Day. The last trump has sounded and the sleepers, roused by the awful blast, are rising from their tombs, kings with their crowns, bishops with their mitres, priests and laymen, persons of all degrees, even bare skeletons are alike called to awake. On the left, the Just rise with joy, on the right the Lost are appalled and frenzied, fire is already consuming some of the coffins, and adding to the horror, the ground around is strewn with the skulls and bones of those to whom Christian burial was not vouchsafed. The picture, like the preacher, scorns to palliate any of the terrors of the Judgment. Looking upon it, Wycliffe's own words ring in our ears—"Whether I eat or drink I think that the angels' trumpets sound in mine ears and bid me rise to judgment." The fresco has had added to it at a later day an upper part, which represents Christ seated upon a rainbow throne in the centre, while four angels, two on either side, are sounding the last trump.

A fresco over the north door has always been peculiarly associated with Wycliffe, and was probably painted about his time. It consists of three life-sized figures, supposed to represent Edward III., his wife, and John of Gaunt—all friends of the Reformer.

The old font of Wycliffe's time is no longer in the church, but,

battered and dilapidated, lies in Leicester Museum, unnoticed and without name or mark to speak of its connection with the past. It is small, roughly hexagonal, and cut in stone, and has on one side, by the bottom, two holes, whose use is not very obvious, but probably it was attached to a pillar, as was then common usage, and the attachment passed through these holes. An effort is now being made to have it restored to its original place, and probably it will shortly be put back again. But the church still possesses a valuable relic of Wycliffe, namely, part of the chasuble he wore as a priest. The embroidery is faded and threadbare, and the pattern almost obliterated, and sacrilegious hands have so torn and defaced it in the past that it is difficult to exactly tell the form, but in spite of sceptics' doubts local faith in its genuineness is unbounded. It is now placed in a glass case—hermetically sealed—in the vestry.

A beautiful oak table, kept in the church, is shown as belonging to Wycliffe. It has a remarkable support running along the centre line of the length, which support is curiously carved with dragons at either end. The table is capable of being much lengthened, and it is asserted that he used it as a dole table for the poor, and moreover that he wrote his translation of the Bible upon it. Its genuine antiquity is, however, open to much doubt.

The quiet of Lutterworth was to bring forth the crowning issue of Wycliffe's labours, for it was there that he completed his translation of the Scriptures into the mother tongue. It was a magnificent conception—this opening of the Eternal Truths freely to the people, without any priestly medium—and we can hardly estimate in these days the force of character and the strength of conviction that must have animated him to so original a step. There is no doubt that despair at the errors allowed by the Church, and the hopelessness of reform within, led him to make this grand appeal to the hearts and minds of the people. The fact that in doing so he gave permanence and definiteness to the language, and a literature to the nation, fades into insignificance before the higher issues involved.

One other work followed as a natural sequence. Wycliffe was more than a preacher, he was an inspiring power to others. It could not, indeed, be otherwise than that a man so full of the heat of the love of God should warm the hearts of his fellows. So part of his labour at Lutterworth consisted in sending out travelling priests, who, clad in long garments of coarse red woollen cloth, barefooted, and staff in hand, went into all parts teaching the Scriptures in the native tongue. By this means Wycliffe probably hoped to better combat the loose, erroneous teaching of the Mendicant Friars. His

"poor priests," as they were called, were to preach only the Gospel; they were to eschew fables and mysteries, they were to show by word and example in all humility the influence of Christ. To help them in their work, he wrote notes of sermons for them—suggesting subjects and the lines on which they might be treated, and the points where they could be enlarged. Thus in one sketch he says: "In this Gospel of the day priests have occasion to speak of the false pride of the rich and the luxurious living of great men of the world, and of the long enduring pains of hell and the blessedness of heaven, *and so may extend the sermon as circumstances may require.*"

Leicester, which is some thirteen miles from Lutterworth, was a great centre for the "poor priests," and we have the witness of one who stood and listened to them in the streets of Leicester that they spoke with power and fervour, compelling attention. So while two Popes were doing their best to ruin Christianity, Wycliffe, the Morning Star of the Reformation, was planting seed which would bring forth an abundant harvest in the future.

The translation of the Bible and the organisation of the "poor priests" and their preaching must have made very busy his life at Lutterworth, and yet Wycliffe never neglected his charge; the one universal testimony is that every duty of his office was conscientiously and faithfully performed. And after all how short was his life at Lutterworth—for nine years after his appointment his work there was finished. On the day of the Holy Innocents, December 28, 1384, as he was in Lutterworth Church hearing mass, at the moment of the elevation of the Host, his call came and he fell speechless. Never can those who were peering through the squint have had a more sorrow-giving picture framed for them. He was raised and lifted gently, legend says, into the very chair which still is the priest's seat in Lutterworth Church, and carried sadly through the low priest's doorway into his rectory, only to be carried back a few days later to be laid in the chancel before the altar of his church. "Admirable," says Fuller, "that a hare so often hunted, with so many packs of dogs, should die at last quietly sitting in his form."

But the malignity of men, able to do so little during his life, vented itself in contemptible shape after he had been dead for thirty years. His bones—if, indeed, they were his—were dug up and carried down the hill to where the little brook, the Swift, crosses the road, and there they were burnt and the ashes thrown into the rippling water. Did those who thus endeavoured to banish for ever what remained of his mortal body dream that in so doing they could

destroy the products of his mind? Rather, as Fuller quaintly says, "The brook did convey his ashes into the Avon, Avon to Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."

G. CLARKE NUTTALL,

THE NINE TIDES OF SRON-NA-BOGHAR.

IN the rush of the busy clamorous nineteenth century, with its cyclists and summer tourists, the lonely waste shore of the Machars of Galloway has forgotten much of the lore of its primeval birthright. Only in the green secluded Rhinns one yet finds an evinced belief in the lurking supernatural. Along the coast lines of the long lean finger of the Mull of Galloway, that comprises the Rhinns, some of the ancients still believe in the little "brown men" and the "white folk" and the Wraith of Death and the Curses of the Stone Fire; still use the rose, vervain, and trefoil to counteract evil; still fear the Cry in the Turn of the Tide and, worse than all, the Calling of the Nine Tides of Sron-na-boghar.

During my stay at Drumore, a small, drowsy, out-of-world fishing village on the east side of the Rhinns facing Luce Bay, there existed a qualified "White Witch," who lived alone in a little whitewashed thatched cottage, the door-jambs of which were pierced with small oval holes for the averting of the Evil Eye by thrusting in the thumbs. Dead she may be now, for all I know; yet I cannot but remember her. For I recollect well walking in on her early one September evening just after sunset. She was kneeling before the peat fire, burning on the old-fashioned open hearth, that was built against the "butt-end" wall of her cottage. Her little, meagre, bowed figure in the dusk was silhouetted like to a black hunchback against the blaze.

"Why, Mistress! you are busy!" I called from the doorway.

"Oh, aye!" she replied, never turning round. "Jist roastin' a scaytin' (herring) for ma supper! Come yer ways intae the hoose, and never mind me! Sit down on the stùle by the kist; but mind the cat's milk aneath it!"

I sat down, and having picked up the piebald cat, began stroking it.

"Ay, Melly tak's tae ye, puir beastie," she remarked, rising up. "Wull ye hae a cup o' tea, or a nip?"

I took the whiskey, and drank to her as she tottered about, preparing her meal.

"I daursay the Blednock's mair tae yer taste than stewed tea wantin' milk," she said laconically. "Melly gets a' the milk, ye ken!" and, having poured out a cupful, she began her meal.

"I'm hearin' ye're gaein' oot wi' the nicht tide—ower the Bay tae the Isle," she mumbled, with her mouth full. "If ye're a wise lad, ye'll stay at hame—ye'll stay at hame!"

"What will happen?" I asked, setting down the emptied glass on the hard clay floor.

"Mair than ye want!" was her short reply; and she ate on in silence.

I pressed her for an explanation.

"Stay at hame," was all I got; and she sat and munched and glanced furtively at me with her faded brown eyes.

Bodchen, my old boatman, rapped on the door, then came in. "The tide's turned, sir; the wind's saft, and has westered; when will ye be off? The suner the better I maun say, tae weather the race of the in-current round the Mull Heid!"

"All right," I replied, rising. "Take the boat to the quay end; I'll get my oilskins, and be down in a little!"

Bodchen went off. The witch wife got up, and hirpled to me.

"Stay at hame, my laddie, stay at hame. Better dee in yer ain saft bed than seek the gründ-weed roond the Scaurs," she cried warningly.

"Tuts, mistress," said I, smiling. "The wind's fallen and westered. There's swell coming in from the Irish Channel. Crossing the Bay is as safe as sitting here!"

"Ah, weel, if ye will gang—ye maun gang! I hae had a braw sailor for ma man, and hae weaned three sailor laddies in ma day; but nane o' them wad listen tae ma tellin's: and, wae's me, the kirk-yard mool disna hap their bodies noo. The sea tük them a'," she added quietly.

"What is in the wind?" I inquired, being moved to curiosity by her pertinacity.

"Maybe, daeth, for a' I can tell," she mumbled. "Afore the chap o' midnight ye be hearin' the Calling o' the Nine Tides."

"The Nine Tides," I repeated in astonishment. "What tides are they?"

"Sure, when ye'll be hearin' them, ye'll ken! Ay, maybe ye'll be seein' the Spanish ship fleein' up the Bay tae destruction. Then God save ye fra the hand o' daeth!"

I looked at her, and laughed ; her notions were so odd and extravagant. "That will be something fresh !" said I.

"Ay ! fresh eneuch ; but fresher is the storm wund blawin' alang fra the west !" she rejoined curtly.

I laughed again at her cock-and-bull statements, said good-night, and made for the door.

She lagged after me, groaning and mumbling to herself.

"Haud a wee," came her cry, when I was stepping out on the road ; and she came tottering down the little garden ; to pull off the last tea-rose of summer on the one bush that straggled half-way down the path and overspread most of the tiny patch of ground.

"Tak that," and she put it in my button-hole. "Tak it, and keep it ; it'll save ye fra the Ill. God keep ye safe, ma lad ;" and with that she clapped me on the shoulder, and having picked up her cat turned slowly into her cottage.

I was rather taken aback at the old woman's strange warning, and looked about me. The sun had sunk, leaving the clear sky above it bathed in gold ; the little fleeces of cloud dyed amethyst and scarlet ; the long ridge of cloud on the other side of the Bay, above the Craigs o' Garchie to Craignarget Hill, all flushed with soft orange against the blue unspotted heavens that reached over the Machars to the dim distant hills of the Stewartry. According to the weathercock on the old flour mill opposite, the wind blew from the south-west—it seemed steady to me. Down the brae toward the near end of the quay some fishermen were busily sheeting their nets into the different boats preparatory to going out for the night ; to the south, before the low stony snout of Killness Point, a small boat was lazily plying up and down, its occupant fishing for the silver and green-blue mackerel ; at the foot of the little street the villagers and coastguards lounged against the parapet of the bridge spanning the mill-race, or leant over it and idly spat into the water, and talked as the spirit moved them. All was calm. Never better weather for crossing the Bay ! So I turned in for supper. Then, having taken my oilskins with me in case of rough weather on the return, Bodchen and I set sail due southward, so as to reach in on the failing wind, and also to make the most of the inshore current of the outgoing tide.

As we slid past Cairgarrock Bay, with its rows of salmon stakes running down into the tide, and stood off Killness Point, I let my eyes rove up the Bay behind us. Its smooth surface, shimmering with the fading glow of the sky, was interlaced with branching stretches of faint green-and-silver, shot here and there with varying blue where

under-currents disturbed the reflections ; scarcely a ripple disturbed them. Now and again a solitary wave broke suddenly against the stony beach on our port ; its silver notes echoed over the silent waters that were ebbing out fast to the open sea. There was no other sound save the constant gurgling of little waves curling along the bows and planking of the boat as it headed steadily southward.

"Bodchen," said I, foolishly enough, "the old speywife was against our coming !"

He shoved his quid into his cheek, gave an uncertain look at the village vanishing into the haze of distance, then scratched his head as if perplexed at this aspect of the affair.

"What for was she again' it ?" he asked anxiously at last.

"God knows !" I remarked carelessly, trailing my hand in the cool water. "Some remarkable tides, and something else, stood in the way of our safety."

"No' the Nine Tides?" he pumped out slowly, hastily bending forward into my face.

"That was it ! the Calling of the Nine Tides," I cried.

He drew back and stared about. "She maun be wrang, she maun be wrang," he muttered, as if to convince himself ; "the glass is high, the sky clear, and the wind jist owre saft, if onything ! Na, na, the Witches 'll be quiet this nicht !"

"Witches !" I exclaimed.

"Ay," said he. "The nine auld jades that flew doun fra Kindraw Hill, and begat these same Nine Tides, that rin a' ways, for the droonin o' St. Medan as she cam owre fra Mourne wi' a witch-finder tae destroy familiars oot o' oor land. Sure, they drooned him ; but the Saintie, she jist lauched at them, and set them droonin' ! Droonin' for ever amang their ain tides."

I burst out laughing. "You're an old wife, Bodchen," I cried in amusement.

He steadied the rudder, then shook his head at me. "Na, na, my young sir !" he replied solemnly. "Gin the wund blaws high, and we're owre near tae the meetin' o' the Tides, ye'll be hearin' them cry and cry on ye tae help them. And then : God save us ! Ay, the witchwife kens an unco lot !"

He lapsed into silence, and I said nothing, but continued to smoke my pipe.

About half-past ten, two hours or so after starting, the night wind fell, leaving us becalmed about seven furlongs off Portankill, lying under a mile and a half from the blunt forbidding Head of the Mull.

"Bodchen, my man," said I, as I relit my pipe, "this will never

do. The wind has gone off altogether; never a puff to move a sparrow's down, far less a heavy lump of a boat like this. Better out with the oars and put back, or else into Portankill and wait for a fair wind. When it does come it will be strong."

Bodchen had been peering about, now ahead on the Lagvag below the Mull lighthouse, now towards the land that under the bright starlight gloomed out through the darkness, a mere vague huge mass best indicated by the flash of the Mull light.

"Na, na, sir," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands on his trousers to warm them, for the air was chilly. "That'll no dae. There's a guid wund comin'. I ken it!" and he sniffed in the fresh salt atmosphere.

"You needn't put your nose up, Bodchen, and sniff about; for devil a whiff of wind will come this way till either the tide turns, or before sunrise. Then it will be a three-reef blow," I persisted.

"Weel, weel, sir, we'll wait a wee and see, for I dinna like drawin' back fra any venture gin the hand o' God seems again' it. We're movin' tae! The tide's carryin' the boat. I feel the drag o' it again' the rudder," he returned.

"All right, then," I replied, "light your compass-lantern, and remember the runs of the outer currents. It's getting pesky dark, and the Scaurs lie within four miles of us to the south-east."

As he fumbled with the lamp-glass I looked over the dark weltering waters to where the rugged Scaurs lie midway across the mouth of the Bay. I had little desire to get within seeing distance of them. Even now the roar of the surf could be heard as it beat against them.

"Bodchen," I cried, "this is ill-meaning calm; I can hear the surf against the Scaurs."

He snapped to the door of the lantern, listened for a moment as he straightened his back, then looked into the night. "Na, sir," he answered slowly, "that cannot be the surf: it maun be the gründ swell o' the Channel—it's sae heavy!"

The loose rudder clang dully against the stern.

Bodchen seized it again, drove the tiller further into the rudder-head with a vicious tap from a sinking-lead, and put the boat a-port.

"It's the gründ swell, and a deevilish heavy yin," he exclaimed as the boat began to lurch to and fro. "We had best get intae the nor' current bearin' up the Bay, or the onset o' the sair swell again' the tide 'll weet us sairly."

I assented and took the tiller when he bent his back to the oars.

As the boat heaved from side to side on the undulating swell, more acutely and more violently as time went on, the old man began to shake his head and talk in his beard. The light of the compass-lamp in the stern-sheets caught my right knee to shine out in a narrow wedge-shaped stream ; lit up Bodchen's wizened, weather-lined face and stumpy beard ; fell dimly on the slack brown lugsail, and just caught the jib halyard. Outside the radius of the light the night seemed like to an ever-receding, ever-enclosing wall of solid darkness, that hid the heavy surges of the Irish Channel as they rolled up and lapped noisily against the frail side of the boat ; it rose with a deep-drawn gurgle, sickening to hear, as the waves passed under us.

I looked into the west. Not a star could be seen. Only the flash of the Mull light wavered over the black, heaving water.

"Hullo, Bodchen, that's bad !" I exclaimed, pointing to the sudden gathering of blackness.

He shook his head. "I'm fearin' it'll get waur," he answered testily, resting on his oars.

He snuffled a little. "Ay, there's wund comin'. Maybe afore mornin' I'll think ye're wiser than ma ainsel !" and took to his work again.

I sniffed in the chilly air, but could smell no briny sharpness of the open sea, nothing save the fishiness of the boat ; could note no tokens of wind—nothing except the thickness extending now into the south.

I was peering into the compass when a soft, low, monstrous hissing rang far and wide out of the murky darkness on our starboard : that great sibilant sound of swiftly travelling wind made me shudder : so fearful did it sound to me ensconced in a small boat that was engulfed in the utter loneliness of a desolate menacing sea.

The boatman had ceased pulling, to shield his eyes from the lamp, the light of which now shone a weakly yellow against the thickening air.

A flurry of wind shook the idle sail flapping against the mast ; Bodchen gazed intently out to the channel. The boat ran up the unseen breast of a big surge and dropped again with a dizzying swoop. All in a jump he had in his oars, and was tugging frantically at the mainsail halyards. "Hard-a-port ! hard-a-port !" he cried, in a hoarse burst, for with a wild screech the bellowing wind was down on us.

Pressed forward by the big jib the boat shoved her nose into it ; climbed slowly the mountainous foam-flecked ridge of dark-green

water racing towards her ; and plunged headlong into the hollow beneath, which was swelling already with the next roller. Bodchen had sprung to the rudder. In the curve of the threatening surge the rehoisted close-reefed mainsail lost the screaming wind ; and with it clapping like slight thunder we topped the heavy sea.

" Off wi' the jib, and set the storm trysail. In wi' the mainsail ; it canna haud," he yelled in my ear.

I crawled forward, hauled in the jib and set the trysail, then loosening the mainsail tackle snugged down the lug by sheer main force along the side of the boat, yet kept it ready for instant use. Under the trysail the boat tore through the swirling water. As I was laying hold of the oilskins the white crest of a wave, breaking before the boat took it, swept in a solid mass of spray over the bows and port gunwale. I snatched the dippers from under a thwart, and began baling out the water.

A warning cry from Bodchen, loud above the howling of the wind, startled me. One glance ahead was enough ; I flung myself down, and gripped the thwarts. With a dexterous shove of the rudder the boat breasted the immense black mass of roaring, frothing sea ; but its spray shot over the port-side, and half filled the boat. The water swirled half-way up to our knees. I baled for dear life's sake.

The spindrift spattered about, and stung against our faces ; we could not see a boat's length before us in the howling darkness. Bodchen, with his lips compressed, never moved or spoke. The soaking, peaked cap was tugged down over his brows (I could just see his eyes beneath it glowering out over the boiling waste of waters) ; his rigid hands clutched firmly the tiller : he never shrank from man's sharp combat against the overmastering sea.

By now I had grown fearful of the Scaurs ; and, with the trysail halyards in my hands in case the wind suddenly veered, sat streaming wet on the after thwart, gripping it with my knees, and straining my eyes over the inky seas that burst toward the weather-bow. Now they deluged us as their seething white tops smacked thuddingly against the frail gunwale. Now they slid past, hissing and gleaming with phosphorus.

The velocity of the wind blinded my eyes. For a moment I turned to Bodchen.

" Where are we ? " I shouted.

" South-sou'-east, inside o' the Scaurs," he bellowed back ; " she can weather the seas on that tack, nae other ! God help us gin we drift intae the Channel."

I looked at him and nodded, then having slipped on my oilskins gazed to windward ; the pitch blackness had fled before the blast ; a strange grey misty darkness held the air.

The wind fell suddenly. I thought I heard a faint cry. It was that of a gannet.

"Stand by for the change," Bodchen shouted. "Slack your sheets."

I did so, and sat quick and ready.

To my amazement a huge tub of a high ship forged suddenly out of the night from windward, and stood down on our weather bow. Past us it drove up the Bay with its square tattered main topsail, foresail, and half-brailed jibs full-bellied with the wind ; tossing and scattering the seas with its bluff high-pitched stern ; but with never a man visible. In another instant it was lost in the smother of mist and further gloom.

"Bodchen," I yelled in surprise. "What sort of ship's that?"

At the same instant the boat lost way, and coming broadside on against the foaming surges was almost swamped by the burst of green water.

I was about to snatch the dipper and bale her out, when I happened to look at Bodchen : he sat staring before him. A dazed look of fear was on his face as he swayed forward into the compass light.

I scrambled over the thwarts, and seized the rudder in time to avoid the next roller which would have filled the boat.

I shook him violently, and shrieked, "What's wrong?"

"We're lost, lost. O God, we're lost," was his hoarse cry.

"How?" I flashed out all in a panic.

"The ship—the Spanish ship the Tides beguiled lang syne," he moaned. And the witch-wife's prophecy darted into my head.

"There was no ship, man ! I saw no ship," I yelled angrily ; for now he seemed more a fool than a man. Bodchen did not answer, but covered his face with his hands, as if in dread he awaited something.

About us the waters were now heaving in confused runs ; little swirls broke against the gunwales and bows ; several heads of spray shot up from the bank of a wave to splash on the water shipped in the body of the boat. Before me in the lightened darkness I could discern a great stretch of yeasty sea, the waves of which leapt up into the air like shooting, snarling tongues, to fall against one another with sharp sounds like to loud cracking whips. Clearly we were in the meeting of the nine currents running past the Mull Head into

the Gut between Luce Bay and Burrow Head. The boat could not live in it for a minute.

I roused Bodchen ; but to no good—he only cowered the more. So jamming up the helm I hauled on the lee-sheet of the trysail. The boat paid off handsomely before the wind ; and not any too soon for our safety.

“Rouse up, Bodchen. Rouse up, and be a man,” I howled in his ear.

Down on the gusty blasts a sharp clamour of wild voices poured into my hearing : the horrid clamour of drowning women.

I leapt up, and, standing in the stern-sheets, scanned sea far and near. And I saw not a vestige of anything but raging waters.

Again it rang out, sharper and more horrid than before. What could it be but the strange Calling of the Nine Tides as they swirled and clashed and clamoured against each other?

Bodchen had sprung up.

“Hear the folk cry,” he shouted madly. “’Bout helm and up to them. They’re cryin’ on me, cryin’ on me.” And he grappled the tiller.

“Sit down, man,” I yelled, pulling him aside.

He thrust me away ; and shoving down the rudder brought the boat round slowly ; the wet trysail cracking like a distant cannon.

He glared insanely at me. I called fiercely, “You’ll sink her in a minute, if you take her into the Tides.”

“Dae ye no’ hear the cries, ye lear ?” he shrieked furiously ; and half rising up he aimed a blow at me.

The boat was tossed up on the sudden swell of a hissing wave ; he fell forward. I sprang on him ; in a trice had him bound fast hand and foot with the cords of his mackerel lines ; and bundled him between the mid thwarts, where he lay cursing and swearing at me with the water swishing about his struggling body. Then putting the boat before the wind, that was now steady enough though blowing hard, I hoisted a strip of close-reefed mainsail ; and setting my course west-south-west made for home. The worst of the storm was over.

A little before sunrise, when the dark sky above the Machars was changing into light purple and scarlet and blue, I sighted Drumore ; and never was man more glad ! For Bodchen lay in a heap, ominously still, breathing so softly that I was afraid.

Never again had Drumore thought to have seen us alive. A buzz of eager inquiries rang out from the first-of-the-tide fishermen as I floated round the quay end. A glimpse of Bodchen silenced them, and they turned with me.

"Ay," old Murdoch McDowall quavered, as he helped me to lift him up the quay stairs, "thank God, that ye heard the Nine Tides and cam back alive to dry land. Few, few have dune that! Puir, puir Bodchen."

He and his mates carried the old boatman home. But I turned up the steep street, and tapped on the white witch's door, and walked in on her as she was blowing up the newly-kindled fire.

She nodded triumphantly when she saw me enter.

"Ay," she cried in her high quavering voice, "I tellt ye that ye'd come back alive. Ye'll believe an auld speywife noo, when she warns ye?"

I told her about Bodchen.

"Aince mair he'll hear the Nine Tides calling him, then he'll ne'er come hame again," was her laconic response.

She rose up with an effort. "Come here, my lad, come here," she cried, and hobbled outside to her little dew-drenched garden-plot. "Maybe ye think the speerits o' the Nine Witches dinna live. See the foul mark o' their spite at me for the rose in yer breest."

She pointed to the great straggling rose-bush which I had repassed without looking at, so distraught was I with the night's adventure.

I looked closely at it.

Before my eyes in the pale grey light of the morning it lay a mere black heap: wholly blasted by the evil spirits of the Nine Witches set for ever, drowning yet undrowned, in the meeting of the Nine Tides of Sron-na-boghar.

NIGEL TOURNEUR.

EXMOUTH'S BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS.

IT is a somewhat striking circumstance that the flagships in two of England's most historic modern fights at sea should have borne the same name—the *Queen Charlotte*. Howe's flagship on the glorious First of June, 1794, and the vessel which flew Pellew's flag at Algiers on August 27, 1816, were alike named *Queen Charlotte*. Howe's brave old craft came to an end which is familiar to all. She was destroyed by fire off Leghorn in 1800, and with her were lost nearly 700 officers and men. She was a three-decker line of battle-ship of 100 guns, while her successor carried 108 guns. Exmouth, like Howe, is remembered in the navy to-day in the best of all forms—by a ship called after him; but the *Queen Charlotte* no longer figures in the *Navy List*. The *Exmouth*, late screw, second-rate, 4,382 tons, is lent to the Managers of the Metropolitan Asylums District as a training ship for pauper boys of the Metropolis. The *Howe* is a first-class twin-screw battleship.

Edward Pellew, Viscount Exmouth, was an exceptionally interesting creature from the moment of his birth. He came into the world at Dover on April 19, 1757, and as there was a strong probability that he would lose no time in getting out of it, he was baptized on the same day. But the baby had a desperate spirit, and lived, although he began his career an almost friendless orphan, to rise to the very summit of the profession to which his daring spirit guided him. His biographer has pointed out that the paltry dispute concerning the Falkland Islands in 1770, when they were forcibly seized by a Spanish squadron, gave to the navy two such officers as Nelson and Pellew, neither of whom might otherwise have had the opportunity, in the succeeding five years of peace, to join the service until he was too old.

Pellew, alert and bold from the hour he entered the navy, early distinguished himself. In 1775, while serving on board the *Blonde*, General Burgoyne was taken as a passenger to America. When he

came alongside the yards were manned to receive him, and looking up he was astonished to behold the unusual and unofficial spectacle of a midshipman standing on his head on the yardarm. This was one of the future admiral's freaks. Not long afterwards he sprang from the foreyard of the same vessel while she was fast slipping through the water, and saved the life of a man who had fallen overboard. The captain reproached him for his rashness ; but afterwards, when speaking of the affair to the officers, he shed tears, and declared that Pellew was a noble fellow. This same captain, Pownoll, was subsequently shot through the body while his ship, the *Apollo*, of which Pellew was then first lieutenant, was engaging the French frigate *Stanislaus*, near Ostend. "Pellew," said the captain, "I know you won't give His Majesty's ship away," and immediately died in the young man's arms. Pellew drove the enemy on shore, beaten and dismasted. After Pownoll's death a musket-ball, which had struck him in a previous fight, was found embedded in the muscles of his chest.

Pellew was made commander in 1780, and captain in 1782. In the following year, while in command of the *Nymphe*, he captured the French frigate *Cléopâtre*, a service for which he was knighted. This famous action was fought on June 18, and was contested by both English and French with the utmost stubbornness. The size of the *Nymphe* was 938 tons, and the *Cléopâtre* 913. Each carried 20 broadside guns, but in weight the *Nymphe* had the advantage. In numbers, however, the advantage was on the side of the French, who had 320 against 240. The *Cléopâtre* had been more than twelve months in commission, but the crew of the *Nymphe* had been just got together in a haphazard way. The *Nymphe* had 23 killed and 27 wounded, while the total loss of the French was 63. Amongst them was their captain, Mullan. During the fight this brave officer had his back torn open by a round shot, which also carried away the greater part of his left hip. Mullan had in his possession the list of coast signals which the French had adopted, and even in the agonies of death he attempted to destroy them, so that they might not fall into the hands of the enemy. With his little remaining strength he drew forth what he thought was the right paper, but which was his commission, and died in the act of biting it to pieces. Notwithstanding his devotion the list was secured by the victors.

In 1794 Pellew was with the frigate squadron under Warren, which included the successor to the celebrated *Arethusa*. The *Arethusa*, of 38 guns, was built in 1781 at Bristol. She was a sister ship to the *Latona*, constructed in the same year on the Thames. The

Arethusa's dimensions were as follows :—Length of gun-deck, 141 ft. 1½ in.; keel, 116 ft. 10½ in.; breadth, 39 ft. ½ in.; depth of hold, 13 ft. 9½ in.; tons, 948. Pellew was appointed to her in 1794. This squadron did much damage to the enemy, many of whose vessels it captured.

In 1796 Pellew saved the crew of the *Dutton*, East Indiaman, an achievement which, with the destruction of the fortresses of Algiers, he regarded as the proudest work of his life. From 1796 to 1799 Pellew, then a baronet, performed a variety of splendid services while in command of the *Indefatigable*, 44-gun frigate. On January 13, 1797, the *Indefatigable* and the 36-gun frigate *Amazon* destroyed the French 74 *Droits de l'Homme*. This encounter affords one of the most awful stories in naval annals. For many hours the Frenchman had bravely defended himself against the two British ships, which at length had to sheer off in order to secure their masts. At this time the sea was so heavy that the men on the frigates' main-decks were up to their middles in water. The motion of the ships was so violent that some of the *Indefatigable's* guns broke their breechings four times, and some wrenched the ring-bolts out of the sides. On board the *Amazon* things were pretty nearly as bad, and both crews, having exerted themselves against the elements and the enemy for ten hours, were almost utterly exhausted. The *Indefatigable* had four feet of water in the hold, and the *Amazon* nearly three, while the masts and rigging of both vessels were badly damaged.

But terrible as the situation of the British was, that of the French was even worse. The battleship had on board some 1,800 souls, including more than a thousand soldiers and 55 English prisoners. When the fight began she opened her first-deck ports, but owing to the roughness of the sea she was compelled to close them, and thus fought the two frigates at a serious disadvantage. In the middle of the dreadful night which followed the beginning of the battle the French ship was lying at the mercy of wind and wave, her fore-mast shot away, her main and mizzen-masts tottering, her rigging and sails cut to pieces, and her decks covered with dead and wounded men. At half-past four in the morning the moon came out with greater brightness, and revealed the awful fact that the combatants were close upon the land. The breakers could be seen by all. The *Indefatigable* was got clear of them as well as the *Amazon*, but the shattered Frenchman, when day broke, went ashore, the battleship being broad-side uppermost, with a tremendous surf breaking over her. It was impossible for the *Indefatigable* to help the *Droits de l'Homme*; every nerve was strained in saving herself. The *Amazon* had escaped for

the moment only, for she took the ground very soon after the breakers were seen. Her company saved themselves by making rafts, except six men who stole the cutter, and were drowned. The rafts conveyed the crew safely to the shore, where they were made prisoners. The Frenchman and the *Amazon* struck almost at the same moment, just after 5 A.M., the frigate first. That long day went slowly past, and the night came down ; but the storm still raged, and when the second day broke the misery of the survivors was increased. Assistance it was impossible to give, and one after another the people were swept from the deck into the sea. At low water an English captain and eight seamen, part of the prisoners, hoisted out a small boat and reached the shore from the *Droits de l'Homme*. Encouraged by this success many of the Frenchmen launched rafts, but only to meet with a speedy death in the raging waters. On the third day larger rafts were made, and the largest boat was launched, the intention being to put in the latter the wounded who survived, two or three women and children and the helpless men ; but all subordination was at an end. It was a case of every man for himself, a fierce struggle for one's own life. In defiance of everything the officers said 120 men jumped into the boat and sank her. At this moment an enormous wave swept in, and nothing could be seen for some time of either the boat or her people. In a quarter of an hour, however, the dead bodies floating in all directions told how they had paid for their selfishness with their lives. A French Adjutant-General was so profoundly moved by the fate of his companions that he determined to get help from the shore or die in the attempt. He leapt overboard, and was drowned immediately. When the fourth night came nearly 900 lives had been lost.

One of the British officers who was still on board, in a narrative of the horrors they endured, says that the survivors, weak, distracted and wanting everything, envied the fate of the dead. "Almost at the last gasp, everyone was dying with misery ; the ship, which was now one-third shattered away from the stern, scarcely afforded a grasp to hold by to the exhausted and helpless survivors. The fourth day brought with it a more serene sky, and the sea seemed to subside ; but to behold from fore and aft the dying in all directions was a sight too shocking for the feeling mind to endure. Almost lost to a sense of humanity, we no longer looked with pity on those who were the speedy forerunners of our own fate, and a consultation took place to sacrifice someone to be food for the remainder. The die was going to be cast, when the welcome sight of a man-of-war brig renewed our hopes. A cutter speedily followed, and both anchored

at a short distance from the wreck. They then sent their boats to us, and, by means of large rafts, about 150 of nearly 400 who attempted it were saved by the brig that evening; 380 were left to endure another night's misery, when, dreadful to relate, above one-half were found dead next morning." After the storm the French hoped that they would save both the *Droits de l'Homme* and the *Amazon*, but both ships went to pieces.

The saving of the *Dutton* is represented in the portrait of Exmouth which was painted in 1804 by James Northcote, R.A., and is in the National Portrait Gallery. The *Dutton* was conveying troops to the West Indies. She went ashore under the Citadel of Plymouth in January 1796. Pellew by his great personal achievements managed to save the lives of the passengers and crew, and all England rang with the fame of it, although he generously tried to give the glory to his brave helpers.

The famous battle of Algiers crowned the stirring lifework of the admiral. The British Government had been moved to send an expedition to Algiers because of the manner in which Algerian corsairs had preyed upon commerce, and the outrages committed upon Christians at Bona by the Dey. To Exmouth was given the task of obtaining from the Dey either absolute submission, or of inflicting upon him and his people vengeance. The duty was an important and dangerous one, for Algiers was strong enough to be thought by some impregnable, the approaches by sea being defended by nearly 500 guns. Exmouth was offered any force he liked to have, but he asked only for five ships of the line in addition to smaller vessels, and to this number he adhered, although it was generally considered that the force was totally inadequate for the purpose for which it was intended. It was known that the service was one of the most severe and hazardous character, and it was thought that in view of this circumstance the vessels should be manned with volunteers. Hence Exmouth's difficulties were greatly increased, but he overcame them all, and within two months he had accomplished the difficult task of commissioning, fitting and manning a fleet, and fighting and winning a battle with it. There was no difficulty in manning the fleet. Exmouth's character was known throughout the service, and where he was prepared to lead many were ready to follow. Among those who volunteered were a number of smugglers who for their misdeeds had been sentenced to serve five years in the navy. These men were advised by Exmouth's brother to enter for the *Queen Charlotte*, the admiral's flagship, and at the same time he strongly urged them so to acquit themselves that they would have a claim to mercy for

their wrongs. They entered and they fought, and behaved so well that Exmouth obtained their discharge, and they went their way rejoicing.

The fleet which sailed from Portsmouth on July 25, 1816, to attack Algiers consisted of the *Queen Charlotte*, 108; *Impregnable*, 104, Rear-Admiral Milne; *Superb*, *Minden* and *Albion*, 74's; *Leander*, 50; *Severn* and *Glasgow*, 40's; *Hebrus* and *Granicus*, 36's; and 9 smaller vessels. When Exmouth arrived in Gibraltar Bay he found a Dutch squadron of five frigates and a corvette, under the command of Vice-Admiral Baron Von Capellan, who, on being told what the object of the expedition was, begged to be allowed to take part in the attack, and his request was granted. When Exmouth sailed he had already forced the Dey of Tunis to sign a treaty for the abolition of Christian slavery in his dominions, and had thus restored nearly 1,800 persons to freedom.

Never did fleet set sail with greater certainty than this of having to fight a long and bloody battle, and never a force departed that was more assured of victory. From the time England was left until the attacking ships arrived off Algiers, officers and men daily, Sundays excepted, worked to the end that they might acquit themselves valiantly in the fray. Daily the crews were exercised at the guns, and on Tuesdays and Fridays the vessels cleared for action, half a dozen broadsides being fired by each by way of rehearsal for the roaring tune that was soon to ring about the ears of the Algerines.

Hearts beat high with hope and excitement, and such was the effect of the elation on the spirits of the crews that scarcely a man was on the sick list. When the *Queen Charlotte* was paid off on her return it was found that only one man had died, apart from casualties of war, of nearly a thousand who had joined her more than three months before. Dr. Dewar, physician to the fleet and surgeon on board the *Queen Charlotte* said: "The crew of this ship consisted of nearly 1,000 men, thrown together hastily for the occasion. . . . No one died on board from disease, and no serious case existed on our arrival in England. This high state of health, I have no doubt, may in a great degree be attributed to the general state of mental excitement kept up previous to the battle, from the moral certainty of its taking place, the constant preparation for it, and the state of exhilaration resulting from the perfect success of the enterprise."

An officer who served on board the *Queen Charlotte* said, in considering the probable consequences if the Algerines had opened fire sooner than was actually the case: "My own idea, and that of dozens of other officers, undoubtedly was that we were going to an assured

victory—that our opponents were outmatched in skill, that our chief's plans were infallible, and only required the exertions of his subordinates to insure success.”

No wonder, with a spirit like this prevailing amongst both officers and men, that Exmouth felt that victory to a certainty was his, even when the first shot flashed from the batteries of Algiers, and he gave that order “Stand by !” which was almost instantly followed by the thunder of the flagship's broadside.

When 200 miles off Algiers, Exmouth was joined by the *Prometheus*, ship-sloop, Captain Dashwood, which came direct from Algiers with the information that every effort was being made to repel the expected attack. The old defences had been put into first-rate order, and new works had been built ; 40,000 troops had been got together, and all the janizaries called in from the district garrisons, while the whole of the Dey's naval force—four frigates, five large corvettes and thirty-seven gunboats—was collected in the harbour. Dashwood brought the wife, daughter and infant of the British Consul. The ladies had escaped, disguised as midshipmen, but unluckily the child, although the surgeon of the *Prometheus* had given it a composing draught to keep it quiet, cried as it was being carried off in a basket, and this led to the arrest of all the parties who were then on shore. Next morning the Dey sent the infant off—an act which Exmouth put on record as “a solitary instance of his humanity.” The Consul was kept a prisoner in irons at his house, and the surgeon, three midshipmen and fourteen seamen were detained as prisoners, in spite of Dashwood's strong remonstrances.

When at last Exmouth was before Algiers he despatched a lieutenant in one of the *Queen Charlotte's* boats, under a flag of truce, with the terms which had been dictated by the Prince Regent, and a demand for the instant release of the Consul and the people of the *Prometheus*. The boat was met outside the mole, or harbour, by the captain of the port, who promised a reply in two hours ; but the answer was not sent. In the meantime the little band remained in their boat, knowing that at any moment the barbarians in the batteries a few yards away might in sober earnest fire the weapons which they now sportively presented at them. When the boat signalled that no answer had been given, the *Queen Charlotte* instantly telegraphed to the fleet, “Are you ready ?” and without a moment's delay the reply in the affirmative was shown by every vessel, and the whole fleet bore up to the stations which the Commander-in-Chief had allotted with the utmost care.

It was almost like a game of chess, so carefully was the whole

matter planned, and so minute and detailed were the arrangements. Everything was mapped out for every officer and man, and all that had to be done was to fulfil to the letter the admiral's orders. Not a single point was left to chance; every ship had her station, every captain his appointed duty. When therefore the *Queen Charlotte* led to the attack the subordinate commanders girded up their loins for that long ding-ding, muzzle-to-muzzle conflict which was sure to follow. It was line-of-battleship against battery. Exmouth had faith that the weapons from his wooden walls would smash the breast-works of the Algerines, and the Dey was just as certain that his people would blow the daring and presumptuous assailant from the seas.

Silently the flagship proceeded to her station in the very teeth of the grinning batteries on the mole-head and the lighthouse. Not a gun was fired on either side. The thousand men on board the *Queen Charlotte* waited grimly for the order which should release that iron hail from her towering side and spread death and destruction among the curious troops who were crowding the parapet of the mole, to see what manner of things these much talked of warships were. Exmouth, standing on the poop, seeing them, waved his hand in a splendid spirit of humanity, as a sign to them to get down and seek such safety as they could. Then the ship was placed exactly where the chief would have her, almost at the very muzzles of some of the guns; three long lusty cheers rose from a thousand British throats, and the glad sound of deliverance was borne to prisons where swarms of captives languished at the mercy of the barbarians. Only a few moments had passed when many a sailor who had huzzaed in the full vigour of life was stretched a mangled corpse. Scarcely had the British cheer died away when the ominous boom of the first gun from the enemy's batteries was heard, and this being followed by a second and third in quick succession, Exmouth gave the order for the flagship to engage, and at last her crew set to work to put into solid practice that training which they had so rigidly undergone since leaving England.

When all the larger ships had got into position they blazed away at the fortifications, the smaller vessels keeping under sail, and firing when they got the chance. The admiral had so disposed his forces that the larger ships commanded the strongest of the enemy's defences, while they themselves were exposed only to his weakest fire—a circumstance which increased, if possible, the confidence of officers and men in their commander. Under the fire of the flagship, pitiless, incessant and precise, the batteries on the mole-head crumbled

away, the last gun being dismounted just as it was being discharged. In their absolute conviction of success the gunners of the flagship sought amusement by making targets of the flagstaffs of the enemy.

Seeing that his land defences were being badly damaged, the enemy rashly but bravely tried to board the flagship and the *Leander* by means of his gunboats. For some time, owing to the smoke, the advance of the flotilla was unnoticed, but when they were seen they were fired upon with such effect, chiefly by the *Leander*, that thirty-three out of thirty-seven were sunk.

When for an hour the British and Dutch had fired without producing any evidence of submission, Exmouth resolved to destroy the Algerine ships, and soon laboratory torches, carcass-shells, and other inflammable devices had done their work so well that both on land and sea flames were crackling and leaping everywhere, and Algiers was one colossal conflagration.

So this fierce and bloody conflict raged unceasingly and with growing force as night approached. Milne in the *Impregnable* had lost 150 killed and wounded, and at sunset he asked for a frigate to be sent, so that she might divert some of the deadly fire directed at himself. The rear-admiral's ship had anchored more to the northward than was intended, and had to endure the fire of the heaviest batteries; but he could not be helped by the admiral, who however sent an officer on board with permission to haul off. Of this permission the gallant second and his captain, Brace, did not take advantage, and she kept her dangerous post amid the shower of shot. To some extent, nevertheless, the rear-admiral was helped. An explosion vessel, with 143 barrels of powder on board, was put at his disposal, and she did good service by blowing up on shore at nine o'clock.

The firing began at a quarter to three, and lasted with unabated fury until nine; it did not altogether cease until half-past eleven. By this time 6,000 or 7,000 of the Algerines were killed or wounded, and as for the British guns, the admiral said that their effects would be seen for many years to come, and remembered by the barbarians for ever. "The cause of God and humanity prevailed," he wrote in his despatch, "and so devoted was every creature in the fleet, that even British women served at the same guns with their husbands, and during a contest of many hours never shrank from danger, but animated all around them."

There was a fit ending to that lurid day. When night came down the ruins of Algiers were illumined by the flames of the burning

ships and the store-houses which had taken fire from them. Batteries were crumbled to dust, guns dismounted, buildings burning, the dead lying thickly about, torn and mangled, and the wounded in their agonies crying in vain above the roar of the fire for water and assistance; the flames were sweeping on destructively before the freshening breeze, and the storm-clouds gathering in the sky. The cannonade had deadened the wind during the afternoon, but now it rose again, and an awful storm of thunder and lightning burst over Algiers, and the rain fell in a deluge. This was a change indeed from that dead silence which prevailed before ever a shot was fired, when the flagship was sailing majestically to her appointed station.

Cromwell said of Marston Moor that God had made the troopers of Prince Rupert as stubble to the Roundheads' swords. Exmouth might have said the same of Algiers, for the proud Dey, defeated beyond all hope of renewing the battle, could only wait through that long night of lamentation until the morrow broke, on which he could submit unconditionally to the victors' terms.

As a fight Algiers is famous for the unparalleled expenditure of ammunition by the fleet, and the very heavy loss of life. In no previous general action were the casualties so great in proportion to the force employed. The British loss was 128 killed and 690 wounded, and the Dutch lost 13 killed and 32 wounded. On board the *Impregnable* alone fifty men were killed, and after her the frigates suffered most. Exmouth had a very narrow escape more than once, being struck in three places, and the skirts of his coat being torn away by a cannon-ball. A wonderful amount of powder and shot was used. The fleet fired nearly 118 tons of powder and 50,000 shot weighing more than 500 tons; and in addition 960 13- and 10-inch shells were thrown by the bomb-vessels, and shells and rockets from the flotilla. This was one of the most tremendous cannonades on record. Exmouth said of the fire that it was "as animated and well supported as I believe was ever witnessed."

The immediate result of the victory was the liberation by the Dey of more than 1,200 slaves, of whom eighteen were English, two French, twenty-eight Dutch, and 226 Spaniards; but the great majority were Neapolitans and Sicilians. The first clause in the conditions of peace was "The abolition of Christian slavery for ever." To have accomplished that was a fitting termination to the active career at sea of Exmouth. He received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for the work, was raised to the rank of viscount—he was elevated to the peerage as Baron Exmouth in 1814, with a pension of £2,000 per annum for his long and eminent services—and the countries to

which the liberated slaves belonged showed their gratitude by conferring upon him various orders of knighthood. He became Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth in 1817, and Vice-Admiral of England in 1831. Exmouth died in 1833, one of the last to go of the fighting admirals who had done so much to cover the British navy with glory, and to gain for England her naval supremacy.

WALTER WOOD.

CANZONETS.

AH, little flower,
For one brief hour
On daintier charms thy dainty grace was laid.
Too short the hour
Of Beauty's power !
Thou too must bloom—
And fade.

Love, who came at morning
Like the morning bright,
Now, a brooding phantom,
Hovers as the night ;
But no chill of darkness
Can his spell remove—
Whether night or morning
He is Love !

You loved me once, and in an idle madness
I flung aside your love one summer's day ;
And now return with more industrious sadness
To seek the love which once I cast away.
Ah ! let me not, this change of mood effecting,
Move thee to scorn and to mine own undoing ;
I pray thee, think : She conquered me, rejecting,
And now is irresistible in wooing !

With golden ray
Advancing day
His triumph wins ;
The radiant earth,
Once more at birth
The tale begins

With varying hours
Of lights and showers,
 Tempestuous deeds,
Silence and song—
Still swept along,
 The tale proceeds.

Now evening falls
In shadowy palls
 On plain and wold,
Dusking to gray
The tints of day—
 The tale is told.

M. A. CURTOIS.

TABLE TALK.

REVIVAL OF THE ENGLISH "MASQUE."

THE English masque has practically slept for two hundred and fifty years before being revived by the members of the Art-workers' Guild, whose superb entertainment was given appropriately enough at the Guildhall. Many so-called masques, which are in fact nothing of the sort, have been seen since the Restoration. "Alfred," by Thomson and Mallet, written originally in 1740, remodelled and produced February 23, 1751, at Drury Lane, with Garrick as Alfred, and with a cast including Palmer, George Anne Bellamy, and Kitty Clive, having previously been given in its original shape in 1740 before the Prince and Princess of Wales at Clifden, is announced as a masque without having any right to the name. The title masque came, indeed, to be applied to any piece that was irregular in construction in the same fashion that any poem of fourteen lines was called a sonnet. By the historian of the masque in England, Mr. Herbert Arthur Evans, the masque is held to have ended in England in 1640, or practically at the cessation of theatrical representations under the old *régime*, with the production of the "Salmacida Spolia" of Sir William d'Avenant. In its earliest shape the masque (mask) or disguising consisted principally of dancing. It was to be expected then that words, sung or spoken, would in time be added to it, and that such stage scenery and machinery as were within reach would be employed. These "disguisings" were customary at Court and in the houses of the great noblemen. It is known that Henry VIII. took a prominent part in performing in them. Milton's "Comus," first presented at Ludlow Castle in 1624, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales, by the Lord Brackley, Mr. Thomas Egerton, and Lady Alice Egerton, is announced as a mask [*sic*], but is not accepted as such by the precisian. To admit its right to be entitled a masque would be fatal to the argument that no masque has been seen on the stage for two to three centuries, since I have personally seen performances of "Comus" twice, if not oftener,

and have still vivid recollections of some of the performers and notably of Mrs. Hermann Vezin as the Lady.

“BEAUTY’S AWAKENING.”

“**B**EAUTY’S Awakening,” as the masque given at the Guildhall in June last is called, conforms in all respects to the masque as devised by Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones, and the representation constituted an entertainment equally poetical and artistic. It had, moreover, an allegorical significance which, again, is all but indispensable in works of this class. The scenery, devised by workers of the guild, was costly and beautiful, the whole being produced on a scale of lavish expenditure. Some sense of dulness was experienced by those who, not being in a haste to get the best seats, viewed it, like myself, from a point at which the language passed unheard, and the general effect of the spectacle was but dimly visible. Similar inconvenience doubtless attended some of those who witnessed Court festivities at Whitehall at Shrovetide or Christmas. It is not, moreover, likely that the success of the entertainment will lead to the revival of an out-of-date form of composition, and that our poets will find themselves tempted to write prophecies for augurs or benedictions or charms for fairy princesses. A success, however, the performance was, and as the book is now accessible, I am in a position, which I was not during the performance, to judge of the significance and the beauty of what was set before me.

THE GUILDHALL ENTERTAINMENT.

POETRY is not the strongest point in “Beauty’s Awakening,” though poetry is to be found in it, and some passages have lyrical beauty if not exactly lyrical fervour. There are four particularly happy lines :—

Hark ! In listening forest glade,
The sea-voiced winds have left their lair
To weave the shifting shine and shade,
Or lightly lift the Dryad’s hair.

The notion, or allegory, shows Fayremonde, the Spirit of Beauty, subject to the spells of Malebodea the witch, rescued by the knight Trueheart, and the opening scene reveals the awakening of the glad earth from the sleep of winter. Songs and dances illustrative of natural beauty succeed, and constitute a sufficiently lovely and attractive entertainment. The great cities of the world, from Thebes to Oxford, are then more or less happily typified. While these are indulging in delight and revelry, one worthy to be

a sister Queen is the Cinderella. London is still in the power of demons such as Philistinus, Bogus, Scampius, Cupiditas, Ignoramus, Bumblebeadalus, and fellow imps. From these she is delivered by Trueheart, and, supported by Freedom and Commerce, takes her place with the fairest. By art and labour, then, London is to be raised from her squalor and elevated into beauty and dignity. A pretty enough dream is this, the realisation of which can scarcely be regarded as near at hand when each succeeding year sees leagues of lovely country covered with rows of cottages, the ugliness and squalor of which defy description. Central London may be, and is, being improved, but suburban and outlying London seems beyond reach of cure. Still, the subject is good enough for allegory, which has no very close association with fact, and forms an appropriate foundation for a masque. The young enthusiasts who, under the direction of Mr. Walter Crane, have carried out a beautiful and sumptuous revival of an antique form of entertainment, are to be congratulated; and the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London were renewing some of their worthiest traditions in extending their patronage to a scheme of this kind.

THE HERON.

I LIKE sometimes to quote the opinions of others on subjects in which I myself feel deeply, and I therefore here print a short lamentation from Mrs. Archibald Little concerning the destruction of herons in Western China, where she was recently stationed. Terms for the destruction of these beautiful birds, which were her and her husband's delight, were offered and rejected with scorn. Mr. and Mrs. Little had, however, to revisit Europe. Then, one day—but Mrs. Little shall repeat what she said in the "Cornhill"—"came a box, a little box, sent by post, and inside it—such a little box—fifty pounds' worth of herons' crests. For the representative left in charge had had the same offer, and had accepted it all in the way of business. The transaction paid, of course, and people in London can nid-nod now at one another with the crests from Chinese egrets. But we know that when we go back to our central Asian home there will be no beautiful white birds winging homewards to their nests above the Buddha, no hovering of the herons to tell the hour of the evening; for those innocent white birds the people of China had spared for generations have, like so many others, been offered up as martyrs to the Moloch of European fashion." And, let me add, to the vanity, heartlessness, and lack of imagination of women. I can but add with Othello, "Oh! the pity of it."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1899.

SERVING TWO MASTERS.

BY J. W. SHERER.

I.

JUST opposite the front door of the "White Horse" at Clew, on the other side of the Station Road, were the stables. The yard was entered by a handsome gateway, and was oblong in shape, with a pump and trough in the middle. Situated to the west of a small town, the inn stood back, endways, from the high road, whilst an enclosure full of trees, between its buildings and the thoroughfare, gave it some degree of privacy. Much frequented in the coaching days, it would doubtless have followed its compeers to neglect and decay had not a station been placed just behind it, and this circumstance transformed the old posting house into a railway hotel.

Clew was some twenty miles from London on the Bristol side.

On a fine day in July, about noon, a young man, well dressed and smoking a cigar, walked into the stable yard of the inn, and addressing a groom who was cleaning a horse, asked him if a gig was obtainable on hire. The man answered, "You had better ask the manager," and then, to assist in carrying out his own suggestion, called aloud: "Mr. Ipswich, you're wanted." In answer to this intimation, a middle-aged person appeared out of a small office, dressed in a waistcoat with sleeves, drab breeches and gaiters, and with rather a bow-legged walk, and, touching his cap to the stranger, asked what he required. The young man said he wanted to hire a gig and horse for the afternoon.

Ipswich, turning sideways, looked upwards, as if his reply required reflection.

"We have not got a gig," came in due course, "but there is a pony trap and a grey pony; only I don't know how we can spare anyone with it, for we are rather short of hands to-day, as there is a marriage in the town."

"Oh," said the other, removing his cigar, "I only want to go to Belford Park, and should be coming back after luncheon time. How far do you call it to Belford?"

"About seven miles."

"I could be back by four. It does not matter about anybody coming with me. I will see that the pony is looked after."

Ipswich looked at the stranger; if he had studied the dark handsome face he would have decided that, though the features were so good, the expression was not a happy one, and the signs of care were more visible than they ought to have been on the face of a man who was, presumably, not more than five-and-twenty. But Ipswich was no physiognomist, and he remarked chiefly the clothes, the clean linen, the breast-pin, and the gloves which, though not new, were worn as if by one always accustomed to them. The result was that the manager said at last, "All right, sir," and ordered the trap to be got ready.

"It is a warm morning, sir," insinuated Ipswich. "Would you take anything? We have a bar in the yard, facing the station." And he led the way to a back door opening into a large apartment of the restaurant kind.

The stranger said he would like seltzer water and curaçoa. The curaçoa had to be sent for from the inn, but in a few minutes it arrived, and the traveller was refreshed. And having stood Mr. Ipswich a pint of bitter, he returned into the yard. The trap by this time was brought—a neat vehicle of light wood, unpainted, but well varnished, all the leather good, and the cushions green, whilst the iron-grey pony was very handsome, though disposed to be obstreperous.

"He has not been out for a day or two, and will be rather fresh. You'll be careful with him, won't you?"

The stranger was just lighting a fresh cigar, and, without looking up, remarked, "I am used to driving; he will go quietly with me."

"Just tell me," he continued, when he was ready, "a few points of the way to Belford."

"Turn to your left as soon as you reach the street; keep on through the town, and so straight ahead for five miles, till you come

to the 'George the Fourth' public-house, and then ask your way to Belford Park."

"I understand. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

The pony gave one or two plunges forward, unrestrained, and then, recognising the easy hand, settled to his work and left the yard in handsome style.

"That's all right," cried Ipswich. "'The genulman knows a horse from a haystack, I'll be bound."

The marriage caused a good deal of work, and the time passed quickly, but at four o'clock, no pony trap. Six, eight, ten, twelve, no pony trap. The next day passed without any sign of the stranger. Full information was given at the police station, but the superintendent looked very blank.

"I expect the chap drove straight off to London, and how are you to begin looking for a pony trap there? However, we will telegraph at once."

It was a very bad time for Ipswich. The landlord, Mr. Porter, was extremely angry; acquaintances were full of chaff; "scornful children were not mute," as the poem has it; and even Mrs. Ipswich did not forbear to say, "Well, you *were* stupid!" Poor man, he could only murmur, "I should like to have the dirty sneak in a room by himself for a quarter of an hour. I flatter myself he would not like it!"

No information came, except that the stranger *did* stop at the "George the Fourth," but never asked the road to Belford, and after freshening the pony's mouth with a wisp of wet hay, drove off towards town. Ipswich took to talking to himself—those passing near caught such phrases as, "That artful, too!" "And his toggery didn't look like Sunday clothes, neither!" "Belford Park, indeed!" "And his swell drinks!"

II.

The occurrence at Clew took place on a Tuesday, and on the Friday an old clergyman, accompanied by a girl who could only recently have left her teens, was passing a village public-house in Kent. The young lady was well-grown, and had beautiful eyes, a rich, healthy complexion, and a wealth of dark auburn hair. Now, standing at the door of the "Hop-pole" was a neat little trap with a grey pony in the shafts. A boy was holding the pony's head.

"There, Ellen!" said the vicar of the place, for such the old

man was, "that's just such a little turn-out as I should like. When the old brown horse died, you know, I sold our four-wheeled gig; and then expenses increased, and I thought I could get on with my tricycle, and afterwards you came and took up biking. But now things are easier, for visits and going to Yalding or Tunbridge I should greatly fancy a neat trap such as that."

"Oh, yes," said the girl, "and I don't like you being alone when I am prevented biking with you; it would be so nice to know you had a boy or somebody for company."

Whilst they were saying this, a large, strong man, about thirty, with a flushed face and a small canary beard, dressed rather like a slang farmer, came out of the "Hop-pole."

"Admiring my little grey?" he said, raising his hat. "Famous chap—does his ten in the hour without turning a hair; spirited, but very quiet."

"Is he for sale?" asked the old man.

"Well," replied the other, smiling, "he does my work nicely—I don't want to part with him—but I am a livery-stable keeper, and all my nags are for sale, if a good price is offered."

"Would you sell the trap too?"

"Same answer; don't want to, but no satisfactory offer refused."

"What do you want for the whole turn-out?"

The man inclined his head as if thinking, and said after a bit:

"I don't suppose a gentleman like you has much notion of beating me down, so to be quite fair with you I will mention the lowest figure it would pay me to take. Trap and harness, twenty-two pounds; and the pony—a real good one—twenty-eight. Fifty pounds down, and the lot is yours."

"Ellen, dear, just go and sit in Mrs. New's cottage a few minutes, and I will consult the landlord here."

So Ellen departed, and the old vicar called at the door for Mr. Gamble. Whereupon a stout, bald man with a blue apron on came forth, and bowed politely enough.

"Gamble, I want you just to look at this turn-out, or, rather, to examine the pony—for I can judge myself of the trap—is he sound and what he should be?"

And Gamble accordingly looked into the pony's mouth, and felt down all his legs, and measured him with his hand, and stood at a distance and observed him; and asked the flushed-faced man to drive him in the vehicle for a short spin down the village, and when they came back listened to the pony's breathing, and finally asked his

price. Informed, he evidently thought twenty-eight pounds a good deal, for he remarked :

“Well, you know, that’s money !”

The seller, however, could not agree with him. “No, landlord, you’re wrong,” he said ; “perhaps the price is sufficient for the trap or the harness, but the pony is cheap. He would do for polo ; he is only rising five, and has a career before him yet.”

The two experts then entered into some technicalities, and a dispute seemed to arise, but it was conducted amicably, and at last the owner thus delivered himself :

“I began with saying I had only one price, and no more I have ; but with a party in the position of this clergyman, I do not mind making it forty-five, cash down ; and if that is not agreeable—well, I must light my pipe and make tracks for Maidstone. You see, landlord, it was the reverend gentleman who fancied the pony, not I who called attention to him. Indeed, I’m not eager about selling at all.”

The conclusion was that the vicar asked for one hour to make up his mind, and the flushed-faced man consented to remain at the public-house till the time was up. The young lady was called for, and was informed of what had occurred, and when the vicarage was reached, the old man withdrew to his study. After a while he returned.

“Ellen,” he said, “Gamble told me privately I need not bring more than forty pounds ; but I don’t think I can muster the money.”

“Oh, uncle !” the girl cried, “I have just got my first half-year’s dividends, and I should be delighted that my expenditure should commence with a loan to you of half the sum asked.”

“If you will do that, I can manage, and we will settle afterwards.”

So the money was taken to the “Hop-pole,” and the seller wrote a stamped receipt in which the Rev. Dr. Robert Page was brought in, and the turn-out fully specified, and the receiver’s name given as that of Albert Rogers, Livery Stables, Herne Bay. And this formality concluded, Mr. Rogers walked off at once to the nearest railway station.

“I will look up Davis,” said the vicar to Gamble ; “he was with me before, and will send him down this afternoon to bring the purchase up to my place.”

Davis was found, but could not take service, as he was engaged to a farmer. However, he promised to lead up the trap in the

evening, and Gamble should supply hay and straw and corn (he dealt in these matters), and things should be made snug for the night. The temporary arrangement with Davis was to last for a few days ; meanwhile, the pony delighted his new owners, and was considered quite an acquisition.

III.

The trap and pony had been bought, it has been said, on Friday ; and on the next Tuesday evening, as Dr. Page was finishing supper and talking to Ellen, the maid-servant came in to say that a gentleman would be glad to speak to the vicar for a few minutes.

The vicar, on receiving the maid's intimation, said : " Ellen, dear, please excuse me. Go and amuse yourself with music in the drawing-room. I shall not be long." And the uncle made off for his study. Shortly afterwards a rather short but powerfully built man was shown in. The newcomer might have been a steward on a steamer, as far as appearance went. He wore a suit of blue serge, and his turn-over collar was secured by a black tie in a slip-knot. His face was smoothly shaven ; the lower cheeks and chin being blue-black in hue. He took off a straw hat on entering, and was asked to sit down.

" I am addressing Dr. Page, the vicar ? "

" Yes, you are. "

" You have recently purchased a pony-trap ? "

" I have. "

" Does it suit you ? "

" Admirably. The pony is particularly good. "

" You bought, sir, did you not, from a strong, high-coloured young fellow about thirty, with a short yellow beard ? "

" Yes, I think that describes him well enough—Mr. Rogers, of Herne Bay. "

Something—more like a twitch than a real smile—came across the calm face of the enacted or actual seafarer.

" Oh, Mr. Rogers, was he? Between ourselves, Vicar, the party, whatever he may be called, does not bear the best of characters. I am afraid you have purchased stolen property ? "

" Really ! Are you in earnest ? Can it be ? But tell me, how are you interested in the matter ? "

" Well, you see, I am Detective Sergeant Oliver, and am engaged in tracing a pony and trap which was stolen this day week from an inn at Clew. The person who is described as having hired it is quite

unknown to us, and is perhaps a new hand. We heard something of a turn-out, similar to the one lost, at a stable-yard in Shoreditch, upon which we have had our eye for some time back. When it was suspected we had some clue, they fidgeted the vehicle from one place to another, till we found it had left London under charge of Phil Rollo, an old acquaintance of ours ; and from information received, I came down to your village to-day, though I have lost some time from being cleverly put on the wrong scent. The people at the 'Hop-pole' told me of your purchase last Friday. Of course, the affair is very unpleasant for a gentleman in your position. But you may rely on my behaving with all the consideration possible."

The old vicar, who was a good deal agitated, said with rather a trembling voice :

"Of course, Mr. Oliver, I will lend you every assistance in bringing the culprits to justice ; but till the matter is perfectly clear, I should be obliged if the investigation was kept as quiet as may be ; and, for my own part, though my niece was with me when the purchase was first thought of, I would rather not say a word to her about the suspicions till they are confirmed, or, as is I suppose possible, are found incapable of substantiation."

"Well, I don't know about that," replied Oliver ; "but the more secret the inquiries are the better. We shan't want the niece yet. I should like to go with you to the stables, if you would show them to me. The groom need not be told who I am."

"The groom will have gone home ; he does not sleep here ; but I know where the key is, and can let you see everything."

The vicar opened the study door for a moment, and as he did so the sound of a fine female voice was heard from the drawing-room. "Ellen is amusing herself," he murmured. "She will not think me long." He then closed the door, and, taking a lantern from the shelf, lighted it. "We will go out, Mr. Oliver, through the window, to avoid the servants."

So they went together through the garden, and by a wicket-gate got into a small stable-yard. Dr. Page found a key in the thatch just above the door, and they entered a stable of two stalls, in one of which was the grey pony.

"Ah, well," said Mr. Oliver, raising the lantern which he persuaded the vicar to let him carry. "I don't know much about these animals, but he is of the colour mentioned in my description, and seems the size."

They passed through a door into a little coach-house. Here was the trap, and Oliver at once took out one of the green cushions. "If

they are my cushions," he cried, laughing, "they have been recently covered by the local coach builder." He then referred to a note-book, and presently observed with eagerness, "Here you are!" Embossed on a bit of braid were the words, *Isaacs, Clew*. "Not much doubt, sir, is there?"

"Well, now," he continued, "I will tell you my plans. I shall stay at the 'Hop-pole' to-night, and judge for myself whether Gamble is in any way compromised, and also try and learn which way your Mr. Rogers went, and what he said whilst he was here. Then I shall return to town, and on Thursday I will bring the man, Ipswich by name, who manages the stables at Clew, and let him identify the pony, if he can. You will take every care of the turn-out, I am sure, till I come back; and you may rely on being as little brought forward as possible. It is very annoying, doubtless, to be let in, but accidents will occur."

The vicar promised to be most watchful over pony and trap, and, taking Oliver back through the window, they reached the study again. And here they parted, Oliver leaving the house, and the vicar joining his niece.

About half-past one that night Ellen woke and found that bits of gravel were being thrown against her window. She got up and looked out. She fancied she saw a figure behind the shrubs, but was not certain. She opened the window.

"Who is there?"

A voice—too well known, alas! to the girl—answered: "Come down with every precaution. I have something to say of the greatest importance."

She was trembling with excitement, but put on clothes and a hat, and crept down as noiselessly as a shadow. As she reached the gravel walk a man moved from behind the shrubs, and the two passed together towards a summer-house, and in its leafy privacy they conversed for a considerable time. Anyone listening near enough would have caught a deep voice full of emotion, narrating, excusing, pleading—oh! so fervently; and this low continuous appeal was accompanied by, sometimes interrupted by, a woman's subdued but passionate weeping. At length Ellen came out alone and, noiselessly entering the house, ascended to her room. And presently she joined the stranger again in the arbour. She had brought this time a lantern and matches, and she and her visitor left their retreat and went round to the stable-yard. Ellen knew where the key would be found, and having gained access to the stable, lighted the lantern. The two quietly harnessed the pony, and open-

ing the coach-house doors drew out the trap. Then, leaning over the lantern, the girl brought out a bag and counted out notes into the stranger's hands. They put the pony to, and the young man—he was seen by the lantern's light to be young and dark and handsome—kissed Ellen affectionately, and, getting into the trap, drove gently into the lane, the girl holding the gate open for him. And then she put all to rights again—extinguished the light, closed all doors, and slipped the key into the thatch.

And now she was in her bedroom again. Could the story she had heard be true? Was she really saving a life from ruin, or had she been deceived? Was the future going to be brighter, or was the night to grow darker yet? What would the vicar say? She might save him from loss, but would he permit her to do so? She was acting, not, indeed, as the world would recommend, but, she humbly hoped, as her creed approved.

To bed, but not to sleep.

IV.

It was light till past nine in this July time, and on Wednesday, when such night as there was to be was falling, a pony trap, drawn by a grey pony, was rapidly driven into the stables of the "White Horse" at Clew.

Ipswich happened to be standing near the pump, and could hardly believe his eyes. The wished-for moment had arrived. He was face to face with the deceiver. But the aspirations after aggression were less urgent. However, he went up and caught hold of the head of the pony, and got as far as, "Well, you're a nice cove, you are!" when he was checked by the driver calmly saying, as he took a cigar from his mouth to say it:

"I have been longer than I intended."

"Should think you had!" replied Ipswich, very grumpily. But this only brought from the young man, as he descended, an order peremptorily delivered:

"Go and tell Mr. Porter I want to speak to him."

Ipswich sent a fellow with the message. By this time all the stable hands had collected, and were standing round looking at the trap. The driver, still smoking, and speaking slowly so as not to interrupt his occupation, remarked to Ipswich:

"I have driven the pony within the last twenty-four hours further than I like to have done; but he has been well attended to, and after a day's rest will be as fresh as ever.

Ipswich did not know what to do or say, and so remained quite silent, but looking as glum as an approaching thunderstorm. The answer came from the inn.

"You can come to the bar, if you have got anything to say." The rudeness was doubtless the messenger's own.

"If I have anything to say!" the stranger exclaimed with severity. "Show me where the bar is."

The man obeyed, and the driver walked after him across the road with the air of one whose cold reception had been an act of great injustice. He entered the bar, where the landlord—a stout, elderly man with a red face and white hair like spun glass—was playing at cribbage with an impish girl of ten or twelve, presumably a relative. This child seemed very afraid that Mr. Porter would excite himself, and so endanger his breathing and general comfort. The waiter and the barmaid, and the female who kept the books, were all on the *qui vive*. The landlord very curtly remarked, by way of commencement:

"What have *you* got to say for yourself?"

"I hired your pony-trap yesterday week, which, according to me, makes a period of nine days. What shall you charge me a day?"

"Yes, yes! but I want to know what you kept my turn-out for without my leave?" cried Mr. Porter, very petulantly.

"Cousin Job," interposed the child, with her finger up, "don't overheat yourself, there's a dear."

"And brought on this fuss with the police, and I do not know what all. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"So he ought," added the elfin child; "but don't blow so—you'll find your neckcloth tight."

"Keep to business," firmly remarked the stranger, without any trace of irritation. "A pound a day would be too much, I think. Suppose we make it a five-pound note for the hire, and a tip or two in the yard. What do you say?"

Mr. Porter was so much astonished that he was quite put out at having no smart answer ready, and at feeling sheepish. He could only growl out, "I don't call it hiring when I am not asked."

The sharp girl put in, "Hold on a bit, dear; when the sum total comes out, perhaps you will feel better."

The stranger said, "We can discuss the proper term another time. If you won't accept my proposal, name your own."

There came a stifled voice from the precious niece, "Don't hinder a settlement, Cousin Job."

But the unappeased landlord asked further, "What did you do such a thing for?"

"You are too curious," said the unknown. "If it was a little unusual, detaining your vehicle—the grey is a capital pony—still, it is equally unusual my leaving the remuneration practically in your hands. If you want more, say how much."

"How much, dear?" whispered the girl. "That's business, surely?"

"Well, I ought to have seven," said Mr. Porter, recovering a little; "and then the police—they always cut up rough at being called in without cause. Some consideration is expected."

"I understand," said the young man. "I do not wish to drive a bargain; but if I put down two fivers, I think you ought to be satisfied. I shall have paid fairly for an excusable freak."

The notes were placed on the table, and this alacrity almost immediately changed the dubious adventurer into a real gentleman of pardonably eccentric habits.

"And now, Mr. Porter, would you oblige me by informing the police that the whole thing was a mistake, caused by my not writing a letter to you; and ask them to telegraph to that effect if they have communicated with Scotland Yard."

The answer was, "I will, sir, without fail."

"Good evening!"

"I wish you a very good evening."

The eccentric gentleman crossed to the yard, and gave presents—a handsome one to Ipswich, and smaller ones to others. Then he left for the train.

The news of the presence of the artful purloiner had spread in the street. There was a crowd outside, and as the young man stepped into it some groans were uttered, and abusive terms employed.

Ipswich ran to the gate. "It is all right, you fellows, only a mistake. Mind your own business, and leave the genulman alone!"

Utter silence prevailed. Only a slender sound could be said to break it—the footsteps of the mysterious visitor.

V.

Thursday was a day of great suffering for poor Ellen. She had to see her uncle in very serious distress. He was expecting Oliver every minute. At an early hour, when Davis came to attend to the stable, the alarming news was brought to the vicar that pony and trap had vanished. The old man fully believed that it having become known

to the rogue with whom he had unwittingly done business that the police were on the right track, and yet that the trap and the grey were still at Dr. Page's place, a desperate effort had been made to gain re-possession of the vehicle. And now, what should he say to Oliver? He thought it better not to make any communication to the county police, because any misplaced activity, any clumsily managed pursuit, might interfere disastrously with Scotland Yard proceedings. And Oliver might arrive with Ipswich at any time.

As the day wore on, the anxiety of her uncle was most painful to witness, and yet Ellen was determined not to speak till the person who had driven away the trap had had time to write and tell what was the ultimate result of his adventure.

As night wore on, the vicar's astonishment at Oliver's not coming was almost as wearing as had previously been the dread of his coming. On Friday the troubled man came down to breakfast looking five years older. He had slept scarcely at all, and was altogether upset. He had made up his mind, if Oliver did not appear by 10 A.M., he would get on the railway at the nearest point, go to the county town, and lay the whole matter before the police. But at post-time there was a letter for Ellen, and she managed to steal away to read it in her bedroom. And whilst she is doing this, a few words as to herself.

She was a great consolation to the old man, and was the daughter of his youngest and favourite sister. He had been married twice. His children by his first marriage had all—boys and girls—settled and dispersed to various distant places. His second marriage ended with the birth of a son; the beautiful woman passed away in childbed. The son grew up to be one of those high-spirited fellows, endowed by Nature with good looks and an aptitude for all manly exercises, combined with a love of dogs and horses and guns; who, if he could have gone to a public school and afterwards to college, would likely enough have turned into the best type of English youth. But means were wanting—agriculture was depressed, and the living not what it had been. The boy had a home education, and, becoming unsettled, had at his own earnest request, when only seventeen, been sent out to a ranch in South America, and throwing this up, tried service with a horse-dealer in Alberta Territory, Canada; but by one-and-twenty he was back in England—disappointed, unscrupulous, and reckless.

It was a year or so after Ellen had come to live with her uncle, in consequence of the death of her mother, the widow of an unsuccessful merchant, that Arthur unexpectedly returned to his father's house. Ellen was then eighteen, and the two cousins being the

together so constantly—as they naturally would be—fell in love, and wanted very much to be considered engaged. But the old vicar would not permit it. He was nursing Ellen's small income up for her, and he entreated her not to bind herself by any promise, at any rate till Arthur was in some way started in life, or showed traces of steadiness. The young man went off in a huff, and was understood to be living in London, where he took little notice of his father except to borrow money. And when the vicar found that what he raised with difficulty was spent in gambling and betting at races he withheld his hand ; and intercourse between son and father ceased. Poor Ellen was dreadfully cut up, but recognised that it would be madness to think of marriage till Arthur had turned over a new leaf. And, indeed, as he was not to write, she could not be certified that his feelings remained unchanged.

But to return to the current narrative. When the letter was finished, Ellen descended to her uncle's study door and knocked.

"Come in."

But could she do so ? Had she the heart to tell the old man what he would otherwise not hear ? Yet she *must* speak ; it was part of a scheme of rescue that she should do so ; and her silence, too, would stifle, at least for the time, a hope—uncertain, indeed, perhaps evanescent, but still very precious.

She entered.

"Dearest uncle, I have come in to tell you that I have heard this morning from Arthur."

"Ellen ! after his promise not to write ; after your agreement to bring his letters to me unopened if he broke his word !"

"Yes, uncle ; but circumstances have changed our relations to Arthur altogether."

"How so ?" asked the old man eagerly.

"It will pierce your heart to hear, but I must tell you."

"Hide nothing, I entreat you !"

"You are under the impression that the pony trap has been stolen from you ; but the truth is, it had been stolen, alas ! before you bought it."

"Ah !" cried the vicar. "And do you know too ? It was a bad business ; I was deceived, but I did not wish you to be informed till the facts were quite clear." And he briefly related the circumstances of Oliver's visit, ending with saying, "That is the story. But, dear child, who told you ?"

The girl dropped her eyelids, and answered in a low voice, "The thief."

"The thief! What can you mean, Ellen?"

"Listen, uncle, if you can bear it."

The vicar looked sadly apprehensive, but murmured, "I must bear it—go on."

"Arthur has been living very badly lately, gambling and betting, and, in consequence, falling into great straits for money. And, at last, pressed by his circumstances, he has crossed the line—it seems very thin in places—between vice and—crime. He has had bad friends, and one, with whom he became acquainted at a disreputable club, though, like himself, a man of education, has taken to desperate courses, and is well known to the police as Phil Rollo. By this dangerous person's persuasion, Arthur tried his hand at the nefarious trick of driving off with vehicles. And so subtle is vanity, uncle, that I can see that Arthur brought himself to look on the achievement as a kind of feat, because Rollo praised his coolness, and declared very few men had the self-possessed pluck necessary. The grey pony and trap were got away from hotel stables at Clew, and were for a while in Shoreditch; but some suspicions having arisen, they were moved about till Rollo determined to try to sell the turn-out in the country. On Friday evening Arthur met Rollo in town, and heard from him of the sale, and of course, from the description of the village and the purchaser, he gathered that the fruits of his first crime had been reaped at the expense of his own father! He has had the taste (I do not know that it can rank higher) never to mention his family name to his bad companions, so Rollo had no conception who Dr. Page really was. Arthur was overwhelmed with remorse, says he refused all share in the profits, and came down here at once by the night train. He got under my window, threw gravel, and so attracted my attention, and I went down, and he told me the whole story."

"But what became of the trap?"

"Arthur expressed so earnest a desire to restore it, that I gave him money to pay for nine days' hire, as if it had been detained only, and no intention had existed of stealing it; and he drove off in it. And Arthur writes—the money has been taken, the whole thing is over, and the police have been told that a mistake had been made."

"My child, my child!" cried the uncle, "you have broken the law. It is not permitted you to assist in hushing up a crime. We shall get into great difficulties."

"I did not know the law, uncle," said Ellen, looking very frightened. "I thought to return the property would be reparation,

which is surely the proper method, when possible, of showing repentance ! ”

“ I hope Oliver will be convinced that we have both acted innocently. I wish he would come ; nothing must be hid from him.”

“ Oliver will not come, uncle ; Arthur said Rollo would escape abroad ; there was no suspicion of himself ; and this letter mentions that the Clew people are persistent about the mistake, and will refuse to prosecute. The police could make nothing of the case.”

But the vicar continued to expect Oliver. He thought that officer would think it necessary to explain what the police authorities proposed to do, for he could not suppose they would believe the story under which the trap had been returned, and, moreover, Oliver would be very curious to learn how it had found its way from the vicarage to Clew.

Ellen kept the old man as quiet as she could. But his mind was perpetually dwelling on problems arising from the situation. However, it ended in his satisfying himself that he need not take the initiative ; his conscience told him that if questions were asked he would answer them without reserve, but otherwise he should remain silent, and leave the villagers to make out for themselves what had become of the vicar’s new pony and the natty cart with the green cushions.

He was quieter at night, and retired to bed, but more than once, when all was still, Ellen caught groans and sighs, and creeping last thing to his door, she heard the words : “ My son, my son, that it should come to this ! ”

There was more on the girl’s mind than she had expressed as yet, and as her uncle began to conclude the next morning that Oliver could not be coming, and was himself growing calm, she entered his study to make a clean breast of her burthen. The matter to be disclosed was that Arthur had assured her he loved her as passionately as ever. Of course, he admitted that he was no longer worthy of her ; but still, as by a turn of events which he could not have expected and did not deserve, ruin of character in the eyes of the world might be averted, he trusted his family would not deny him the new chance Heaven seemed to have vouchsafed. If his love was returned, and a fair hope given him that in due course Ellen would be his, he felt strong enough to promise a new course of life.

“ And oh, uncle,” the girl cried, “ I told him his love *was* returned, that I fully believed in his repentance, and only longed for the time when I might take my place by his side, to strengthen his

resolutions and help him to enjoy or to suffer whatever his fate might have in store. And I consider myself engaged to him, though, of course, I recognise that our marriage must await both your consent and a more favourable aspect of the future."

"My child, my dearest Ellen, it was madness to bind yourself by any promise. If, as you admitted at the time, it would have been imprudent in the highest degree to have held yourself engaged to him when he was only wild, unsettled, unable to choose a career—how do matters stand now? Are his prospects better? Is he more likely to improve, or less likely, for what has happened?"

"But, uncle," urged the girl, "love, to be real love, must be prepared for sacrifices. Have not women faced dangers, gone through hardships, nay, braved death itself, merely because they would not abandon the one they loved. Poor Arthur's fall need never be known; and even if it were known, shall love desert because its object is exposed to suspicion or even marked with shame? If I, by joining his fate, can render that repentance permanent which otherwise might be transient and abortive, am I to shrink aside because the experiment is hazardous?"

"Heaven forbid that I should stand in the way of my son's repentance, but common sense requires that you should test this alleged improved condition before you build on it. Though it wounds me to do so, I must speak plainly. You must not confound sentiment with recovered principle. I do not gather that Arthur has expressed any regret, except that I was made the victim of his act. Has he grieved for that act? How has he cleared himself with the world, except by falsehood? What will filial affection—what will the love of a woman avail—if regard for the truth is not there?"

Thus they talked together, both earnestly desiring the regeneration which one saw so near at hand, whilst the other could not deliver his mind of doubts and fears—doubts founded on the past, fears inspired by the future.

At length Ellen said: "Well, concede one thing, uncle. Notwithstanding what has happened, let Arthur come here; let him speak for himself, and you can judge for yourself whether he has or has not had a warning which, rightly used, may prove the turning-point in his career."

The vicar answered: "He is my son; moreover, I am, by my profession, the friend of the unhappy; and I have been taught that forgiveness must not be limited to seven times nor any multiple of seven. Let him come."

He came. Not, indeed, to live at the vicarage, but constantly to visit it from town, to treat his father respectfully—to lavish his love on Ellen. The girl impressed on her uncle that she felt it was her mission to be the making of her lover. The old man was talked over; he consented to the marriage, and the cousins were married.

Their future home was to be New Zealand. The vicar gave up his living; he could not have managed alone; he would add his small personal estate to the fund for starting the farm, and accompany them to the Far South. Ellen's money was at her husband's disposal. Arthur was constantly urging how necessary it was to have a good sum as the basis of operations: secure that, and all was well.

He was not afraid of the money market; it only required a clear head and pluck at the right moment; and he declared he had a promising speculation in hand, demanding his frequent presence in town. He looked worried, but praised the pastoral quietude ahead; he even quoted poetry with a smile, and talked of the farm as "where beyond these voices there is peace." The vicar was assured there was money in the project; it was safe, and success might be counted upon.

Apartments were taken in West Kensington; shops were necessary for the outfit, and thence any part of town could be reached.

And so, at last, the actual day of departure arrived. Arthur had recommended a very early start, as the tide required the Orient steamer to leave the docks at 10 A.M. He had not slept at the lodgings for some nights; he was sadly bothered, he said, with business.

Uncle and niece left by half-past five, in a cab, and had to drive right through the city to reach Liverpool Street Station. Arthur would be at the ship. The thoroughfares were much fuller as they got further East than at first. A grey light was all the September morning afforded at an hour the industrious share with the profligate—the one commencing their busy day; the other concluding their feverish night. The travellers were near the Barbican, and had turned into a narrow street, when, as they passed a house, the door was flung open, and some half-dozen men descended with violence and tumult into the roadway, engaged, as it seemed, in a desperate struggle. One tall and powerful man was employing his utmost strength to rid himself of others; whilst another young man was using his fists. In the infinite confusion, a pistol was discharged,

and immediately the boxing man fell. The others then all set on the tall, struggling figure, and succeeded in bringing him to the ground, and they leaned over him and apparently were holding his hands, till one said, "That will do—he's safe!" Whistles were now blown, and two of the conquerors moved to the fallen man. Policemen came up, and with them a rough coster-looking fellow. The cab had been stopped, for a crowd had assembled; and as the vicar had his head out of the window, the rough fellow, who seemed a scout or informer on the side of the police, after speaking with those who had been in the conflict, came up and said in a thick voice to the old man:

"It's the great bullion robbery. The detectives have got Rollo, and handcuffed him. Rollo fired at Sergeant Oliver, but missed him and killed one of his own pals by mistake."

In a moment the vicar was out of the cab, and pushed his way to the man lying on the pavement, with blood on his face. He was quite dead. It was Arthur!

THE SHEPHERD'S YEAR.

TO a casual observer no alteration in the life and practice of the shepherd seems possible which does not involve the destruction of the rugged silence and the atmosphere distinctive of the fells as well, and few will have noticed that the system of mountain sheep-farming has been completely revolutionised within the last half-century. On every fell considerable areas have been enclosed, at first a few acres at a time by dry stone walls, and later wholesale by wire fencing, parish boundaries being first defined across the open moor, and the ground subdivided among the farms in proportion to their claims to heaf. The wilderness of peaks crowded round the Langdales, Wastdale, Borrowdale, Ennerdale, and Eskdale is still undivided, but even there the danger of loss is so reduced that the shepherd's vigilance has been greatly relaxed.

Within the last seventy years the indigenous mountain sheep of Westmorland and Cumberland has been improved out of all knowledge. It is still below average size, though much larger than it once was—standing about thirty inches at the shoulder, and weighing about fifteen stones when full grown and in fair condition—carrying more and better wool, and being of a more robust constitution—the result of patient cross-breeding with the larger southern and the more hardy Scottish breeds.

Anyone who has visited the great sheep fairs within a day's march of the fells will remember the two distinct types of animals—black-faced and grey-faced, together with an alarming number of crosses. Though cramped and hampered in their movements, these little grey-coated sheep show their alertness in repeated dashes for the open, some even showing open defiance of the dogs in charge of them. At these fairs the difficulty of keeping flocks separate is great, and only possible by the help of the most intelligent and well-trained canines in the world. An instance of this rare intelligence is well remembered. Two farmers, returning from a fair, allowed their flocks to mix. After their ways parted, one discovered that three of his number were missing, and therefore next morning called

upon the other. He had not noticed the addition, having straightway turned the whole drove into a large field among others. How to pick out the missing ones seemed impossible, as they had no distinctive brand mark, till one noticed his neighbour's dog, which had followed him.

"Dosta think t' ahld dog 'll ken 'em?"

"Ah don't knah, but mebbe she will. Nell, tell mine!"

The dog chased round the flock and almost immediately singled three for special attention; the humans, it may be added, accepted this verdict.

The sheep-dogs of the fells are sheep-dogs alone, seldom descending to the chase, and bearing themselves upon all occasions with dignity and decorum. In breed they are chiefly Old English, or that crossed with the Scotch collie, very handy animals both of them. The pure-bred collie, being incapable of withstanding the exposure of a life on the mountain side, is lost to its natural duties and instincts.

The dreary grey-green slopes of the mountains are the best grazing ground, and these affording few picturesque views are avoided by the popular touring routes. Yet in an excursion between Little Langdale and Eskdale, over a pack-horse trail now little used, a flock of sheep, under the control of a shepherd and two dogs, may be met. Passing over Wrynose, a man is seen coming up the narrow valley. In irregular strings, grey fleeces wander along at different levels, over scree and boulders, in and out of craggy ghylls, across patches of damp, wiry bent-grass, and it is difficult to understand that this crowd of animals is under complete command of the heavy-booted dalesman. Two dogs, one grey, the other black, are barely visible, yet so alert that at the first shrill whistle they will instantly drive the sheep nearest them more quickly forward (and what one sheep does the rest follow), or bring the wings of the flock nearer the centre, as desired. They are always on the look-out for stragglers, and it is indeed a smart animal that can break back without being caught.

The Shepherd's Year may be said to begin in the spring after the Shepherds' Meet. This festival was founded when communication between outlying districts was very difficult for the return to their owners of strayed sheep. When a wanderer was found during autumn or winter the shepherd incorporated it in his flock till the Meet, which was held at some secluded place among the fell-heads. The institution is now almost dead—its glory has departed, and the work-a-day fells do not tolerate useless cere-

monies. The fells were then a wide stretch of open land, and no one had a right to count the eatage of another's sheep, but with the consolidation of the heaf-going rights, these free and easy dealings came to an end.

The grass grows longer on the moors, the skylark loudly trills the signal of departure to the fell, and every day at daybreak the sheep collect at the gate at the head of the intakes, waiting for it to be opened. At last the day of liberation arrives, the shepherd climbs the dank slope and opens the way. In an instant the pathway is jammed by a hurrying, struggling mass of sheep anxious to forget the privations of winter in the liberty of the spring; the shepherd affectionately, but in vain, exhorts the mob "to tak' time"; the dogs wander about whimpering with delight at the prospect.

When the last sheep has darted past, the shepherd drives slowly along the hillside, with his dogs to right and left, within easy signalling distance. In a piece of country much broken by crags and ghylls, where there are abundant places for an idle sheep to be hidden and left behind, the dogs are rarely more than 300 yards away from their master, dividing the ground very skilfully and watching it completely. When, however, a gently sloping basin of green moorland is reached, they often take up positions near the horizon, trusting to hear the commanding whistle. At such times the distance will be over a mile from the shepherd. One would think that, in such dead silence as that settled upon the fells, oral instructions would be easily transmissible, but few good shepherds employ this method of command, except when "folding in" for the evening. Instead, successive generations have developed a code of whistles which are intelligible at immense distances, coupled with a system of motions with arms and body which is equally effective. A very pretty exhibition of the complete control exerted by the shepherd over his dogs was the following. We were walking up a narrow valley: in front was a farmhouse; on either side and behind it rose the cliffs, with a few slacks (or less severe slopes) by which approach was to be made to the open moor. A man standing in the fold was whistling commands to an unseen dog. We stopped to chat with him—for fell-head dwellers are not usually averse to a few minutes with the very occasional visitor—but he motioned us to silence. We could then hear his dog barking on the moor above. A sheep appeared on the sky-line followed by quite half a hundred more, after the last of which came a black-and-tan dog. As soon as they were in view, the farmer gave no more signals; "t' dog could drive 'em haem," he said. His

apology for not speaking at first was that "Ah was working t' sheep doon frae t' fell, and ah couldn't see what me dog was dewen!"

As spring dies into early summer, the lambing season commences, and this is the most exhausting of all periods for the shepherd. While the sheep in the valleys bring forth their young in March and April, May is often here before the first lambs are born on the fells, and this is much earlier than it used to be, thanks to the cross-breeding previously mentioned. The chief anxiety at this time is to keep away the foxes, the presence of which terrifies the ewe and may do it serious harm. The fox is also very partial to new-born lambs. The gun is used freely, and dozens of animals are annually killed in those districts cursed by an "earth." The hawks, carrion-crows, and ravens are rarely troublesome in these days of strict game-preserving, and the taking of nests among the crags is no longer an arduous necessity. Fell sheep have only one lamb each as a rule, and this gains strength and size to a certain degree very rapidly. After the lambs have all come the shepherd is more at liberty to wreak vengeance on the foxes. The fox-cubs are now playing about the "earths," and the shepherd plots against them. When the first gleams of sunshine are illuminating the fells, he crawls as near as possible, sheltering among the boulders. Under his coat he carefully carries a terrier, which at some convenient juncture he releases. Then commences a scurry towards the nearest hole. The squealing cubs dash in, the terrier—now lusting for blood—follows. Subdued subterranean thunder commences—the dog has met the female fox and is fighting for its life. It may come out blood-spattered and breathless, with a ludicrous consciousness of victory, or the silence which follows becomes a proof that Grip has been borne down and killed.

As summer advances, the smoky-grey fleeces grow long and the sheep pant wearily along the slopes. Night feeding is resorted to, and the blazing noon sun sheltered from as far as possible. In the dale-head, in a basin abutting the moor, a dam is put across the beck, which, though a raging muddy torrent in winter, has sunk to such a tiny trickle that a week often passes before sufficient water collects to wash the sheep. As a rule, a fold is chosen which, from its situation in some upper valley, allows a number of farmers to join forces for the washing. The flocks are driven across the fells, and skilfully manœuvred into the outer fold. From this they are thrown into the water, where some of the shepherds stand waist-deep to receive them and prevent their drowning. When their coats are thoroughly saturated they are lifted out and examined for foot-rot and

other ailments. The smell of strong disinfectants lingers about the place, with that of tobacco and ale, so that the air becomes almost rancid if no breeze is stirring. A sheep-washing is the most picturesque of fell-land events. The restless sheep waiting to undergo their dipping, the sheep-dog

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air and superbly
Waving his bushy tail

the shepherds, heaving the sheep into the water or, waist-deep, standing there to catch them, the intent groups turning the animals over to examine their feet for the hated "rot," the released sheep spreading out over the wide hillside, with clean fleeces contrasting strongly against the green, and above all the great green hills and crags echoing back the occasional bark, the frequent bleat, the murmur of conversation. While the washing is going on, opportunity is taken to give the lambs the mark of the branding-iron, and to see that the older sheep are correctly marked. Fell sheep are branded with their owners' initial burnt into hoof or horn—the farms differing in the location of these marks according to the rule of the dale. The usual tar fleece-mark is palpably of little use on an animal which is constantly wandering or lying among moisture-beaded tussocks of grass or soaking patches of heather and bracken. The iron is now seldom used for marking the face of sheep, but ear-punching has frequently to be resorted to for distinction of flocks.

On the day following the washing, the shearers take up their work, and very rapidly they do it. According to unwritten law, the day after shearing is over is given up to sports. These are as in the days of "Christopher North" and the Lakeland Poets, who frequently joined in with the dalesmen. Everyone tries his hand at wrestling, and some ludicrous contests take place. A couple of white-haired veterans get up to decide the victor in some bout which ended in a draw half a century ago. A ring is formed, a referee chosen, and the contest begins. They prance round, get holds and slip them a dozen times, then settle to work. After a good deal of struggling they topple over, the worthy underneath averring that he stumbled over a tussock of grass or slipped on a stone, "else he was just gahen to bring him ower t' buttock." The referee's decision is disputed, and, egged on by their laughing partisans, the loser challenges the other to another bout.

"Na, na, lad, ah've licked the' fair enew."

After "t' clippin'" the routine of the shepherd's work begins

anew, but the summer mists have now to be contended with. Generally speaking, nowadays the shepherd's chiefest dangers—and so far as actual casualties are concerned they are quite mild—lies in these. At any other season the day shows at early morn what it will be. The night mists dissipate, and the sky becomes clear “as a bell” in spring, the jags and crannies of the distant mountains being very distinct; in autumn, the western wind piling billow upon billow of dense cloud on to the mountain foretells to the shepherd that the valley cannot be left to-day. For weeks together in winter the mist hangs over the fells, soaking the spongy moss; but the shepherd does not need to venture forth then. When a gale is blowing on the hill-tops—and what is a barely perceptible breeze often is of immense strength there—the sheep are very loth to go up, and the shepherd therefore drives them on the more sheltered side and into the ghylls of the mountain.

When feeding, sheep have often to cross considerable beds of scree from one patch of herbage to another. So long as their footing does not give way there is no danger, but “with the slip of a sheep's feet goes its head,” and very often they struggle wildly down hill with the débris they are dislodging. Terror robs them of all power of climbing. A boulder from the crags above may hasten the final fall into the rock basin or “doup,” hundreds of feet below, where the scree bed ends. On other occasions they become crag-fast whilst climbing. The sheep dare climb no further up the stiff angle, and the shepherd must not descend lest a gathering momentum should carry him past the animal and over the cliff. A rope is used, and once a man is lowered, the animal regains courage and, guided by hand and voice, makes a final effort to get back to safety. Only occasionally are sheep blown over the cliffs during gales, but this is not so entirely due to the vigilance of the shepherd and his dogs in keeping them from such dangerous situations as to their natural aversion for windy positions. This comparative immunity does not, however, apply with so much force to some of the lower crags, especially those surrounding the deep pools of the mountain becks. The rocks in such a place are apt to be treacherous, not only being loose and broken, but masked with long fringes of rotten heather and bracken. Near the level of the cascade by which the water enters the “dub,” the slope becomes more abrupt, and it is here that sheep lose their footing, fall into the water, and, help not being at hand, they are drowned. So many as half a dozen carcasses have been observed floating in the pool beneath a mountain water-fall.

The shepherd may be driving, on what appears to be a settled summer day, along an elevated valley, walled in by rocky ridges, when a cloud drives in behind and beneath him, completely blotting out dogs and flock in a filmy grey veil. At such a time young shepherds may lose their bearings and wander into an adjacent valley, but the dogs will bring their charge safely home. Sheep do not move far when the mist hangs, but as soon as it rises make off like the wind. Experienced men, therefore, simply halt and wait for the clearing, which may be some hours distant. But even if he abandoned his flock, the shepherd would not come to harm. The novice at traversing the fells under cloud may suddenly find himself on a ledge where an incautious movement threatens a fall into a tremendous chasm, but there have been signs of this far back. Occasionally a shepherd who has been caught in the mist walks home in front of his flock, having passed through without seeing or hearing them. It is obvious that the air, being surcharged with particles of moisture so fine and dense as to convey a white impression to the eye, will not readily carry sound.

There are many opinions as to whether sheep-dogs are ever at a loss to determine their position as well as that of the flock. My own idea is that they locate themselves perfectly by hearing—and it is acknowledged that their sense in this direction has a wider range than ours. Some of the more observant shepherds, too, use this power. They are aware of wide differences in the sound of wind and streams at different points of their beats, and of this we have a proof. We were wandering over Bowfell with an old shepherd. The mist hung in ragged edges half way down the Band; the ill-marked path ceased at the summit, and we blundered along toward Esk-hause. The old man allowed us to guide until we came to where sheer cliffs seemed to drop in every direction, and we in despair appealed to him.

“Listen,” he said.

A curlew whistled far above, the wind lisped among the crags and screes around, the merry rattle of a distant rill rose from beneath. The old man, without a word of explanation, took us round the hillock, and again we listened. The curlew was silent, the wind a trifle more boisterous, and a sound of rushing waters more clear.

“The sound heard on the far side of the hill was that of the outlet of Angle Tarn” (which, indeed, was almost sheer below), “whereas you now hear the infant Esk.”

The weeks pass on—the days are sultry and the newly shorn

sheep, on a fine afternoon, commence to huddle towards the walls and under the crags, the foxes run slyly towards their earth, the hawks and ravens congregate round their unclimbable nesting-places and scream derision at the deepening silence. A thunderstorm is approaching. For the past few days a dense bank of vapour has been collecting in the south-west, heavy and black at sunrise, dissipating into a distant dancing blue at midday, and massing again at sunset. A slight breeze rustles among the grass and heather, cooling the feverish air ; a sound like the slaking of quicklime rolls up the valley. The sky grows still darker, and the shepherd seeks a shelter whence he can see his flock. There is a momentary lifting of the clouds, and then, dark grey with falling rain, they swoop along the distant fells. A ragged flash of lightning illumines the valley-head, a peal of thunder crashes, and the storm begins. Every half-minute the scene is lit up, and crash and roar re-echo through the glens. Now to the parched slopes, the dingy crags, and the shrunken rills comes the rain in sheets. In half an hour every defile is full of water, and it is a time of great danger to the sheep who have sheltered there. Trapped by the flood on some grassy level they are swept away and drowned, and the screaming, wheeling scavengers of the fells mark where the body lies. The storm ceases almost as abruptly as it began, the sun shines out, and the mountain sides are redolent of renewed life.

Now summer draws to a close ; frost rime covers the grass at daybreak, the days get perceptibly shorter, high winds are frequent. At first the shepherd drives his flock along the higher ground, to conserve the more convenient forage for days when fog banks and snow will not permit a visit to the tops. The heather on the moor dies from purple to brown, the grassy slopes assume a flabby yellow, the beckswells out under the liberal rains, and everywhere the approach of winter is enclosed. A very anxious period to the shepherd is this. So long as there is grass he must drive his flock along those wide upland plains where the cold north-easter races, over which snow and rain squalls hover. The work is one of inconceivable discomfort, the most harassing side of a disagreeable calling. During these patrols one or two sheep may elude the vigilance of the shepherd and his dogs, and these are seldom folded home. The fox and the raven squabble over the carcasses.

Occasionally the dogs bring the flock home through the whirling flakes without the shepherd's aid—he has walked in the semi-darkness associated with a mountain snowstorm on to the treacherous fringe of a ghyll, and been hurled fifty feet or more into its bed.

Sometimes the fall is followed by unconsciousness, and this means death. One of the world's most plaintive scenes is that of a flock being guided home without human aid. The dogs halt at the head of the intake waiting for the gate to be opened, the sheep in dumb terror huddle towards the bars. Backward and forward the faithful collies wander, with an eye ever towards the mist-enveloped higher ground, expectant of their master's return. When this state of affairs is noticed from the farmhouses, a search-party is instantly organised, and news of the mishap spreads like lightning far down the dale. In half an hour a dozen resolute men and a score of dogs are ready to face the white horror of the fells, and all night long, whether a screeching blizzard hold revel or the bright moon shines over quiet banks of snow, the search is carried on. The dogs are most useful now ; their sense of smell allows them to mark down any body lying beneath the wreaths, and usually a rescue or a recovery of the body is effected ere the party turn towards home and rest.

The following record of searches for sheep among the snow-drifts gives an idea of the way in which recoveries of the wanderers are sometimes made.

"The snow abated before morning, when word came round that about fifty sheep were missing from Crag Forest Farm. Our friends straightway prepared to go and see if their services would be of use, but before the farm in question was reached we saw a party of men and dogs making towards the open fell. By cutting across one or two intakes, knee-deep in snow and slush, we intercepted them before they divided to examine the likeliest hollows and ghylls to right and left. Here and there a wind-swept summit or tall bleak crag loomed above the glittering white, a few dark lines alone showing the deeper ghylls. The wind was 'quiet' or 'lown'd,' as the shepherds call it, or we would have been unable to cope with the drifting snow. . . . The men stopped where they said was a buried ghyll, and the dogs began to smell over the frozen crust. In a few minutes one barked, then followed a most exciting burrowing as the whole pack got together. Our party began to dig a few yards away from the place the dogs had located, for the ghyll was deep, and if the sheep were at its bottom a tunnel might have to be made. The powdery drift flew before the quickly-plied spades, and soon the foremost worker was below the level of the snow. As we scrambled down to take a turn with the tools (for the work was most exhausting), we found the heat in the excavation already great. In one corner a frozen mass was presently encountered. This was carefully dug round, and in a few seconds a sheep was liberated. 'No worse ; it

has only been one night in the snow,' was reported as we settled again to work. No further signs of life being found, a dog was brought down. After carefully smelling around in the semi-darkness he selected a particular corner and began whining and scraping a hole. He was instantly hauled away, and digging commenced anew. More sheep are found; then, with a sigh of relief, we climbed out into the open air. How fresh and biting after the smoor of the tunnel! More gullies and hollows were traversed, but the dogs gave no more alarms till we approached a point where a boundary wall dipped out of sight into the snow. After glancing along the surface, the shepherds opened a shallow trench, and in less than ten minutes had exhumed almost a score of sheep. Seeing neither smear nor wrinkle on the glittering snow-crust, we asked how it was possible to locate the sheep so nearly, and the following explanation was vouchsafed. 'When caught in a snowstorm, a sheep immediately lies down in the shelter of a boulder, wall, or gully, broadside on, so to speak, to the gale. Its breath rises through the porous covering, and being partially condensed on reaching the air, a damp place is made on the surface of the drift. When the animals are barely covered the shepherd looks for this sign, but when they are very deep below, the damp points are so minute that they cannot be discovered.' "

Now let the calendar move to the thirty-ninth day after the events already described.

"The scene on the fell is in strong contrast to the huge snow-bed we were last upon. There was a lingering beauty in the glittering levels, an impending horror in the awesome cliffs and the thin straight lines which marked ghylls too deep for the snow to fill. But to-day, after a prolonged thaw (for December), the dead yellow grass appears between long narrowing swathes of grimy snow—the contrasts have toned down considerably, and only on the distant mountains is there a wreath of unpolluted white. Yesterday morning we were wandering over the forest with the shepherd and his dogs, when old Sam—a cur of vast intelligence, but with so savage a temper that his fangs have long since been broken to prevent him injuring such sheep as he drives—gave that low whine inseparably associated in our minds with a sheep-rescue.

"'Drat it, Sam, what is ther?' cried the shepherd; then, turning to us, 'That's t' third time t' ahld dog's "set" when it's cum be't fell edge.'

"We walked to the edge of a rugged crag, below which a few tree-tops stuck through a mass of snow so firmly plastered that only an inappreciable quantity had yet thawed. The dog was now beside

itself with delight and excitement—clearly some sheep were buried here. In a short half-hour a force of diggers had collected, and the necessary shafts were rapidly made, but not for four hours of stern hard work did we come against the steep cliff face and find—nought. We had taken a wrong direction. Old Sam (the dog) was brought down to indicate anew the whereabouts of our quest, and after digging some yards to our left we encountered one of those hardened blocks which we knew contained a sheep. After being entombed for almost forty days the poor creature was in a deplorable state. Its stomach seemed to have shrunk entirely away, its eyes were glazed and sightless, its whole body limp and powerless. The mouth opened, but so low had ebbed the stream of vigour that no sound issued. The sheep was barely alive. A little gin was at once administered to rouse the digestive organs so that nutrition might be given freely, after which blankets were brought up from the house. Wrapped in these the sheep—a very light burden indeed—was transported to the warm kitchen, where it was fully brought round. The dogs gave great trouble at this point, and we were told that the quietest of them would not hesitate to worry and kill any sheep it found in so emaciated a condition. It has been remarked that sheep-worrying is always most rife during the early spring after such a mishap as an early winter snowstorm. Digging again, more dead than alive, another two were reached together. Though so closely imprisoned in the snow, one of them had been able to reach its companion, and had torn and eaten the wool from its quarters. The surgical skill at command could not remove the wool clogging its vitals, and a few hours after the rescue the sheep had to be killed. The last gallery cut in the snow enabled us to reach a sheep which had squeezed itself during the storm close to the cliff. The moss, so far as it could reach, had been devoured, the soil had been sucked from the crevices of the rock, and the bare stone itself had been polished by much licking. This sheep was the best in condition of those rescued that day.”

Sheep which have been buried in the snow for such lengths of time are very slow to recover from the effects, and few of them are again sent to graze on the fell. They are fattened at all hazards and sold to the butchers.

When it is observed that the average mountain sheep-farm has twelve acres of land on the tops to one in the bottom, it will be apparent that the sheep turned off the grass in autumn would overstock the other land if a large number of the lambs or “hogs” were not wintered at other places than on their owner’s farm. On the

moss land near the sea farmers are open to take them and keep them alive till spring, and to these places a good many are annually driven. Before this system was broached the mountain farmer could only hope to raise one-half of his lamb crop—about one-sixth succumbing to the perils of early days on the moors, and one-third more during their first winter of sheer hunger ; for the hay crop in these elevated situations is a very small one, and other food is scarce. The sudden change of level and diet involved in wintering out has invariably a bad effect on these immature animals, and often a considerable number die.

For the ewes at home the winter is a time of privation. It makes the heart ache to see them follow the shepherd with his load of hay, greedily consuming whatever may fall ; to see them, when snow is on the ground, endeavouring to scoop something eatable out of a frozen, half-rotten turnip ; to see them lying against the walls for shelter when the blizzard runs riot up the valley, chewing their cud in quiet misery, perhaps thinking of the awful storm that is raging on the higher ground. The shepherd is having a hard time, too, in carrying food through the knee-deep slush, but there is a warm kitchen for his shelter when work is done. Still, he approaches his hungering flock with genuine pity ; he knows that sheep which left the moorland weighing over a couple of hundredweights will only carry half that weight back again, and that many will never range the mountains again. He feels savagely the hardship of it all, but he is powerless to alter it. Therefore he is glad when anything happens which can make him forget the dumb suffering of his flock. Card-playing at night and fox-hunting during the day are the only recreations possible in the dales. Everyone, male and female, has sworn death to the foxes, and hounds always have an eager following. The whole population joins in the hunt, and more than one female has been chosen " Hunt Mayor " in different valleys. As this appointment requires a correct knowledge of " earths " and how they may be stopped, as well as of the especial propensities and whereabouts of the local foxes, it must be conceded that the ladies so honoured could at least hold their own with the men in knowledge of the technicalities of hunting. The " Mayor " is the local deputy M.F.H., having complete direction of the field when hunting his own district. A new " Mayor " is generally chosen at the supper after the last hunt of the season in a particular district, and this feast is a great event in the shepherd's diary.

While in the district the hounds are maintained by the subscriptions of the farmers, many of whom contribute in kind, one sending

in a sheep, perhaps, and another a bag of meal. The huntsmen's wages are quickly raised, and the farmers vie in offering to kennel the pack. At some ancient farmhouse a meet is called at the earliest hour there is light enough to see properly. Retiring by day into the most out-of-the-way parts of the mountains, the fells fox is forced to run some distance ere committing his depredations. He makes nightly sorties into the outlying valleys and distant levels, and in his attacks on fowl-houses is even less merciless than his brother of the shires. A single fells fox once raided a goose-hovel, no fewer than sixteen of which were missing when the place was visited by the owner next morning. Clearly the fox could not have deported this number of birds, and eventually the dead bodies were found buried in the midden, not twenty yards from the hut in which the geese had been kept. Bearing in mind, therefore, Master Reynard's propensity to wander far of nights, the huntsman is early afoot, and attempts to intercept his return. He draws the "lown'd" side of the fell (*i.e.* that side on which the breeze is least felt) first, and rarely fails in getting a chase, for, as previously noted, the game is numerous. Striking a trail, the hounds race merrily into the fell-heads—Reynard in front, hearing their music, makes forward to gain his home before they can overhaul him, but finds the way baulked by a number of shepherds and their dogs, who have climbed to the earth whilst it was still dark. He turns to make for another "earth" more distant, but is often rolled over in his stride. As the morning goes on, more and more scents are struck, with the inevitable result that the pack splits up into threes and fours, each bevy hunting for all it is worth with a detachment of the field chasing after it. No fewer than seven foxes have been known to be afoot in the hinterland surrounding Buckbarrow earth at one time, within the radius of half a mile. The "earth-stoppers," it may be remarked, are often disappointed of a view of the hunting after all. I knew one man of over seventy climb from Sacgill to the top of Buckbarrow before daylight. Arrived there, he stopped all the holes he could find, lit a small fire of peat, and stayed till nightfall, with his two dogs for company. This was on a day when February rain-clouds closed thick about the fells, and his position could only have been one of great discomfort. Meantime the huntsman, in a farmyard half a dozen miles away, was disconsolately wandering about alone, for on the previous day, when the hounds were walking across the mist-piled division between two valleys, the majority of them had bolted on a hot scent, and could not be traced. However, they turned up at the kennels (at Ambleside some ten miles

off in a line), having apparently run to Swarthfell earth, near the foot of Ullswater, a distance of at least a dozen miles as the crow flies. Whether they killed the fox they pursued so far and so well cannot be told, but I have a great desire to believe that it escaped and is still ranging the fells. May it be in front of our pack next time I go fox-hunting with the shepherds !

With such incidents as these to pass time in the happening and their recounting, the shepherd's winter drags slowly through, and longer, brighter days at length proclaim the advent of another year.

WILLIAM T. PALMER.

OLD-TIME PANTOMIME MUSIC AND SONGS.

ALTHOUGH progress is the impelling law in most things vital, an abundance of evidence lies ready to the hand of the assiduous inquirer to show that the standard of pantomime music has been seriously lowered during the present century. Time was when it was possible, for a few shillings, to purchase the entire score of a favourite Christmas entertainment, but not within living memory, as the bulk of modern playgoers unite with Thackeray in thorough appreciation of a medley of well-worn tunes. And for much the same reason : " Perhaps it is because you meet so many old friends in these compositions consorting together in the queerest manner and occasioning pleasant surprises." The few attempts to wean us from our ways have not been attended with much success. Some twelve or mayhap thirteen years ago, Mr. Joseph Tabrar made a praiseworthy effort towards that end at the Grand Theatre, Islington, by setting all the songs in a pantomime to original music, only to suffer sadly for his heterodoxy. It is to be feared that the more recent experiments of Mr. Oscar Barrett at the Lyceum and the Adelphi can only be viewed as mere eddies on the stream of Tendency. Even the leader of the advance guard of critics, Mr. William Archer, found it necessary to protest against Mr. Barrett's revolutionary proclivities, and to lay down the law that, " apart from the ballet music and perhaps here and there an original song, the score of a pantomime should be a mere mosaic of old favourites."

Descending to first principles, we find that when pantomime first dawned upon a delighted public, nearly two centuries ago, the mute action which justified its appellation had a running accompaniment of orchestral music, somewhat similar to that which forms a marked feature of the latter-day school of French miming, as exemplified in " *L'Enfant Prodigue*." Of Rich's pantomimes we learn from a contemporary that " every action was executed to a different, agreeable music, so properly adapted that it thoroughly expresses what is going forward." We are told also of Woodward, the great Drury Lane

harlequin, that "his chief excellence lay in his attitudes, which he adapted to the music, according to the vicissitudes demanded by the various passions represented."

When we consider that it was customary in Gay's day to set the airs in ballad opera to popular tunes, it will not be surprising to find a similar method obtaining in a large measure in the pantomimes of the period. But even in that experimental stage not all the airs heard in the new "Entertainment" were old and worn. True, one of the ditties in "Harlequin Sheppard," at Drury Lane, in 1724, was sung to the tune of "Packington's Pound," a country dance which can be traced back to the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth. Again, the easy-flowing rhythms of "Thomas, I cannot," were adapted to a quaintly simple lyric summarising the plot of the piece, and sung by Mr. Weaver in "Perseus and Andromeda" at the same house four years later. But that all the vocal music in this pantomime could not have been borrowed is indicated by the fact that Fielding acknowledged the air of the seventh song in his musical farce of "The Lottery" (1731) to have been taken from it. Indeed, one cannot look into these matters for long without being convinced that pantomime composers were laid under liberal contribution in those days. An air called "Dick's Walk," in "Harlequin Dr. Faustus," the first English pantomime properly so described, was pressed into service for the twenty-ninth song in Gay's opera of "Achilles" (1733).

When we recall to mind that many of the early pantomimes were based on themes of common conversation, it will appear obvious that the topical song must have had a fairly remote origin. Events were occasionally chosen for ribald treatment whose pantomimic discussion would not now be tolerated. At Drury Lane, in 1746, the humiliated Jacobites were lashed to madness in "Harlequin Incendiary ; or Columbine Cameron " ; and at Covent Garden, in 1760, the gallant end of Wolfe was touched upon in "The Siege of Quebec ; or Harlequin Engineer." The earliest topical song that can be traced, and probably the first in actuality, was a mock raree-show ballad, sung in the famous pantomime of "The Rape of Proserpine," at Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1727. This was the piece, written by Lewis Theobald and set to music by Galliard, upon which Pope expended his powers of sarcasm in the "Dunciad." The ballad referred to satirised the rage for Italian operas by subscription, and the vogue of sundry foreign buffoons at the Haymarket, where their attractions had been supplemented by the rope-dancing of Madame Violante. The girding was effected in the following elementary manner :—

Here be de Haymarket, vere de Italian Opera sweetly sound,
Dat costa de brave gentry no more as Two hundred tousand pound ;
A very pretty fancy, a brave gallante show,
Et juste come from France, tout nouveau.

Here be de famous comedians of the world, de troupe Italien
Dat make a de poor English veepe, because dey vill troupe home again.
A very pretty fancy, &c., &c.

De toder place be Mademoiselle Violante, show a tousand trick ;
She jump upon de rope ten stories high, and never break her neck.

These pantomimes of Theobald's were of a curiously composite order. They may be briefly described as English operas, arranged after the Italian manner, with interspersed harlequinade scenes. Each piece had practically two themes, without connecting link, and each theme had its separate cast of performers. The operatic portion dealt seriously with some Ovidian myth ; the harlequinade, or comic scenes, generally gave a mute interpretation of a familiar love adventure. The whole was played in acts, and each act developed a portion of the two plots of the pantomime. Nothing more unlike our modern holiday entertainment could well be imagined. It is noteworthy that any topical songs or popular ballads that were rendered occurred in the harlequinade ; hence, probably, the singing clown of the Grimaldi type, long since obsolete.

As the operatic portions of these early pantomimes were arranged strictly after the Italian manner, with recitative, arias, and what not, the services of many sound musicians were utilised in their setting. Among those associated in this way we find the names of Galliard, Arne, Preluur, and Lampe. It seems in keeping that "Rule, Britannia," should retain its position in the medley overture to our Yuletide annuals, seeing that its composer gave a dignity to pantomime music which was well maintained throughout the century. In collaboration with Galliard he provided the score for "Harlequin Sorcerer," as produced by Rich in 1725, and revived frequently in after-years. For Drury Lane, in 1736, Arne set the "book" of "The Fall of Phæton"—a pantomime which was exquisitely ridiculed by Fielding in a theatrical parody. Ten years later he provided the music for "Harlequin Incendiary" at the same house. The seductive influence of his florid, bravura style seems to have lasted long in pantomimic circles, and not always to advantage. Neat lyrics of Herrickian delicacy and point were frequently marred by these vocal pyrotechnics. Here is the first verse of a song in "Mother Shipton" (Covent Garden, 1770), which was completely ruined by these roudades and repetitions :—

To heal the wound a bee had made
 Upon my Chloe's face,
 Some honey on her lips she laid
 And bade me kiss the place.
 Pleas'd I obey'd, and from that wound
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart,
 The honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart.

While still an artful pupil to Dr. Arne, and unable for that reason to publish his compositions under his own name, Charles Burney wrote the music for Woodward's pantomime of "Queen Mab," as originally produced in Dublin in 1748. Two years later it was brought out at old Drury by Garrick, with great acceptance. Although few save collectors are now aware that the score was published as the work of "A Society of the Sons of Apollo," many lovers of old-fashioned music must be familiar with one of Dr. Burney's airs. This is purely owing to the accidental circumstance that it was borrowed by the adaptive Kane O'Hara for the setting of his song "Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue," in the popular burletta of "Midas" (1762). In modern times, few indeed are the pantomime composers who have evoked strains that lived after them. We know of only one noteworthy instance. A humorous air by Tom Cooke, introduced into "Harlequin Jack O'Lantern" at Drury Lane, in 1837, lingered so long in popular memory that it was finally adapted to the song of "The Owl's Roost," when Tom Robertson brought out his "Society," twenty-eight years later. As a composer of longevous music, however, Dr. Burney is easily first. Anyone who cares to unearth his score of "The Elopement"—the Drury Lane pantomime of 1767—will find therein the original of that very dainty dance tune known as "Haste to the Wedding." It was published by Longman and Broderip, of the Haymarket, at the modest price of half-a-crown. This was about the average figure for pantomime scores in those days, though the music of "The Sylphs" (1774), as issued by the same publishers, cost 4s. 6d., and of "The Choice of Harlequin" (1781), 7s. 6d. The setting of "The Sylphs," as produced at Covent Garden, was by Fisher, the eccentric leader of the orchestra, of whom Michael Kelly tells so many curious stories. In this piece Columbine was made to take her seat at the harpsichord and sing the following song to her own accompaniment :—

Come, fancy, help me paint the scene
 That gave my rapture birth !
 I dream'd of Sylphs ; of Harlequin,
 Activity and mirth.

The sweet delusion swiftly flew,
I fear 'twas all a dream ;
And yet I thought I saw and knew
All happiness with him.

In the Covent Garden pantomime of "Prometheus" (1775), as composed by Dr. Fisher, there occurs a song on that eternal theme of "Beer, beer, glorious beer," which will bear comparison with the recent vulgar praises of the beverage :—

Let Lords about Court boast of stars and of strings,
And the ladies of fashion of feathers and rings,
Here, look upon Sue and the rose on her face
Which beats all the rouge and the Chesterfield grace.

Would the quality gentry but yield up their wine,
For a tap that is quick, and a liquor that's fine ;
Such fair linen cheeks would not always prevail
Were they crimsoned with health and such liquor as ale.

From the stricture passed by a magazine critic upon the score of "The Norwood Gipsies"—the Covent Garden pantomime of 1777—it would appear that a wide gap yawns between the methods of Then and Now. In these degenerate days a comment like the following would have little relevance : "Dr. Fisher, as he advances in title and honour, does not advance in excellence as a composer or compiler, and the music, on the whole, discovers neither genius or taste." From this time onward, though the names of many prominent musicians continued to figure on the bills, there was less and less of originality, and more and more of appropriation. But some composers had qualms of conscience, and only stole from themselves. In treating of "The Touchstone ; or Harlequin Traveller," an ingenious speaking pantomime, with a plot akin to that of "The Palace of Truth," the *London Magazine*, early in 1779, said : "The operatical part gave a heaviness to the scenes not so consistent with the general ideas of a lively pantomime. . . . The music was light, but not remarkable for originality. Some of the airs have been performed in Mr. Dibden's former musical productions." Now that the old mythological themes were being superseded by stories dear to childhood, and that the cumbrous double plot was going by the board, we have here the indication that the pretentious musical setting in the high Italian manner had outlived its popularity.

The humour of a comic song is at best so ephemeral in its allusiveness, that strict comparison between the laughter-breeding ditties of bygone times and those of to-day is out of the question. "Hot Codlins" and "Tippitywitchet" appear childish enough now

in all conscience, but probably not more so than will jingles of the "Tarara-boom-de-ay" order to our own great-grandchildren. Pantomime humour has ever been lacking in the savour to keep it sweet. Here, for instance, is a taste of the quality of a comic song set to music by Shield, and sung by Edwin in the character of a hunchbacked barber, in "Harlequin Rambler," the Covent Garden annual of 1784. It must have enjoyed some vogue in its day, for it was published separately by Bland, of Holborn, at the moderate price of sixpence. But one wonders where the laugh came in !

London Town is just like a Barber's Shop,
 But by the Lord Harry 'tis wondrous big.
 Then the painted Dol and the powder'd Fop
 And many a blockhead wear a wig.

(Chorus)

And I tickled each phys with a twiggle and a Friz,
 With a twiggle twiggle twiggle and a frizzel.
 With a twiggle twiggle twiggle and a frizzel, frizzel, frizzel,
 And I tickled each Phiz with a twiggle and a Friz.

A captain of Horse I went for to shave,
 Ho, damme, says he with a martial frown ;
 My razor I pois'd like a Barber brave,
 I took him by the nose, but he knock'd me down.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

A POET-PRINCESS.

NO maiden was ever born to more brilliant promise of happiness than the eldest daughter of that truly great king and most accomplished gentleman, the first James Stuart, King of Scots ; the opening blossom of whose life was drawn by fate, in the guise of political necessity, into the deadly shadow of that sinister-souled prince who afterwards became infamous as Louis XI. of France. Of all the procession of sad Stuart princesses, no figure is more tragic than hers.

Her life had its bright beginning in 1424, just after her father's restoration from his long English captivity, whence he brought as sheaves with him that "sweetest fairest flowre" his English bride, Joan Beaufort, of Plantagenet blood, niece of Richard II., daughter of the Duchess of Clarence by her first husband, John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, son of John of Gaunt. The poet-king himself has sung their love-story, fated to close in grimmest tragedy, but one of the sweetest in all romance in its opening staves. To their first-born child they gave the name of the sainted English princess, Margaret Ætheling, Queen of Scots, who more than four hundred years before had brought light and grace from England, as James and his English Joan sought to bring it again.

Life was very full and strenuous in that last century of the Middle Ages. Though it rang with the clash of arms, it was melodious with poetry ; illumined also by the radiant youth of art. It was a century beautiful with the sunset rays of the ages of faith, but heavily clouded by portents of advancing change. It clung to the vanishing glories of the older world, but the spirit of the Crusades, which Henry IV. and Henry V. fruitlessly strove to reawaken, was silenced for ever by the thunder-tones of Wickcliff, Huss, and Savonarola. It was sweet with the voices of Minnesingers, but even the Minnesingers were an artificially preserved survival. The great singers had passed away, Dante, Petrarch, Chaucer. Poetry had become the sweetly fanciful verse-making which reached its supreme expression in Villon's ballades. Corruption beneath was deep and widespread, but old decays were

fostering new creations. The old ideals of saintliness and chivalry were still for worship and example, and all that was lovely and lovable was loved.

Towards the close of April 1428, the Princess Margaret, being a little over three years old, was asked in marriage by Charles VII. of France—the Dauphin, as he was still called, being but a king *de jure*, King of Bourges—for his son Louis, the *de jure* Dauphin. Charles was then in desperate plight. Though six years had passed since the death of the conqueror, Henry V., the English held almost every rood of French soil in the name of the infant Henry VI. Charles was hard pressed at the same time by his half-vassal, half-rival sovereign, the Duke of Burgundy, and he turned in despair to the “Auld Alliance,” which even in those days was old. Tradition claimed that it dated from a league made between Charlemagne and King Eocha, or Achaius, father of Kenneth MacAlpin. The first negotiation proved by existing records was in 1168, when William the Lion sent ambassadors to France to urge the advantages of a defensive treaty between the two weak countries against the overwhelming power of their common enemy, England, who, under Henry of Anjou, possessed wider dominions in France alone than did the house of Capet. The alliance was confirmed by a later treaty, signed at Edinburgh between Robert II. and Charles the Good, on October 28, 1371. The lily tressure on the Scottish shield, enclosing the ruddy lion of King William, is pointed to as heraldic confirmation of the antiquity of the alliance.

James had been fairly well treated by his English captors, who had given him an excellent education, but he did not feel himself bound to their interests by any perpetual obligation. They had unlawfully kidnapped him; held him in durance for nearly twenty weary years, during which his kingdom had all but gone to wreck and ruin; and they had, out of greed, heavily mulcted his poor subjects for his ransom. He too believed the weal of Scotland to be with the Auld Alliance. He broke off negotiations still pending with England, whose fair words were ever those of the wolf to the lamb; and he gladly agreed to the French king's terms, who asked no other dowry with the Princess of Scotland than six thousand effective soldiers to help drive the English out of France. The French ambassadors were the Archbishop of Rheims, John Stuart, Count de Dreux, and Lord Darnley. In their company came Alain Chartier, the poet, destined to play so dramatic a part in the history of the baby bride; who was no doubt welcomed with high honour and warm pleasure by the poet-king.

Though it had not been required of him, the King of Scots undertook to provide his daughter with a sufficient income, and all honourable provision was made for the future by the treaty, as beseemed the state of personages so exalted as the future King of France and the heiress-presumptive of Scotland, for her brother James was not yet born. The two kings swore to observe the obligations of all former alliances between their kingdoms, and Charles assigned to the King of Scots the county of Xaintonge and the seigneurie of Rochefort. This last item of the treaty was, however, objected to by Charles's council, and the duchy of Berri was offered instead, but neither was ever actually handed over, though on the pretext of this treaty the Scottish kings afterwards laid claim to Xaintonge. Perhaps Charles found it more difficult to hand over lands which he really possessed than to promise them while they were held by an apparently invincible invader.

On October 30 Charles signed the marriage treaty at his Court of Chinon. The six thousand men-at-arms were to be sent when the French fleet should arrive to transport them. The English, of course, were informed, to their angry alarm, of these arrangements, and kept vigilant watch upon the coasts and seas to intercept the ships.

But a great wonder, a very sign from heaven, stopped the sailing of the Scottish reinforcements—one of far more serious import to the English dominion in France than the landing of twice six thousand foreign troops. "No one in the world, neither kings nor dukes, nor the daughter of the King of Scotland, could recover the kingdom of France, and there was no help for it," said a village maiden, who, during the Lent of 1428-29 appeared at the Court of Chinon bearing a commission direct from heaven to deliver the king and kingdom from the invader. Orleans was relieved. The English leopards fled before the bannered Christ and the sword of St. Catherine of Fierbois. The King of Bourges was crowned King of France at Rheims, and was no longer in want of Scottish assistance.

The treaty remained uncanceled though the marriage was in abeyance for four years, and though rumours reached the Scottish Court of another alliance being planned for the Dauphin. Then overtures of friendship came from England to Scotland, and proposals of marriage on behalf of the child-king Henry VI. to one of James's infant daughters. This news recalled Charles VII. to a sense of his obligations and perils. He sent La Hire, his *maître d'hôtel*, to Scotland with two other envoys to claim the Princess Margaret as his son's promised bride, though he no longer required the assistance

she had been pledged to bring to him. James stood on his dignity, and reminded King Charles of the long delay that had taken place, and hinted at recent plans for the Dauphin's marriage. The King of France explained that his poverty and not his will had consented to that delay ; his troubles were not even yet ended, and had put him to such enormous expenses as disabled him from carrying out the provisions of the marriage treaty in fitting style.

The English Government, alarmed at the waning of their power in France, heard with consternation of the impending completion of the Scoto-French marriage, and strained every nerve to thwart it. Lord Scrope was sent to the Court of King James with offers of great advantage ; perpetual peace, with the restitution of Berwick and Roxburgh, and of every portion of border territory to which Scotland could justly lay claim. James called a Parliament to meet at Perth for the weighing of these proposals, which were duly debated before him in the Dominican Church ; a spot of evil omen for himself. The nobles and prelates were for accepting the English overtures, declaring that peace and liberty were their chief desire. James was far too wise and too well experienced in English diplomacy to believe in promises of peace and liberty from that quarter. Of all burning questions that ever came before the rulers of Scotland, none burned so fiercely and so unquenchably as the question of their relations with England. Even the later and fiercer fires of religious dissension could not wholly extinguish the steady flame of patriotism and pride of national independence.

Following the King's lead, the abbots of Scone and Inchcolm declared that Scotland could not treat of alliance with England, because the antithetical league with France was indissoluble, having been examined by the University of Paris and confirmed by the Pope. Other objections were raised, and the day was wasted in fruitless discussion. On the morrow the discussion was renewed. Feeling ran so high that the Parliament was transformed by the wrangling of the clergy into a hall of ecclesiastical disputation. Nothing was decided, but as the French alliance remained *in statu quo*, the English proposals were held to be practically rejected. The Princess was formally betrothed to the Dauphin in January 1435, and James agreed to send her from Dumbarton to France before the end of May, escorted by two thousand Scottish men-at-arms and guarded by a French fleet. But there followed yet more weary delays of diplomacy, now chiefly touching the matter of the Princess's household, and she did not finally set sail until March 27, 1436. It seems strange to our modern ideas that none of the delay was owing to inquiries as to the character of

the boy of twelve years old to whom this wise King and tender father was committing the happiness of his little child. The boy, Louis the Dauphin, was the father of the man Louis XI., and his vices even at twelve years old were by no means latent. The terrible danger of the child-marriages of the Middle Ages was that nobody seemed concerned to study the undeveloped natures of the parties most seriously interested.

Sixteen knights and squires and a hundred and forty young gentlemen accompanied the royal bride, besides the escort. The chief persons in her train were the admiral, William Sinclair, Earl of Orkney, and John, Bishop of Brechin. They filled three galleys and six barges. The English Government, irritated at the rejection of their proposals, sent out a fleet of one hundred and eighty vessels to intercept the Princess. They lay in wait opposite to the Raz de Bretagne. The worst bit of luck of her life was the accident by which she escaped them. A number of Flemish merchant ships, laden with wine from Rochelle, were sighted by the English, who, tired of waiting for their royal prey, could not resist the temptation of a fight and booty. They captured the Flemish merchantmen, but immediately after lost their prizes to a Spanish fleet that happened to pass that way. Through these broils of squabbling thieves the little bride and her galleys and barges slipped safely by, and she landed on April 17, half dead with sea-sickness, at La Palisse, in the Isle of Rhé, the nearest port open to her, the north of France being still occupied by the English and their allies.

The King had sent the great officers of his household to receive her. She rested a few days at the priory of Nieul, near Rochelle, and on May 5 made her state entry into that city. She then journeyed to Poitiers, being joined on the way at Niort by the Ladies of Rochegreyon and Gamaches, representing the Queen of France.

She made her state entry into Tours as betrothed Dauphiness on June 24, in a fine and noble company, and was very honourably received by those of the town. She was mounted on a palfrey very richly caparisoned, preceded and followed by the Dowager Madame de la Roche and many French and Scottish ladies and demoiselles mounted in like state. When she arrived at the gate of the city the Sires de Maillé and de Gamaches, who had come to meet her on foot, took her palfrey by the bridle, one on either side, and thus proceeded to the castle, where she dismounted. Then between Monseigneur de Vendôme and a Scottish earl she was led into the hall of the castle, where were the Queens of France and Sicily, Madame Radegonde, the King's daughter, Madame de Vendôme, and

many other lords, ladies, and demoiselles. The Queen of Sicily—Isabeau of Lorraine, wife of King René and mother of Margaret of Anjou—"came forward to meet her as far as the end of the hall, and conducted her to the Queen, who was seated on a chair of state; who rose and advanced four or five steps to meet her, then took her and kissed her. Immediately after this Monseigneur the Dauphin, who was in his room below, came into the hall, duly attended by his knights and squires. As soon as the lady who had come to be his bride and consort heard that he was in the hall, she advanced to meet him, and there they embraced and kissed each other and returned to the Queen. Then everybody retired to the Queen's chamber, which was splendidly hung and decorated, and they amused themselves there until supper. The great hall was very richly hung from top to bottom with cloth of gold and of costly tapestries, as were four other rooms besides."¹

On the following day the King arrived at Tours. He went at once to the castle and to the bride's chamber, where he found her being dressed. He expressed himself as "moult joyeux," and well content with her person.²

He then assisted at the blessing of Monseigneur the Dauphin and the Lady Margaret of Scotland, still wearing the grey riding costume and spurs in which he had arrived. The Dauphin and his bride were arrayed in royal robes. The Queen of France wore a robe of velvet covered with embroideries of golden foliage, very beautiful and rich. There was much music. Renauld de Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims, Chancellor of France, married the royal couple, the Archbishop of Tours, as diocesan, having granted the dispensation necessary for their tender years. In honour of the wedding there was high festival kept in the city of Tours. Soon after the Mass, celebrated by the Archbishop, the King and Queen, the newly-married pair, and many nobles, squires, ladies, and demoiselles, went to dinner, duly marshalled. First was seated the Archbishop, who had officiated; then the King; next, the Dauphiness; after her the Queen of Sicily, the Queen of France fifth, and Madame de Vendôme sixth. Such, says Alain Chartier, was the arrangement of that perfect table.

"As for the service," he continues, "it was beyond all question, for every dish procurable was there in abundance. There was more music, trumpets, clarions, lutes, psalterions, and the song of minstrels.

¹ *Histoire de Charles VII*, par Alain Chartier.

² Regnault Girard.

Heralds and pursuivants were present in great numbers, and verily there was made a great and good cheer."

There is no mention of the bridegroom at the feast, without whose presence one hardly looks for a perfect wedding party. Perhaps the boy's sulky absence was preferred to his company, even on such an occasion. From the very first he detested his Scottish bride, for no other reason than because she had been chosen for him by his father, whom he hated and opposed in every possible way. Yet one would suppose that the most unwilling of bridegrooms must have been compelled to attend his marriage-feast at which the sovereign presided.

Charles VII., one of the feeblest princes who ever wore a crown, was entirely under the influence of his mistress, Agnes Sorel. The Dauphin, fiercely jealous of that influence, hated Agnes Sorel beyond all other objects of his malevolence. In spite of his vices, he was as strong, active, and courageous as his father was weak and indolent. His vigour, unfortunately, went for the most part to direct and make more terrible his uneasy, intriguing spirit, combined with inordinate ambition and pitiless cruelty. Though he was then only thirteen, one can guess what manner of boy was the future master of Plessis-les-Tours, the hangman's familiar friend; what cruelties generated in that sinister soul; cruelties to which boy nature is all too prone, developed and strengthened by the circumstance of uncontrolled royalty.

Though by feudal law the King of Scots was entitled on this occasion to a subsidy from his people, he had discovered by experience their inability and disinclination to pay any tax, and he was satisfied with the contributions of the principal clergy and laity, which were not a little liberal.¹

After their marriage the youthful bride and bridegroom were separated for two years. The Dauphiness was taken into the gentle care of the French Queen, Marie of Anjou, sister of René, King of Sicily. Eight months later, on February 27, 1437, an awful tragedy flung its shadow over the young life of Margaret Stuart. Her father, James I., was murdered by his rebellious nobles in the monastery of the Black Friars at Perth.

The wretched married life of Louis and Margaret began in July 1438, at Gien, on the Loire. The Dauphin treated his girl consort with more than heartless unkindness, even with brutal rudeness. He refused to show her the commonest outward respect. He insulted and reviled her in the grossest manner; called her "a foul

¹ Pinkerton's *History of Scotland*.

carrion that no clean creature would come near"; complained that her complexion was nasty, and her breath offensive. She was of a frail constitution, with the pale, clear skin that "goes" with the red-gold hair of the Stuarts, which presumably did not find favour with the Prince, whose tastes are described by Vallet de Viréville as equally common and coarse; who was rude and ungainly in his person, and who knew no love but physical appetite.

And to this royal swine was flung the Pearl of Scotland, whom all voices joined to praise. "Hers was a noble nature," says Duclos; "an ardent mind and warm heart in a fragile body; passionately devoted to poetry and the arts, she spent days and nights in reading and composing poems."

"She was a kind and lovely lady," says Chartier. "Beautiful and finely formed," says De Coucy; "furnished and adorned with all such good conditions and advantages as high-born lady may possess." "She loved much the orators who spoke in the vulgar tongue," says Brunetto Latine, and set herself at once to speak and study that French language which he calls "the most delectable of all," and which continued to be the language of diplomacy and of the best society in Scotland.

Thus all her contemporaries extolled her beauty, goodness, sweetness, and culture. Vallet de Viréville somewhat hyper-patriotically attributes her accomplishments to emulation of the French princesses, who, ever since the age of Philip Augustus, had given themselves to the cultivation of letters. With more reason it may be claimed that her talents and tastes were the natural inheritance of the daughter of James I.

The highly-strung girl, glowing with the warm affections of her race, artistic temperament dominating her fragile humanity, found her affections forbidden their natural channel. As her father had found solace in art and letters during his captivity, so she sought in poetry and romance a refuge from the bitterness of life, her husband's cruelty and neglect. She was unhappy, but she was, after all, a child in years, and her delicate nature was upborne for awhile by the buoyant Stuart temperament. She took her new country to her heart. The King and all who came near her loved her dearly, but her large, bright nature, checked and constrained, chafed against the limitations of her cruel lot. Her nerves, overwrought by studious vigils, wore out her frail body, and healthy human love was turned into morbid emotionality.

She surrounded herself with ladies of kindred tastes. There was Jeanne Filleul, a poetess from whose muse there remains a roundel

to this day ; and there was Anne of Guise, to whom her mistress gave for a keepsake a book "which spoke of love and songs and ballades" ; and there were Marguerite de Salignac and Prégente de Melun. With these companions the Princess would sit the night through until nearly sunrise, composing lays, roundels, and ballades. She sometimes composed twelve roundels in a day.

In 1442, the Lady Isabel Stuart, sister of the Dauphiness, was married to the Duke of Bretagne. She, too, inherited her father's poetic gift, and her love and congenial companionship must have brought much sweetness to the neglected young wife. There was scope and honour in plenty for woman in those days, though she did not spell herself with a capital "W" and call the world in to admire her cleverness, or set herself in battle array against the aggression of man. It was an age, says Olivier de la Marche, when "*les dames avoient bruit en France et loy d'elles monstrier.*" Devotion to the Virgin-Mother had taught rough warriors to become gentle knights who revered on their knees every pure and lovely woman as the presentment on earth of the star-crowned Queen of Heaven.

And it was an age when women did not deem themselves limited by sex to dabbling in literature, and looking on at tourneys, and competing at courts of love. When need called to arms, they responded and led hosts to battle ; and the brave century of Joan of Arc and Margaret of Anjou might well laugh at the boastful age of the New Woman, most foolishly so called.

As Mary Stuart, a hundred years later, studied the art of versification under Ronsard, Margaret studied under Alain Chartier, foremost poet of her day, father of French eloquence, sweetest and ugliest of singers. Jean Bouchet, the chronicler of Anjou, tells the picturesque story which is repeated by all historians of that period, how one day, crossing the castle hall with her train of lords and ladies, the Dauphiness came upon Master Alain Chartier, sleeping upon a bench. She stooped her head, with the royal circlet above her flowing golden locks, and kissed the sleeping poet upon his lips, while her attendants looked on amazed : not with any sense of outraged propriety, only shocked that the Princess should kiss so ugly a man. "I have not kissed the man," she replied, "but the precious mouth from which such beauteous words have come."

L'Epouse au Roy Louys onziesme,
Fille d'Escosse, eut telle estime et esme
De Charretier, qu'en dormant elle touche
D'un doux baiser son éloquent bouche
Pour les bons mots qui en étoient issus.

No scandal touched Margaret's fair name because of that gracious, impulsive kiss, and Chartier never dreamed of presuming upon the royal condescension. In those days no honour was deemed beyond the meed of the minstrel. Had she lived a century later, when religious bitterness distorted the minds of men, so that lovely innocence would look evil, Chartier's fate would probably have been the fate of Chastelard and Rizzio.

We read in the pages of Beaucourt how on the fair May morning of 1444 she left the castle of Montils-les-Tours with a brilliant train to go a-maying. The Dauphiness, the Queen of France, and their ladies were followed by three hundred "gallants or valentines." The English ambassadors, who tell the story, were present to meet the Dauphiness. Their presence suggests that among these gay ladies was the young princess, Margaret of Anjou, the Queen's niece, who on the 24th of that month—the unlucky month of May—was married by proxy to Henry VI. of England; a marriage, for all its tragic sequel, less ill-starred than the loveless marriage of the Scottish Margaret.

The great Duchess of Burgundy, Isabella, daughter of the King of Portugal and of Philippa of Lancaster, and wife of Philip the Good, was Margaret's cousin and intimate friend. Almost a queen herself, she treated the Dauphiness with all the deference due to a reigning sovereign. She often visited and dined with her, making low obeisance to her when she rose from table. She took the Dauphin severely to task for his treatment of his sad young wife, which championship necessitated diplomatic explanations. The Duke of Burgundy's niece, Mary of Gueldres, married Margaret's brother, James II.

The long residence of the Duchess of Burgundy at Châlons in 1445, the presence of the English ambassadors and other distinguished guests, occasioned many splendid feasts and other revels. There were jousts and tourneys, dances and music. The Dauphiness, richly dressed in velvet and fur, danced in a ballet called the "Basse Danse de Bourgogne," with the Queen of Sicily, the Duchess of Calabria, and the young Count of Clermont. Further gaieties ensued upon the marriage of Arthur of Bretagne, Count of Richemont, with his second wife, Catherine of Luxemburg.

Amid these splendours the heart of the sad Dauphiness turned to the Scottish home she had left as a child. Her mother, the Queen-Dowager, had married Sir James Stuart, the Black Knight of Lorn, for a woman's position was dangerous in those turbulent days if she had no husband to protect and fight for her. Queen Joan

had now a second family, and Margaret longed to mother her own young sisters, the Lady Eleanor, who, like herself, had inherited her father's talents, and the Lady Joan, who was dumb. They were between ten and fifteen years of age, and it was feared that the Douglasses, who were struggling for power against the Crown, might strengthen their already dangerously great position by marrying the King's sisters to Douglas lords. The Dauphiness sent for the little sisters, hoping to marry them, as the Lady Isabel had been married, to neighbouring princes, so that she might enjoy the consolation of their society. The children were sent off, but while they were on their way the shadows suddenly darkened and closed over the doomed head of the gentle Dauphiness.

She had known keen suffering and heavy sorrow, but as yet scandal had not touched her, in spite of the carelessness of her innocence and the enthusiasm which lent itself to the malicious misinterpretation of enemies—of an enemy too malignant and too powerful to be resisted ; the one enemy she had in all the world.

She was, no doubt, reckless in her craze for poetry, and like Mary Stuart, she condescended to a greater freedom with inferiors than evil-disposed observers might deem seemly in one placed so high. She recognised in the brotherhood of art a closer tie, a more real equality, than ties of kinship and equality of rank. It was remarked that she was careless in her dress. No doubt it was artistic instinct which bade her wear her garments flowing more freely than the rigours of French Court fashion decreed. "Have you seen that lady?" asked Jamet de Tillay, her husband's familiar. "She has rather the manners of a courtesan than of a great princess."

Now and then she was seized with a whim of tight lacing ; perhaps in obedience to the Queen's wish, perhaps because the loose, graceful draperies encouraged the putting-on of flesh. The ideal lady of knights and troubadours and contemporary painters was willowy and pale. It may have been to preserve her girlish slenderness that she ate so much sour fruit and drank vinegar.

By the hand of Jamet de Tillay she received her death-blow. He had distinguished himself as a soldier at the taking of Mont-richard five years earlier, but he was a scoundrel, a spy, and a liar. Out of the blackness of his heart he accused the Dauphiness of light conduct, and was employed by his master, the Dauphin, to get evidence for his Highness.

One sees the picture as if Burne-Jones had drawn it ; indeed, each prominent scene of her life is made to the hand of that great

painter ; the dim chamber lit only by the fire-light, the warm dusk of the summer night outside, the fair young Princess reclining on her couch, with her ladies round her ; the Seigneur de Blainville leaning near her on his elbow, while the Sire d'Estouteville held forth on the subjects so dear to those gentle ladies, on love, chivalry, and the beautiful in art. In her absorption the Dauphiness had forgotten to order candles and lamps to be lighted. Into the dim room stumbled Jamet de Tillay, bearing a lighted taper, seeing only what he was sent to see and wished to see ; crying out against the iniquity of a fire-lit symposium. He hurried to the *maître d'hôtel*, exclaiming that to allow a great lady's chamber to remain unlighted at so late an hour was a gross immorality. Then he took his tale to the ready ear of the Dauphin, and accused the Princess of "the worst that can be said of a woman."

Louis upbraided his wife with his usual brutal coarseness, taunting her also, somewhat irrelevantly, with her childlessness. She protested her innocence "upon the perdition of her soul." She had come from a Court that was pure and lovely and of good report. Scottish morality seems to have stood very high indeed until the French alliance, with its temporal advantages, brought many evil communications to corrupt good manners. In the reign of Robert II. the Scots had been seriously shocked by the license of the French troops under the great Admiral de Vienne ; a license which did not stop short at the royal house. The horrible charge was more than Margaret's sensitive nature could endure.¹ She was stricken to the heart, and from that hour fell into the profound melancholy which so often lay in wait for the high-strung Stuart soul. The taunts thrown at her childlessness also preyed upon her mind, and she saw in her life only a hated obstacle in the way of a more fruitful marriage for her husband.

On August 7 King Charles came to Sarry, where Margaret was living, and went thence to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of the Thorn, accompanied by the Dauphiness. The heat was extreme. She overtired herself, and returned to the château bathed in perspiration. She flung off her clothes in her careless, imprudent way, and remained in a damp, cold room wearing only her thin undergarment. Of course she caught a chill. She coughed all the next day, then developed pleurisy. She had no strength to rally. Her heart was broken, and she sank swiftly. She was taken from Sarry to Châlons, probably because the latter had a

¹ Duclos says her health was sapped by her vigils and by the restlessness of a too active mind.

warmer and drier climate. They laid her in the cathedral cloister, under the stony Gothic arches—for air, one supposes. There she lay dying; the bells silenced in all the churches, her ladies weeping round her. The King was greatly distressed, and anxiously questioned the doctors, who assured him of her recovery. Indeed, there was no reason why she should not recover, save lack of love to live. Tillay declared that nothing ailed her but love-sickness,¹ though when the King asked his opinion of the illness, walking with him in the meadows at evening, he declared the cause of it to be simply want of rest; that Madame had injured her health by sitting up all night writing poetry.

But Margaret kept moaning, “Ah! Jamet, Jamet, you have gained your purpose. If I die, it is through you—by the fair words you have spoken of me falsely.” Then she would beat her breast, crying, “By my God, by my baptism, I have not deserved it. I have never wronged my lord the Dauphin.” So spoke, two centuries after, another dying young daughter of her race, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans.

The seneschal of Poitou heard her, and cried, “False and wicked scoundrel! It is your malice that has killed her!” Thrice did her confessor, Robert Poitevin, who was also the Court physician, urge her to forgive Jamet de Tillay. Marguerite de Salignac, with her other ladies, joined their entreaties to his. She brought herself to declare that she forgave him from her heart, but she went on repeating, half consciously, “Now he has gained his purpose!” A few hours before she died she said, “If it were not for my faith, I should repent with all my heart of having come to France.”

She died, after a week’s illness, August 16, 1445, “done to death by slanderous tongues.” She was only in her twenty-first year. She had stood on the steps of two great thrones; she was good and lovely, and dowered with rare intellectual gifts, adored by all who knew her, save one; and her last words were, “*Fi de la vie de ce monde! Ne m’en parlez pas.*”

Her piteous death plunged the Court into sorrow. The Queen, who was in delicate health, fell seriously ill. Even the Dauphin is said to have shared in the universal desolation. The King, who had loved her best of all, was in a very rage of grief, and hurried from Châlons as soon as possible, unable to stay upon the scene of such a calamity. He wished to have her buried at St. Denis, but it had been her earnest desire to be buried in a chapel of the Holy

¹ Duclos.

Sepulchre which she intended to erect in the Church of St. Laon de Thouars, for the repose of her father's soul. She was cut off so suddenly that the money for the building was unpaid. According to the custom of the time, she had pledged her costly Book of Hours as guarantee for the required sum of six hundred crowns. The King redeemed the book and found the money. She was buried provisionally in Châlons Cathedral with great solemnity. When her vow was accomplished by the completion of her chapel at St. Laon, she was removed thither. That was in 1479, when her husband was reigning in France as Louis XI. The magnificent sculptures of the tomb which Charles VII. caused to be raised over her body remained until the Revolution.

Her beautiful Book of Hours remains to this day a memorial of her. Her poems and letters were all destroyed by her husband, who hastened immediately after her death to collect together all the manuscripts he could find, demanding from her ladies such as were in their possession.

Many laments were composed in her honour. One, translated into Scottish, may be read in "The Life and Death of James I.," printed by the Maitland Club. It is the work of a poet very imaginative, very courtly, or very ill-informed, for the words are put into the mouth of Louis the Dauphin, who mourns his wife piously and tenderly in several pages of print.

Another, which is much more beautiful, is printed in Michel's "Ecosais en France." It is attributed by Vallet de Viréville to Margaret's sister, "Ysabeau," Duchess of Bretagne, in spite of the farewell taken of the murdered King of Scots, which, however, may be only a tenderly fanciful allusion :—

La très-doulce Vierge Marie
 Veillez ceulx et celles garder
 Qui orront piteuses nouvelles
 Orresendroit et raconter
 De Madame la Dauphine,
 Trespassee nouvellement.

La très-doulce Vierge Marie
 Quant la dame du hault paraige
 Sentit le mal qui approchoit
 En soupirant moult tendrement
 Son ame à Dieu recommandoit,
 Elle et son noble linaige
 De France et d'Escoc auxi,
 Et par desur tretouz les autres
 Le Dauphin, son loial mary.

“ Adieu, Dauphin, mon très cher sire,”
A plourer la dame se print.
“ Pour vous l’avoie la mer passée
Où j’ai prins moult de grans plaisirs.
Si avoit trestout mon lignage,
De France et d’Escoce aussi ;
Car j’avoie esté mariée
Au plus noble des fleurs de lis.

“ Adieu, très-noble roy de France,
Pere de mon loyal mari.
Adieu, mon pere, roy d’Escoce,
Et madame de mere aussi.
Adieu, fin franc duc de Bretagne,
Frere de mon loyal mary,
Quand saurez que seray trespessée
Pour moi aurez le cœur marry.”

Then follow two verses in which the Dauphiness bids adieu to the Church, popes, cardinals, and seigneurie of France, to the Queen of France and her ladies, to the Duchess of Bretagne—“la mienne seur o cœur jolis”—the Duchess of Burgundy, and the Countess of Charolois, ending with the pathetic lines :—

Si vcus pouvez par mille voye
Mettez pais en la fleur de lis.

Here we have indeed the voice of the gentle Princess who made peace and kept it between her husband and his father for the term of her short life. After her death the old rancour broke forth again into open rupture.

The lament ends :—

En soupirant est trespessée
La dame dont est fait mention,
Recommandant à Dieu son ame
Pour lui prier faire pardon.
“ Vray Dieu de consolation,
Veillez mon ame rachater ;
Car jay voy bien que en nulle voye
A la mort ne puis echapper.

While the sad Princess lay dying at Châlons, her two young sisters landed in Flanders, on their way to visit her. Weary from their voyage, alone in a strange land, save for their attendants, but with young hearts beating high in anticipation of all the delights of their sister’s society and the gay French Court, the poor little girls were greeted with the tidings of that sister’s death. As if that were not sorrow enough to offer them in the place of joy, they were told

at the same time that the mother they had just left behind in Scotland was also dead. There was no home to return to ; only the castle of their stepfather, the Black Knight of Lorn, who had children of his own. Their brother, King James, was but a lad, the prisoner of the fierce and mighty Douglasses.

They pushed on to the French Court, where the sorrowful King received them with the most fatherly kindness. He commanded that they should step straight into the place of their dead sister, and be served by her servants with all the state that had been hers, at his expense, until they should be married or otherwise settled in life.

In the original treaty for the Lady Margaret's marriage it was stipulated that should she die before the marriage could take place her next sister should be married to the Dauphin in her stead. So now, in spite of all that had passed, of which, indeed, the whole was not yet known to him, King Charles was eager to marry the Lady Eleanor to his son, and applied to the Pope for a dispensation. To the lady's great good fortune, the dispensation was refused.

The Scottish princesses remained at the French Court for some years. We hear of Eleanor going on a pilgrimage with the Queen of France in 1447. Shortly after, she married Sigismund, Duke of Austria, and seems to have been happy. Like her father and sisters, she was devoted to letters, and translated the "Romance of Ponthus and Sidoyne" into German for the amusement of her husband.

The dumb Lady Joan stayed longer in the French King's affectionate care. We find her receiving *étrennes* at the Court as late as 1453. Margaret of Anjou, then Queen of England, proposed that the two sisters of her dear friend the Dauphiness should be married to the two orphaned sons of her partisan, the Duke of Somerset, but neither marriage took place. By-and-by, the Lady Joan returned to Scotland, and there, in spite of her infirmity, married twice into the House of Douglas ; her first husband being the Earl of Angus, whom she married in the spring of 1458 ; her second the Earl of Morton, third Lord of Dalkeith. The youngest sister of all, the Lady Anne, married the Lord of Campvere, who escorted Mary of Gueldres from Burgundy to marry James II.¹

Soon after the death of the Dauphiness, rumours reached the King of her last sad words, her wailing that Jamet had gained his purpose by her death. Could it be that she had died no natural death? We know enough of the Dauphin's character to guess that, though there is no record of such suspicion, the King may have

¹ An elder sister, Annabella, married George Gordon, heir of the Earl of Huntley. (*Dictionary of National Biography*. James II.)

feared poison. Or was it truly the breaking of her heart, and not lung disease, which had killed her? An inquest was commanded, which was not opened until August 1446, exactly a year after her death. All concerned, from the Queen to the servants, gave evidence.

Jamet de Tillay was twice searchingly examined, and he lied hard. He denied having accused the Dauphiness of unchastity, and the Lady Prégente of having managed her amours. He protested he could not wish for more chastity in his wife than he was persuaded belonged to the Dauphiness, and he challenged to combat any man who dared say that he had arraigned her honour. He denied having asserted that her illness was love-sickness; he had attributed it publicly to her prolonged poetic vigils. He denied having said the Dauphin disliked his wife because of her physical imperfections, and swore that he had attributed her childlessness solely to her curious indulgence in green apples and vinegar. He denied having said that she looked like a courtesan, and again challenged any man to combat who maintained he had so aspersed her, for no lady of exalted birth ever bore herself more seemly.

Though his slanders were confirmed by other witnesses, and though the depositions of the Queen and the ladies-in-waiting proved him a scoundrel, a malicious, meddlesome fellow, capable of any falsehood, the inquiry established nothing definite, and Tillay kept his offices and Court favour. We hear of him in 1450 as one of the conquerors of Lower Normandy, fighting hard, as he had fought all his life. He was Bailiff of Vermandois and Captain of Blois.

The unofficial verdict of that futile inquest was that the Dauphiness had "died of love"; which Vallet de Viréville explains to have meant, in those days, no lawless passion, but pure, exalted sentiment which embraced all high ideals and noble aspirations, with enthusiasm for knightly deeds and all that is art and poetry.

Out of the mists of four and a half centuries her gracious figure shines with pale radiance against the gloomy background of treachery and murdered love. All adown the centuries rings that mournful plaint, echoed by the voices of so many of her fated race—the cry of earthly greatness turned to vanity, of all the pathos and tragedy of all the Stuarts, of the breaking of a pure and gentle heart—"Fi de la vie de ce monde ! Ne m'en parlez pas !"

FRAGMENTS OF TWO PERSECUTIONS.

THERE is a tract of country somewhere about a quarter of a million acres of superficial measure in the North Midlands which is known as the Peak of Derbyshire. Sometimes, and with greater accuracy, it is called the *High Peak*, although there is no particular eminence which can claim the designation for itself. And one of the highest of the peaks, that upon which the hostelry of the "Cat and Fiddle" stands, is in the county of Chester, while some of the boldest and most characteristic "Peak" scenery lies in Staffordshire.

For these reasons both names are somewhat inapplicable, so latterly it has become the fashion to fall back upon an ancient precedent and term our little knot of alps "Peakland." The designation smacks of savage, untrodden wilds, and consequently, in these days of elbowing crowds, gives promise of fresh air and the simplicity of nature. The fact that one can reach it by rail from Manchester, or Sheffield, or the Potteries under the hour, and ride round it on a bicycle in a couple of days, is immaterial. Or rather, it should be said, its position on the flank of overcrowded Lancashire and the Black Country renders it a beneficent gift of Providence to the smut-begrimed cotton-spinner and potter, who can inhale at frequent intervals the pure thin air of its mountains and moorlands.

Such a state of things has made it impossible to keep the crowd out. No attempt has ever been made to do so, of course, because conservative, cautious, and old-fashioned though the Peaklander may be, he is not indisposed towards money. He has welcomed the railways, converted his inns into hotels, turned his valleys, caverns, and what-not into "natural curiosities," and at present is busily engaged making tramways up to and around his mountains. Buxton, the centre and capital of Peakland, has ceased to rely solely upon the verbal advertisement of gratified and satisfied rheumatic patients, or the patronage of the late Mary Queen of Scots. It now

blows its own trumpet in a printed and illustrated "Official Guide" it advertises itself at railway stations ; it puts itself into Bradshaw.

It therefore follows as a necessary consequence that the influx of the new element will leaven, if it does not altogether swamp, the mass of aboriginal Peaklanders. Tourists' holiday cash is, in its way, as pernicious as West African fire-water. It has often converted a sturdy, independent population into catchpenny showmen and leary hankerers after tips. Such a state of things has, however, not yet come to pass in Peakland. True, there is an awakening in its brown upland villages, but the people have not yet resorted to the more popular—or more vulgar—methods of attracting sightseers. To that important extent Peakland is as yet unspoiled.

It has been a traditional habit to depict the North Derbyshire native as a semi-barbarian. Note Sir Walter Scott's allusions to the "rude and subterranean" dwellers on Sir Geoffrey Peveril's domain, and the common saying, "Derbyshire bred, strong of arm but weak in head." A Picturesque Tourist, even so recently as the beginning of the present century, had the hardihood to describe a village by name and pronounce its inhabitants a "horde of savages."

The "Jewel of Joy," an Elizabethan book, goes so far as to imply a doubt concerning the force of Christianity in these parts. That is a serious suggestion to put forward, and, without the incumbrance of argument, we beg to negative the aspersion. We will outline our proofs in a few brief jottings, which will indicate clearly enough that we kept in touch with the outside world, and participated in a respectable way in some of the religious follies and religious movements that have been current.

* * * * *

In the year 1322 the citizens of Cologne burnt alive a man named Walter Lolhard for the crime of heresy. Exactly one hundred and fifty years after that event Charles, Duke of Burgundy, obtained a decree from Pope Sixtus IV., by which the Cellitæ or Lollards were admitted among the religious orders. Less than fifty years after the burning of Walter, his doctrines had reached over the sea, and through the preaching of Wickliffe we are told that "more than half of the people of England in a few years became Lollards." Wickliffe died in 1384, and, with the setting of the "Morning Star," Lollardism in England gradually faded away.

There is a wild district on the western side of Peakland where the three counties of Derby, Chester, and Stafford meet. Here and there is a house perched on the hillside, or nestled in the valley through which the river Dane winds its course. On the one

hand the moorland stretches away to Macclesfield Forest; on the other is moorland reaching to the edge of the Buxton basin. The landscape is black and cheerless, and when the sun shines its brightest there is nothing under foot to twinkle back a smile save the little heather bell and pale brown flower. The gritstone crags and boulders, coated with a sooty lichen, rear upwards and outwards in every shape of grimy ugliness. By painfully threading one's way among them, we gradually rise out of the valley on to the tableland. Presently we come across a peculiar rift in the ground, which dips gently downward, and then rises in the same way. It is not unlike a narrow railway cutting, only the course is winding instead of being straight. This is Ludchurch, or Lud's Church.

Tradition has preserved no dates, but we gather from the story that this cavernous rift was once really a church—a "meeting of the faithful." Lollardism in England had ceased to be a rampant force. Its champion, John of Gaunt, was dead. King Henry IV. had rolled a log with the orthodox party, the result being fire and the stake for Wickliffe's men. Henry IV. had laid down his uneasy head, and Harry of Monmouth, busy with his French wars, had left the Church to finish the suppression of the Lollard heresy in its own way; and these mediæval Methodists were soon put down, for they lived before the days of Master Caxton. Kill or silence the preachers and their words, and doctrines died—no printing presses then to fix and keep them alive.

But to return to Peakland. Some of these *lollen* men had carried Wickliffe's Bible into this waste, where they found willing hearers among the scattered population.

If the old-time evangelists had possessed the facilities of the modern missionary they would have been able to send to headquarters some interesting reading. Nearly everybody in Peakland was connected directly or indirectly with the chase, for there was the king's Forest of the Peak running alongside the Forest of Macclesfield, with Sherwood and Charnwood and Needwood not far away. The foresters and verderers, with certain privileges of common or pasturage, clustered into hamlets here and there for the better protection of their dependents and cattle against the molestation of robbers and wild beasts. These Peaklanders were a hardy, rough lot, self-confident, and probably not a little influenced by the spirit of "valetism," inasmuch as they were, many of them, the king's servants; law meant to them forest law, and much of their territory was "liberty," to which the jurisdiction of the sheriff did not extend. Their natural

enemies would, of course, be poachers, outlaws, and those miserable freeholders and copyholders who would persist in keeping dogs against the statute. *Tempora mutantur!* Outlaws and game alike have disappeared. Centuries have passed since the last wolf and bear were killed in the Peak. Little John lies quietly sleeping in Hathersage Churchyard, and the descendants of the merrie men of Sherwood have gathered themselves into a regiment of the line; but the freeholders and copyholders, the despised men of small beginnings, are here to-day, flourishing in spite of agricultural depression.

The Lollard preachers appear to have gained the sympathies of these isolated people, and when the days of storm and stress came, preachers and people mutually clung together. This story of Lud's Church, like a brief, flickering light, illuminates a whole page of history, and swells with a life quite novel to the student of mediæval history with its dry lines and musty parchments. We know from formal proof that Cobham and Oldcastle suffered for the new faith; we know it as a dry fact. But here to-day, among the brown broom patent and eyeable to everybody, is the very rent in the ground which the Peakland Lollards made their rendezvous five hundred years ago.

We know not how frequently these old-time dissenters met for secret worship in their hole in the desert. But one day they met there for the last time. They had tramped from far and near, a goodly congregation, for it was known that the old knight, Sir Walter De Ludauk, was going to preach, and Alice, his daughter, was to take her part in the singing. The rough foresters laid aside their quivers and hung their bows upon the jutting rocks, while the women-folk crowded eagerly round the gritstone boulder on which Sir Walter stood. It was a fifteenth-century camp meeting, with all the emotional fervour appertaining to gatherings of the kind. Presently the speaker ceases, and the clear voice of Alice rises in the strains of a hymn. We can picture the scene to a certain extent, for nowadays the Primitive Methodists have a quaint custom of marching out into this wilderness in the summer-time to perform their service among the heather. Once we attended one of these delightful prayer meetings, and there was carried out the whimsical idea of making the preacher hold forth in one county while we listened to him from the next.

However, to return to the Ludchurch gathering. The congregation joined Alice in the song, and the music rolled upward out of the chasm and along the quiet moorland. What the king's soldiers were doing in the vicinity we are not told. At any rate they were

within earshot, and being ready for any sort of work, they followed the sound of the voices and pounced down upon the startled congregation. "Yield in the name of His Most Gracious Majesty Henry the Fifth!" was the command. The strains of praise instantly ceased. The sturdy foresters snatched up their bows and fitted the arrow to the thong, ready to protect their unarmed companions and to fight the carnal-minded with carnal weapons. But the servant of the Prince of Peace was likewise the keeper of the king's peace, and a word from Sir Walter De Ludauk served to make his people lay down their arms. Too late, however. A bolt from the arquebuse of one of the soldiers aimed at Henrich Montair, the head forester, found a billet in the breast of Alice. Then there was a great disorder and *mêlée*, the wailing and exclamations of the women mingling with the shouts and infuriated cries of the combatants. It was a sad, brutal tragedy; but in the midst a weird note was struck. The *lollen* chant, started by some wild enthusiast, was caught up by the rest of the harried flock, and, with mournful but savage triumph, the body of the girl proto-martyr of Protestantism was caught up by her own people, borne out into the open, and there and then buried under an oak tree at the entrance of Lud's Church.

That dirge was the last Lollard song that sounded in Lud's Church. The hunted schismatics were scattered. Henrich Montair, the head forester, fled for his life, and escaped over sea to France. But, like a patriotic Englishman, he forgot personal injuries at the call of duty, and when Henry V. was in dire need of soldiers to win the battle of Agincourt, Montair joined his king and fought on that memorable field. What Sir Walter's fate was is not clear. Some say he was carried a prisoner to London and died there. Very likely, in the simple language of Foxe, "he sealed his faith with his blood."

Centuries afterwards, in the year 1683, when the corpse of Alice had long been changed to dust, Sir William De Lacy rode from Stafford. On his journey he passed by Ludchurch, where he heard, from the lips of an old man who sat under Alice's Oak, the story we have tried to outline. The eighth decade of the seventeenth century was a critical period in the annals of English Protestantism, and the ancient moorlander, who must surely have descended from the Lollard stock, added this moral to the tale: "If thou art," he said to De Lacy, "of the Protestant religion, and art called upon by the despotic rulers of this land to abjure thy faith, remember the Lollards of Ludchurch and stand firm."

One hundred and fifty years pass by. Wickliffe's preachers dead, England napped off again for a brief forty winks before finally rousing itself for the serious business of the Reformation. Now, in the reign of Queen Mary, and in the year of grace 1556, the ineffectual force of Lollardism, which only shook the dry bones, becomes developed into a power which has put into the religious field an exceeding great army. Rome and Protestantism are fighting to the death, and the prize is England.

Many other things have progressed too. The printing press has helped the people to solve many mysteries. There is now no necessity to rely upon the accuracy of judgment of the Catholic Church or of John Wickliffe, for everybody can now, by dint of some self-denial, procure a copy of the Bible.

Such was the attitude of the English people in 1556.

In the town of Derby (which, by-the-by, lies just over the Peakland border) there lived at this time a young woman named Joan Waste. She is described in a contemporary manuscript as being "a poor, honest, godlie woman, being blind from her birth and unmarried, about the age of 22." The father of Joan "was also an honest, poore man, and by his science a barber, who sometimes also used to make ropes." We are also told with a superfluity of detail that Mrs. Waste "had the same Joan, and one other, at one birth, and she was born blinde."

To be blind from birth is the lesser of two misfortunes. Persons who start in life without eyes are not depressed with reflections concerning the loss they have sustained. They rarely grow melancholy, because, as they progress from childhood to youth, they are cultivating an instinct which they can feel is constantly developing, and which enables them to conquer and attain. When Joan Waste was from twelve to fourteen years old she had learnt to knit "hosen and sleeves" and other things, which she did very well; and when there was no knitting she would turn into the rope walk and help her father with his spinning. She had hardly passed her childhood when misfortune visited her in the loss of both her parents. Henceforth she made her home with her brother Roger, who also lived in Derby.

The old manuscript expressly tells us that Joan "in no case would be idle." This applied to her vigour of mind as well as to the operation of her hands. The girl, in spite of her blindness, meant to vindicate her place in the world and do her share of the world's working and thinking. She could find her way about the town as well as those who had eyes, and "without a guide, go to

any church within the said towne of Darbie, or to any other place or person with whom she had any such exercise." It was almost natural that Joan should be a great church-goer, for it was there, in the days of Edward VI., that the new-found stories of the wonderful English Bible were read to the eager crowds of ignorant illiterates. So far as acquiring the substance of books went, Joan had as good a chance as most of her neighbours ; for although she was blind, they could not read, and both alike had to rely upon somebody who had received an education. But the blind girl was more energetic than the bulk of them, for "she gave herselfe daylie to go to the church to hear divine service read in the vulgar tongue."

Let it not be supposed that Mistress Waste was nothing more than an imaginative girl who delighted to hear stories of David and Moses and the Kings, or a devotee who attended daily to mechanically offer prayers. Joan was a critic who wanted to know why the persons who performed service in her father's days had been compelled to read prayers out of a new book which was English, and why the monks of Darley and Burton had been turned adrift. The new preachers supplied this information, and so effective was their reasoning that "by hearing homilies and sermons she became marvellously well affected to the religion then taught."

Joan having thus become a convert from genuine conviction, her next aim was to become a student of the Bible. Printed books might be comparatively plentiful, but they were still dear enough to be the luxury of the few. The blind girl worked and scraped, and at length "having by her labour gotten and saved so much money as could buy her a New Testament, she caused one to be provided for her." This obstacle overcome, the next difficulty was to make herself acquainted with its contents.

In the debtor's ward of Derby Gaol was an old man, seventy years of age, named John Hurt. Although a prisoner, and the associate of the worst classes, he was "sober and grave," and, above all, able to read. Time hung heavily on his hands, and so when Joan one day paid him a visit in his den and proposed that he should read aloud to her from her new purchase, he was ready enough to do so. Their practice was to go through a chapter daily, a habit they kept up regularly so long as John Hurt's health permitted. The old man, however, sometimes fell sick, and on other occasions would be occupied with work ; but his pupil never took a holiday. When she ascertained that he was not visible she used to grope her way to the house of John Pemerton, the parish clerk of All Saints', or to some other person who could read. Some of these people regarded Bible

reading as a commercial transaction, and would only oblige her for a consideration. To such she would give "a penie or two, appointing unto them a-forehand how manie chapters of the New Testament they should reade, or how often they should repeate one chapter upon a price."

In the meantime King Edward died, and the accession of Mary brought with it the restoration of the old order of things. Joan, more than ever satisfied with the teaching of the Reformers, unfortunately found that the burgesses of Derby, like the rest of the English folk, were ready to pursue the line of least resistance, and fall in with any doctrine their rulers might prescribe. There was "a generall backsliding of the multitude." Still the blind girl boldly held her own, boldly impugning "by divers places of Scriptures, as well sinne as such abuses in religion as then were too much in use in divers and sundrie persons." Furthermore, she refused to attend the Romish services, or to perform any religious practices which were not sanctioned in King Edward's time.

Now, of course, this young woman had a local notoriety, and of course her outspoken opposition was very distasteful to the newly restored ecclesiastical functionaries. Ridley and Hooper and fiery old Latimer had shown fight in other shires--here in the Peak country was a blind little chit in a farthingale shrieking heresy to the great irritation of everybody. Joan was a prodigy; she knew her one book nearly all off by heart; and her townspeople, backsliders though they were, were proud of her attainments. It was easy enough to wipe out a Protestant bishop, but this ridiculous little wench—with her one book and immeasurable vanity—it was hard to know how to deal with her so that the Catholic faith might be justified. One thing was clear, *something* must be done.

Ultimately the authorities took the bull by the horns. Joan was apprehended on the bishop's mandate and lodged in Derby Gaol. There she was several times visited by the bishop, the chancellor of the diocese, and others. No amount of persuasion or threats, however, would make her alter her mind, and it was at length decided that she should be formally tried on the following bill of complaint:

First, that she did holde the Sacrament of the Altar to be but onlie a memorie or representation of Christe's bodie, and materiall bread and wine, but not His naturall bodie unless it were received, as that it ought not to be reserved from time to time over the Altar, but immediatelie to be received, &c.

Item.—That she did holde, in receiving of the Sacrament of

the Altar, she did not receive the same bodie that was borne of the Virgine Mary, and suffered upon the crosse for our redemption, &c.

Item.—She did holde that Christ, at His Last Supper, did not blesse the bread that He had then in His handes, but was blessed Himself; and by the virtue of the wordes of consecration, the substance of the bread and wine is not converted and turned into the substance of the bodie and blood of Christ.

Item.—She did graunt that she was of the parish of Alhalowes, in Darbie, &c.

Item.—That all and singular the premises are true and notorious by publicke report and fame, &c.

The Court consisted of Ralph Baine, Bishop of Lichfield; Dr. Draicot, chancellor of the diocese; Sir John Port, and others. The blind girl was brought before them, the various counts in the catalogue of heresy ministered to her, and with much threatening of "grievous imprisonments, torments, and death" she was called upon to recant. For Joan it was a hard struggle with the weakness of the flesh. The Court seemed pretty well ashamed of itself, and tried by tall talk and specious argument to overmaster this bit of womankind. Christ was omnipotent, they told her. He could turn water into wine, and so why not wine into blood? Joan was very frightened, but her feminine wit did not desert her. They were very learned men, she tremblingly admitted, and must know a great deal about religious doctrine. But then, to her perplexity, other learned men were in her way of thinking, and some of them—Dr. Taylor, for instance—"tooke it of *his conscience* that that doctrine which he taught was true." That was a sort of personal guarantee valuable in Joan's eyes. Furthermore, the fact that the Protestant teachers backed their opinions with their lives gave reality and force to their opinions.

The Court stormed and threatened, but Joan stuck to her point. She wanted a guarantee. At length she made this offer to the bishop, "that if he would, before that companie, *take it upon his conscience* that the doctrine which he would have her to believe concerning the Sacrament was true, and that he would at the dreadful day of judgment answer for her therein (as the said Doct. Tailour in divers of his sermons did offer) she would then further answer them."

It was a supreme moment, and Bishop Baine was clearly driven into a corner. Joan, with her sightless eyes turned towards the seat of judgment, was waiting for a reply.

The Court could not for very shame retire to consider such a request. The demand was too reasonable even to parley over. But Chancellor Draicot, with his trained legal mind, saw plainly and swiftly enough that they were on the horns of a dilemma. Refuse the pledge, and bishop and Church were both alike discredited before the multitude in Court; give the undertaking, and Bishop Baine would be morally bound to vacate his diocesan office if Protestantism once more gained the ascendancy. The bishop was the first to speak. Yes, he would give the pledge. But just as he did so a lucky inspiration beamed over the chancellor's mind, and he floored the adversary on a technicality. "My Lord," he remonstrated, turning to the bishop, "You know not what you doe. You may in no case answere for an heretike." This happy thought set the bishop right with his conscience, and he at once withdrew his personal undertaking. He "reformed himself," as our chronicle puts it.

This despicable subterfuge was enough. Joan was disgusted and determined to adhere to the party which promised to take her to heaven under a bond of forfeiture. "She would answere no further, but desired them to do their pleasure." After more formality the Court pronounced sentence and delivered over the prisoner to the secular arm. She was carried back to gaol, where she remained for a month or five weeks until the writ *De hæretico comburendo* arrived. This document among other things prescribed that Joan should be conducted to the parish church of All Saints, where Dr. Draicot was appointed to preach a sermon.

The 1st of August 1556 was the fateful day.* Dr. Draicot, cold legal functionary though he was, felt sick at the thought of his task. But a bold front had to be shown for the credit of Rome and the nation. A procession was formed to church, consisting of the Doctor, Mr. Thomas Pouthread, Mr. Henry Vernon and others. Another procession, consisting of the condemned girl and her warders, had already arrived, and was waiting with a church full of sightseers. The Doctor mounted the pulpit and publicly reviewed the whole case. He informed the congregation that Joan "was not onlie blinde of her bodilie eyes, but also blinde in the eyes of her soule, and that as her bodie should be presentlie consumed with materiall fire, soe her soul should be burned in hell with everlasting fire."

The people were commanded not to pray for the heretic; and truly the prayers of such a mob were not worth the having. Nineteenth-century Derby would have stormed the town and pounded the life out of Dr. Draicot and his myrmidons; but the sixteenth-century burgesses were different. The supreme anguish of the blind

orphan girl aroused no active sympathy. The people crowded out of All Saints' Church after the service, eager to get a front place near to the faggots.

The burning was to take place at Windmill Pit, and thither Joan was conducted by Roger—the brother she had lived with. When they arrived at the place “she prepared herself”—that is to say, she divested herself of her outer garments so that the fire might act more rapidly ; then taking Roger by the hand she asked for the prayers of the multitude. They fastened her to the stake, the faggots were kindled, and the poor creature screamed and prayed until the smoke and flame had done their work.

During the closing scene of this shameful tragedy Dr. Draicot was an absentee. Whether he was more humane or more cowardly we do not know, but unlike Bishop Bonner, who,

Blythe as shepherd at a wake,
Enjoyed the sport and danced around the stake,

he went straightway to his lodgings “for great sorrow of her death, and there layd him downe and slept during all the time of her execution.”

England reeked with human sacrifices during the reign of Mary ; but not one of the three hundred and odd martyrdoms which took place during that dreadful five years can compare with the trial and burning of Joan Waste.

JOHN HYDE.

“FULISH JAN.”

HE was not an idiot, though the village children all called him “Fulish Jan.” The only son of his mother, and she a widow, poor John Spor at thirteen had been taken away from school still unable to read or write, and now he stayed at home, ran errands, washed dishes, worked in the little garden, looked after the fowls, and was—as his mother often said—“as good as a girl in the house.” He was not fit to learn a trade, and the villagers said he would be a terrible burden to his mother, but they never dared say so when she was near. They lived down on the beach at Garet, more than a mile from the village, which was at the top of the cliffs. Mrs. Spor had a small cottage, which her husband had left her, and in summer she let three of her rooms to tired London folk who came down to Garet to get strength from the fresh air and quiet, restful little place.

Jan liked the strangers, who were generally kind to him, but he was shy and kept away from them, and blushed up to the roots of his hair if one of them spoke to him. He was a tall thin lad, far taller than most boys of his age, with weak knees, which bent too much as he walked, pale blue eyes, always filled with unshed tears, thin dark hair, and a sweet smile which altered all his face—he was not prepossessing in appearance, but his smile redeemed his usual ugliness. He seldom talked, even when alone with his mother, who, however, found him very good company, and loved him far better than if he had been strong and healthy and quite able to look after himself. She thought sometimes, with a sigh, of her handsome Irish husband, John’s father, who had been in the Coastguard, and she felt it was better that he had not lived to see their bonny baby grow up to be the delicate, helpless lad he had become.

His chief occupation was to sit under the apple-tree in the paddock which ran in front of the cottage, with an exercise-book and a pencil, scribbling, no one knew what for; he hid his book most carefully, even from his mother, who showed no curiosity to see it, knowing that “Fulish Jan” could not write.

It was a glorious March afternoon; March east winds were

blowing hard up the cliffs, but down in the bay they were hardly felt, and the sun shone brightly. The sea was rough, and great foaming billows came dashing up with a roar and a moan, rolling back on the shelving beach and carrying shingle and stone down with them, only to dash them up again with the next wave, which scattered spray all round. The sea was coming in fast, though there were still two hours to high tide.

At the open window of the cottage "best room" sat a lady with a book in her hand, from which she looked up continually to admire the broad view of gleaming, changing, rolling waters, to watch the steamers and sailing boats which passed to and fro, or to speak a few words to a little girl who was playing in the paddock with her small dog. A pretty little girl, not more than six years old, with golden curls which fell over her shoulders, and she ran about playing with her little black dog—a baby dog and a baby girl having a romp together! Now and then they ran past Jan, who sat with book and pencil on a board under the apple-tree. He looked up shyly each time, as if he would like to speak, but only grew red and looked down again at his book, and the child and the dog ran on.

The dog ran—such a funny little scamper it was—through the gate at the end of the paddock on to the beach, and Mary stood and called "Baba, Baba!" but Baba took no notice, only stopped to seize a piece of seaweed and shake it as if it were a rat, then trotted on again. Both babies had been forbidden to leave the paddock, but only one of them had understood, and she hesitated. She glanced behind her; mother was reading, Jan was watching.

"Naughty Baba!" she said; "I'll whip naughty Baba!" and she ran down to the beach. Jan rose, put his book in his loose vest, and followed her.

The tide was rolling up fast—only along the foot of the cliffs was there still a strip of dry beach; there the two babies ran, and Jan followed. They ran on, Mary stopping from time to time to pick up a long straggling ribbon of seaweed or a shell. She had forgotten that she had only come out to bring Baba back and to whip him, and now she only thought of getting to the "pitty" white rock, and then just a little further to the "pitty birdie." But the seagull rose as she ran near, and spreading its dove-coloured wings tipped with black, floated over the sea. Little Mary clapped her hands, and even Baba barked approval. But all at once the sky grew dark as a black cloud passed over the sun, and the startled child stood still, then began to cry and run back, while Baba danced round her feet and thought it was all play.

They had come a long way, and round many bends of the white cliffs, and now they ran back, and turning the first bend came on Jan, his boots tucked under his arm, his face very pale, for he understood the danger. The tide was coming in fast, great grey white-crested waves were rolling up over the beach, and when the children and dog came to the next bend of the cliffs they could not get round, for the waves were washing high up it.

Jan was no longer shy, his colour rose a little as he took Mary's hand and said, "Come!" and led her away in the opposite direction to home. He stooped to dry her tears with a diminutive handkerchief which she took from her pocket, and then they walked on, Baba following, Mary, quite cheerful once more, chattering all the time. But Jan did not hear her. He led her along, keeping very close to the wall of rock, and after a few minutes' walk turned up a narrow opening in the cliffs, but there he stopped, puzzled. Neither Mary nor Baba could climb the rocky wall, yet Jan knew that there was no other way to save them. He had climbed up many times when overtaken by the tide, and rested in a little cave out of the reach of high water. Well, he must do it twice, carry Baba first and Mary afterwards. So he loosed her hand, and said simply, "I'll come back for you; bide there!" Picking up Baba, he tucked him under his arm with his boots and began to climb. It was not a difficult climb to Jan, though many boys would have thought it fairly steep, and even he could not have done it with his boots on. Mary watched him from below in glee. He left Baba and his boots in the little cave, and swung down again for her. The second climb was more difficult; for Mary was a heavy weight for Jan's weak arms, and he was terribly afraid he should let go before they reached the cave. But they got safe up at last, and almost dropping Mary, Jan sat down panting, and wiped his face with his sleeve. Baby Mary clapped her hands with joy as she looked out over the vast rolling waters, which tossed up to the very foot of the cliff they had just climbed.

It was a glorious sight, but Jan gazed on it uneasily. He knew from all signs that it was going to be a very high tide, and if it washed up over the ledge on which they were nothing could save them, for they could not climb the perpendicular wall of rock which lay behind them, and it was useless to shout, for their voices would be drowned by the roar of the waters; besides, no one would be passing along the cliffs in such weather.

The "shades of eve" gathered fast, Baby Mary soon grew tired of the big waves, and began to cry once more to go home to tea. Jan knew that it would be long before she could go home, but he

said nothing ; only, as she was cold, he took off his jacket and put it on her, turning up the sleeves so that she could put her hands out, and soon the poor baby sobbed herself to sleep with her head on Jan's knee, and Baba curled up at her feet. But Jan did not sleep, he sat with his back against the rock, staring over the sea. He knew that some long hours must pass before they could attempt to get home, and he sat watching the various lights that gleamed across the waves. Far away he could see the rays of the lighthouse on the cliffs streaming out in a broad band of light, and many other mysterious beacons shone out as the evening darkened. One on the opposite shore flashed, then darkened, then flashed again—three times—then a long pause, and a red light shone forth. Jan watched it, and counted mechanically till the red light shone ; and all the time the waves roared louder and louder, and rose higher and higher. The children were very near to death, but the baby girl and the baby dog slept peacefully, and Jan sat undisturbed, shivering slightly as the night wind swept through his thin clothes or the spray dashed over him. Wiser heads than his might have grown dismayed as the waves rose, but the thought of danger never came to Jan's mind. He turned slightly, so as to shelter Mary, and Baba woke with a sharp bark, but curled himself up and slept again.

It was a dark night ; there was no moon, and not a star to be seen. Once Jan fancied he heard a shout, but though he strained every nerve to listen he heard nothing more.

The waves still rose, his feet were wet by the water which washed over the ledge, and now Jan first saw the danger. He wanted to kneel and pray, but was afraid to wake Mary, who still slept quietly—so he prayed where he was, wondering whether God would listen to him. He said the Lord's Prayer, then Grace before meals and Grace after meals, for poor Jan had no idea of any prayer but these, which he had learned by heart. So he repeated them and his morning hymn, till suddenly he noticed that the tide had turned—the water no longer touched his feet. He sat for some minutes, doubtful, not quite sure that it was true, then he settled down quietly and slept. The water was sinking. When he awoke, the moon had risen and was shining over the waters, while from the sound of the waves Jan guessed that the tide was far out, and that they could return safely. He lifted Baby Mary's head from his knee and placed it on the ground, then rose and stretched his arms and stamped his feet, for both arms and feet were numb and stiff. Then he took up Baba, who gave an angry little growl at being disturbed, but, recognising Jan, wagged his tail. The boots were not forgotten, and Jan began

his descent. He never thought of the danger of leaving the sleeping baby on the ledge of rock—it would have wanted such a slight movement for her to fall on to the stones below. But she slept quietly, the sleeves of Jan's jacket falling over her small hands, and her curls, quite damp from the night dews, lying on her flushed cheeks. When Jan came back and lifted her up, she hardly stirred—just flung one tiny arm over his shoulder and nestled close to him. Jan paused and staggered under her weight, for she seemed heavier than when he carried her up. But he got down safely, and then laid the sleeping child on the stones while he pulled on his boots ; he stuffed his stockings away in one of his pockets, and then began the long weary trudge over rocks and shingle. Poor Jan's knees were more bent than ever, while his arms ached under his heavy load. Baba trotted at his heels or ran on in front, giving from time to time sharp little barks as he slipped into a pool of clear sea-water or got his toes nipped by an angry crab whom he had disturbed in her safe retreat among the rocks. The last turn of the cliffs was reached, and the cottage was in sight.

Great was Jan's amazement to see both doors wide open and two broad rays of light streaming across the paddock, while small gleams of light from the cliffs showed that searchers with lanterns were abroad. "Fulish Jan" had never thought that anyone would be uneasy ; no idea had come to his mind of the anxious state in which his own and Mary's mother had been since the two children were missing. He did not understand either the cry of joy with which they greeted him as he stepped from the beach into the paddock. Such a comical object he looked, poor tired Jan, stockingless, capless, and jacketless, his trousers tucked high above his knees, and his long straight hair, straighter than ever, hanging in damp strings over his face, sleeping Mary tightly clasped in his aching arms. But the two mothers saw nothing comical, and the next moment Mary was in her mother's arms, and Mrs. Spor was sobbing over Jan. The two children were taken into the warm room, and large bowls of hot milk were brought them ; but Mary's was left untouched, for she slept on. Baba, too, was not forgotten, and a boy was sent off quickly to bring back the searchers. They soon returned, and the little room and paddock were crowded with fishermen and coastguardsmen, each with his lantern, and each wanting to know all that had happened. But their questions bewildered poor Jan, who could only say : "I seed her go ; I was afeard her'd be drowned, so I took her up to the cave."

Then Mrs. Grey, Mary's mother, would allow no more questions.

Her darling was safe, and wrapped in Jan's coat, so she understood very well what he had done, and she insisted on both children being put into warm beds. Mary never awoke through all the noise, nor yet when she was undressed and put to bed. And then Mrs. Spor and Mrs. Grey got ready a hasty supper of cold meat, eggs, bread, and beer for the searchers, who ate heartily, but refused to touch the money Mrs. Grey wished to give them.

It was late when Jan awoke next morning. Mary and Baba had been out for some hours playing in the sunshine. Jan felt lazy, stiff, and tired, and altogether disinclined to get up. He was glad when his mother came up and brought him his breakfast in bed. He ate well, for his night out had given him an appetite. After that he felt better, and got up and dressed lazily, and lazily he hunted up his *picture-book*, as he called it, and crept out with a plank of wood, on which he settled down under the apple-tree, now stretching its bare boughs to the sky and letting the sunlight shine through. In a few weeks' time it would be a mass of white blossoms tinged with rosiest red, the leaf breaking in tenderest green from the bud ; then some months later the leaves would shelter the ground beneath from every ray of sunshine, and a crop of golden apples would hang on the boughs. Jan ensconced himself cosily and began to *write*.

The sitting-room windows were wide open, and Mrs. Grey in her usual seat. She rose on seeing Jan, and came out to speak to him ; but when she saw how red and confused the poor boy looked, she said nothing more of her gratitude, only chatted to him of other things. She wanted to see his book, but Jan, who had closed it on her approach, hid it away and glanced at her suspiciously. Then, forgetting his shyness in his great desire, he said, "I'll show you if—if you'll make 'em ston' still," and he pointed across the paddock to Mary and Baba, who were rolling over each other in frantic excitement after a ball.

Mrs. Grey looked surprised ; surely the play going on there did not disturb Jan. But she soon understood, for he held up his stump of a pencil, and cried, "I'd mak' a picture on 'em if they'd ston' still."

So the promise was given, and Mrs. Grey coaxed the two babies to keep still for five minutes. It was hard work, harder for the girlie than for Baba, who soon stretched himself at full length in the sunshine and blinked at his comrade. She sat near, panting, till mother began a fairy tale, which made the smiles and the dimples come again, and in five minutes Jan came across the lawn with his sketch. Ah, Jan ! if you lost much in your want of understanding,

surely your great gift of seeing beauty, and being able to reproduce it, more than compensated for your loss. The little sketch was admirable, and so were several others in the book, one especially, of his mother hanging the clothes out to dry, a branch of apple-blossom, a view of the road leading up to the cliffs, a small boat out at sea, the lighthouse—all were drawn in the rough exercise-book.

An idea came to Mrs. Grey; she had been wondering what she could do for Jan to show her gratitude. Now a way appeared. She had a long talk with his mother, and then one with Jan, when she made him understand that a gentleman would come from the nearest town one day every week to help him to draw better and to colour his pictures. Mrs. Grey was careful not to speak of "lessons," for his mother had explained how in Jan's mind "lessons" were synonymous with the village school, and the children who jeered and called him "Fulish Jan."

Mrs. Grey had a brother, who was an artist, living in the next town, and she drove over the following day and told him all about Jan, and brought him back to see the boy and his sketches, and Jan showed them happily, since here were people who liked his "picters." And the lessons began and continued for a long while. But once a week was not often enough for Jan, so when he had any difficulty or had drawn something which pleased him much, he would set off on foot over the cliffs and walk six miles each way, book and pencil in hand. Mrs. Grey gave him new drawing-books and pencils and a beautiful box of colours, and now Jan's life was completely changed. He learned much from being with the artist, for he had not the slightest fear of him, and would ask questions—questions which had formerly gone unanswered as being "fulish," but which the artist took trouble to answer, for he recognised the soul which was struggling to know and to live under Jan's apparent dulness. But people were talking of Jan and of his pictures long before he could read and write, though he did master these two arts at last, more to please his master than because he himself wished it.

Jan became a great artist. People loved his pictures and paid great prices for them; at first Jan refused to part with them, and it was only when he understood that money would bring rest and ease to his mother that he agreed to sell them. His artist friend and master persuaded him to go to London, hoping that he would make a long stay there and take lessons from one of the great art masters. But two days later Jan returned to Garet. The noisy streets wearied him, the constant roll of omnibus and carriage, the cries of the street-

vendors, the ever-flowing stream of passers bewildered him, and then he could not live away from the sea and cliffs, the wild cries of the sea-birds. So he spent the rest of his life at Garet, where the people continued to call him "Fulish Jan."

HENRY WILSON.

TREITSCHKE'S HISTORY OF GERMANY.

'TIS pleasant to dip here and there into the five thick grand octavo tomes of Treitschke's "History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century"; but the average English reader will, I reckon, find it hard to read them through. In the course of the attempt, one wight I wot of felt driven to deal with them as Macaulay dealt with Dr. Edward Nares's ponderous "History of Burleigh and His Times"; he put them into the scales, and he found they weighed, unbound, eight pounds avoirdupois. And yet one cannot honestly call them heavy reading. Their style is as light and almost as pellucid as Macaulay's; and, like him, Treitschke excels in the art of illuminating his page with neat little thumbnail sketches of the form, features, character, and striking peculiarities of each of the many celebrities who people his crowded stage. Thus, for example, he sets before us, in one masterly parenthesis, Baron Stein's tall, gaunt figure and the deep furrow rising straight upwards from the root of the aquiline nose. He has many a happy stroke that saves the reader pains and confusion. One instance must here suffice. With Treitschke the Tsar is, of course, *der Czar*; the Emperor—of Germany, or, after 1806, of Austria—*der Kaiser*. But this phrase, thus set apart for the Emperor *κατ' ἰξοχήν*, how designate without danger of confusion the great self-made Emperor, the "Bony" of old George III., the "Corsican usurper" of the French Legitimists, the "crowned plebeian" of Treitschke himself when inclined to be poetical at the expense of accuracy; for Napoleon—proof abounds—was of gentle birth, however plebeian his manners. We all remember how he would seize Talleyrand by the ear, and how he galled the great Erskine's vanity by the scornfully laconic question, *Etes-vous avocat?* But spite of our better knowledge—which we owe in part to Balzac, who, during a trip to Corsica, made careful inquiries touching Napoleon's pedigree—Napoleon shall be, for us, *der gekrönte Plebeier*, if only in gratitude to Treitschke for hitting on

the happy device of styling him *der Imperator* in plain contradistinction to *der Kaiser*. One naturally feels boundlessly thankful to any worthy German who takes the trouble so to write his mother-tongue that even a thick-headed Briton can hardly fail to catch his drift; and we begin to hope that, in the process of the ages, even the French may cease to describe a book as "translated into every civilised tongue, and also into German." It will be seen that we speak highly of Treitschke. We cannot do otherwise. Marvellous is the skill with which he weaves into a coherent whole the hundred strands of the motley story of the olden Fatherland, with its 350 reigning princes. In this regard he shines his brightest in the preliminary chapters that lead us down from the Peace of Westphalia, which crowned, in 1648, the Thirty Years' War, to the death of Frederick the Great in 1786; and thence to that of his nephew and successor, Frederick William III. of Prussia, in 1796, where Treitschke's narrative proper begins. It ends with the great year of European Revolution, 1848. Unlike Macaulay, who has left us but a fragment, his German rival lived to complete the task he set himself. The fifth and final volume of his History appeared in 1895, and its author died in 1896, when a long and ably written obituary in the *Cologne Times* did full justice to his many and manifold merits as a writer, a legislator, and a man.

In reading his masterpiece, one is irresistibly reminded of Macaulay's now almost painfully familiar manner. We do not accuse Treitschke of apeing it: he has assimilated it, made it his own. And 'tis interesting and instructive to note how, under the hand of a master, the flexible language—which, after all, is our own mother-tongue, or, if the reader chooses, our great-great-grandmother tongue—lends itself to the singularly un-German Macaulayan mode. We had well-nigh said "lends itself in spite of the grammarians," who so often warn the student of German against marshalling his German word-troops in this forbidden way or that, and so sternly that, however he may "glow" while reading German, he ever "trembles" like an aspen at the mere thought of trying to write it, and drops his palsied pen. But, to be fair even to the grammarians—that ruthless tribe—they who deal the blow apply the balm, by flatly contradicting themselves and telling the downcast student that German, far from being the slave of rigid rules—like the hapless French, for example—rejoices in an almost Greek or Latin liberty of construction. This broader view has often comforted our poor heart. We trust that our insistence on it may tend to comfort some poor reader's. In that amiable hope, we will give him side by side

a short passage taken at random from Treitschke's History and one from Macaulay's, that he may see for himself the feasibility of penning most Macaulay-like German. Thus writes the German historian, volume i., foot of page 367 :—"Er"—Hardenberg—"war ein Preusse vom Wirbel bis zur Zehe. Weit tiefer als Stein hatte er sich mit der Staatsgesinnung seines selbstgewählten Vaterlands erfüllt. Auch in den Tagen seiner napoleonischen Träume blieb Preussens Grösse sein höchstes Ziel ; und ohne jedes Bedenken rieth er zur Einverleibung seiner welfischen Heimathlande, weil sie für Preussen unentbehrlich seien. So innig er auch sein grosses Vaterland liebte, mit der idealen Grösse des deutschen Volksgeistes wollte er den Kampf gegen die harte Wirklichkeit des napoleonischen Reichs nicht beginnen : alle phantastische Deutschthümelei lag seiner Besonnenheit fern. Er rechnete, ruhiger als Stein, immer nur mit diesem gegebenen preussischen Staate. Nur ein Bund dieser Monarchie mit Oesterreich—das stand ihm fest seit den Bartensteiner Tagen—konnte das Weltreich zerschmettern." ("He was a Prussian from top to toe. Far deeper than Stein had he drunk in the State sense of his self-chosen Fatherland. Even in the days of his Napoleonic dreams, Prussia's weal was ever his highest aim ; and he scrupled not a whit to counsel the incorporation of his Guelfic homelands, since they were indispensably necessary to Prussia. But however hearty his love of his great Fatherland, he was loth to begin the fight against the stern reality of the Napoleonic empire with the purely ideal grandeur of the German folk-spirit. Everything in the shape of Teutonicism lay far from his field of thought. Calmer than Stein, he always based his reckonings on this given State of Prussia only. Nothing but an alliance between that kingdom and Austria—to this he clung fast ever since the Bartenstein days—could crush the World-empire.")

And now for our parallel passage from Macaulay. We open the History at random, and read towards the end of the first chapter :—"The Houses"—of Parliament—"had also been unfortunate in the choice of a general. The rank and wealth of the Earl of Essex made him one of the most important members of the parliamentary party. He had borne arms on the Continent with credit ; and, when the war began, had as high a military reputation as any man in the country. But it soon appeared that he was unfit for the post of commander-in-chief. He had little energy and no originality. The methodical tactics which he had learned in the War of the Palatinate did not save him from the disgrace of being surprised and baffled"—Macaulay meant "balked" ; "baffled" is a word of very

special and peculiar meaning—"by such a captain as Rupert, who could claim no higher fame than that of an enterprising partisan."

We will venture to English with the running pen another passage from Treitschke describing the zeal of the Prussian people for the emancipation of the Fatherland from the burdensome and shameful yoke of the crowned plebeian. We quote from the 433rd page of the first volume :—

"But simple as well as gentle had recovered mid need and suffering his love of his mother country. More stormily than at any time since the days of the Religious War was the people's spirit stirred by the grand passions of public life. The husbandman forsook his fields, the handicraftsman his shop, with swift resolve ; as if it were a matter of course that now the time was fulfilled, and come it must. Had not the King himself and all the Princes gone to join the camp ? The lealty of the 'simple' displayed itself in a thousand touching traits. Poor Silesian miners worked for weeks without wage, that it might go to the equipment of some of their fellow-workmen for the ranks. A Pomeranian shepherd sold his little flock—his all—and marched forth well armed to join his regiment. That elder generation looked on astonished at the sight of all those heart-stirring scenes, made familiar to us after-comers by dint of our all-embracing military-service duty. Hundreds of pairs of sweet-hearts presented themselves at the altar, and tied the lifelong knot just on the very eve of the bridegroom's going forth to fight and die. None but the Poles of West Prussia and Upper Silesia failed to share the self-devotion of the Germans ; and in a few towns thitherto exempt from military duty the new laws met with some opposition. But the German and the Lithuanian peasantry of the ancient provinces had been inured to that duty ever since the time of the rigorous Frederick William I. At the same time public collections were everywhere set on foot, such as thitherto had never been known save for charitable purposes. This poverty-stricken portion of the German nation offered not only the flower of its youth, but the last spare remnants of its wealth, for the resuscitation of the Fatherland. Of hard cash, to be sure, there was but little forthcoming ; but whatever lay stored up of old treasures and trinkets went that way. In many a part of the ancient provinces it was deemed a disgrace if any household had any silver plate to show after the war. Poor folk carried their wedding rings to the Mint, and received in exchange an iron one inscribed 'Gold for Iron.' Many a poor girl made an offering of her luxuriant hair."

Very like Macaulay, surely. And we could quote a hundred paragraphs of exactly the same build. Indeed, here lies the main defect of the style; it lacks variety. It may seem somewhat ungracious on the part of Treitschke that he brands Macaulay as utterly ignorant of the German mind. Thomas Carlyle is the man for *him*; the only Briton, according to Treitschke, that ever thoroughly understood it. We cannot help regretting a certain invincible disrelish of Carlylese, which entirely precluded us from all chance of finding this out for ourselves. But Treitschke's judgment on this point must needs carry great weight with all sober-minded Britons capable of stomaching the jargon in which the Sage of Chelsea thought fit to clothe his sagacity; a jargon but remotely akin to the English of Shakespeare and Tennyson.

We do not know, by-the-by, that Macaulay ever held himself forth as a kenner of the German mind. But Mr. Cotter Morison—peace to his manes!—assures us that Macaulay mastered the German tongue in four months; at the rate, no doubt, of ten hours a day. But even this high rate does little to lessen our admiration of the language-learning powers of Mr. Morison's hero. Still, our admiration is dashed with chagrin; and this bids us basely hope that his depressing record may not be absolutely trustworthy. It is well-nigh maddening to read of a fellow-mortal achieving in the third of a year more than his "even Christian" has been able to achieve in twenty-four thirds of a year; and *that* after the native soil had undergone a good deal of early preparation, which Macaulay, in this regard, lacked. But lo! as Cooper's Leather-stocking "frequent remarks," not, indeed, to the deathless Bill Nye, but to anyone who happens to be within earshot, different folks have different gifts. Cooper himself, be it said in passing, evidently hugged the delusive belief that the New Testament was originally written in Hebrew; and it tickles a plain and harmless novel-reader to note the pains Balzac's pet novelist takes to go out of his way to show his ignorance of this elementary matter. But one can forgive a thousand such absurdities in the creator of Leather-stocking, and the unrivalled painter of the "forest primeval" and the lone untrodden prairies of the virgin sunset land, who first initiated Balzac in the difficult art of painting scenery with the pen. Let no one hope to catch Treitschke committing any such truant schoolboy's blunder as this gratuitous blunder of Cooper's. Still, we cannot honestly repay him the handsome compliment he pays Carlyle. For we cannot bring ourselves to believe, with Treitschke, that the policy of Old England time out of mind has been a mere policy of trade, and her motto,

"All for greed!" Schopenhauer could have taught him better, who, in his ethical essays, makes much of England's unselfish sacrifice of £20,000,000 sterling to free the West Indian slaves in 1834. Treitschke seems to have mixed those stale and standing reproaches, "Perfidious Albion" and "Nation of Shopkeepers," in equal parts, and served up the mixture for the edification of his German readers, with a copious application of the venerable direction, "The mixture as before." But we may readily forgive him. 'Tis no light task to put together five fat volumes of history; and no wight could ever perform the feat with any decent show of consistency unless he sets himself to the work of inditing his volumes armed with a good store of fixed axioms in his head, whereby to steer a steady course. Thus, with Treitschke, Napoleon, as we have seen, is ever the crowned plebeian, and poor England a greedy trickster. There is much to match. Treitschke never gives poor Louis Philippe a chance of forgetting that he stole his "citizen" crown; nor poor Louis of Bavaria—the royal protector of seductive Lola Montes—that he penned and published verses such as neither men, nor gods, nor booksellers can endure. Cobbett, we know, paid off some old scores against the hapless Lord Castlereagh by enlivening his English Grammar with rank samples of his lordship's wealth of broken metaphors. Alas! Metternich likewise dealt much in metaphors, either whole or broken, we know not which; but the cruel Treitschke must needs count them one by one and fling them in his princely teeth. There are, to the best of our recollection, seven in all, though we will not make oath that we did not leave our historian in the act of discovering an eighth. Treitschke has many aversions; it seems to us, on the whole, that Metternich is his pet aversion. True, he belabours the crowned plebeian and the crown-stealer pretty soundly; and he pours a good vial of literary vinegar on the head of Alexander I. of Russia, who showed himself in London, with the other allied sovereigns, after Napoleon's first downfall in 1814, and won the heart of many a fair lady of that epoch, one of whom we shall never forget. She saw Lord Byron and sighed not; but she sighed for the Tsar. Treitschke paints him as sly, self-seeking, and theatrical; but neither so sly nor so self-seeking as that odious Metternich, whom he serves up as a brainless Mephistopheles, with a beggarly array of seven—or eight—trite metaphors. The reader will begin to suspect that there is a solid reason at the bottom of this "bad pre-eminence" of the Austrian Chancellor. Doubtless. And the solid reason is that he was the Austrian Chancellor, and, as such, a staunch supporter of the interests of the House of Habsburg, which

by no means tallied with those of the House of Hohenzollern. And now the murder is out, or as good as out ; in fact, Treitschke has misnamed his History. He should have called it a panegyric of Prussia and Prussia's royal line, compared with whom, in Treitschke's deem, our English sovereigns are but shadow kings and queens, who reign but never rule. Unquestionably Treitschke's full-length portrait of Blücher is full of life and fire. As one reads one can almost see the white-haired warrior of seventy-two unhorsed at Ligny and trampled under the hoofs of a whole brigade of cavalry, or flourishing the dice-box at the gaming-tables of the Palais Royal. It is fairly astounding how pale and lifeless beside him looks Treitschke's niggard silhouette of the Iron Duke, the slave of eighteenth-century routine in war, who never faced the great battle-breaking Napoleon but once, and then would surely have been defeated but for Blücher and the Prussians. But what else could one reasonably look for in a panegyric but the vein, not of King Cambyzes, but of our old acquaintance, Mr. Hannibal Chollop ? "We are the intellect and virtue of the earth, and we must be cracked up." True, Prussia is a grand country ; but we little thought to find her "cracked up" through the better part of four thousand pages. However, "Barkis is willing," if we may borrow yet another feather from Dickens's abundant store. Of a surety, we bear the Prussians no grudge ; only we find it impossible to persuade ourselves that Goethe was a Prussian, or Schiller, or Mozart, or Beethoven, or Weber—though he did chance to be born north of the Elbe—or Schubert, or Grillparzer, with many another shining light of German art and literature—all children of soft South Germany, the sunny land of song and wine. Nay, unless our map lies like a Napoleonic bulletin, the Hohenzollerns themselves emigrated to Berlin and the Mark from Southern Germany ; where, by-the-by, they kinged it in Neufchâtel till it slipped from the feeble grasp of Frederick William IV., the King Clicquot of that chartered libeller Mr. Punch, and elder brother of that King and Kaiser William who seems to us seniors—with whom time flits so fast—to have died but yesterday, though he died in 1888 ; and between then and now lies a gap that Tacitus would have termed a large part of a human lifetime. Schopenhauer, Dutch—a Hollander—by descent, but born of parents resident in Dantzic, and therefore a child of Treitschke's beloved North Germany, he never mentions. And reason good. Schopenhauer never emerged from obscurity till two years after Treitschke's story ends ; when John Oxenford, of the *Times*, discovered this bright star and revealed him to his countrymen, who till

then knew him only as the son of his mother, the "gifted author of 'La Tante'"—a novel praised by Goethe, ever liberal of his praise. She is now most likely to be remembered as the mother of her son.

But we must not quarrel with our worthy historian for not dragging Schopenhauer on to the stage, neck and crop; especially as we cannot divest ourselves of an uneasy suspicion that Treitschke—born in 1834, just two years after the cholera killed Hegel, along with Cuvier, in that black year in which death robbed us also of Goethe, Scott, and Crabbe—caught a certain Hegelian taint. Hegelism—which, according to Schopenhauer, is but another name for bombastic and brain-warping nonsense—was then in the air. And we seem to catch a whiff of it whenever Treitschke drops narrative and begins to philosophise. Luckily he does this but seldom, and the fits are short; after which we again breathe freely, and brace ourselves to tackle the comparatively palatable study of the first beginnings of the immortal Zollverein; of which only the wicked can doubt that it was aught but the bairn of pure German idealism and an unselfish desire for the general welfare of all mankind, Britons included. For who kens not the musty proverb, *Si duo faciunt idem, non est idem*? If that "firebrand" Lord Palmerston lifts his hand to protect his country's trade, he does it inspired by that place where—if we may trust Dante—firebrands abound. But the father of the Zollverein, protecting the trade of Prussia, drew his inspiration straight from heaven. The reader will perceive how desirable it is that he should study Treitschke, and learn to doff his insular one-sidedness.

If he can but do that, we promise him that he will find Treitschke's History a rare intellectual treat. We, who now wield a presumptuous pen, are too old to read new novels, though not too old to re-read Scott, Cooper, Dickens, Balzac, and the other favourites of our boyhood and our prime. This we say with a firm belief in the truth of the old saw, "There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." Only we can't enjoy new fiction, because age has dulled our palate. Sad age, and happy youth! Did it but know its own happiness! But history, old or new, we can still enjoy. And yet perchance we deceive ourselves in deeming this History new. Though finished, so to say, but yesterday, it treats of events the most recent of which happened full fifty years ago, when we ourselves were young enough to feel life one long pleasure, and thrones might fall and kings run away from their subjects every week for aught we cared. But still one likes to know, as nearly as one may, what happened before we came upon life's scene, and what players

played what parts, and how. Nor let us talk with scorn of "ancient history" as of a thing dead and gone. To quote the noble words of one to whom we owe a deep debt of thankfulness for early training carefully bestowed, though, alas! not duly prized till the sad "Too late!" rang forth, "The past is never dead. It lives in the living present." Yes, and it will live in the future.

We began by saying that 'tis pleasant to dip into these tomes. 'Tis also profitable. Treitschke seldom disfigures his page with dates; in truth, there is something pleasing to the eye in the sheer homogeneity of its aspect—few figures, no italics, but here and there an apt quotation from the inevitable Goethe, or Schiller, or Freiligrath, Bürger, Uhland, Körner, Geibel. *J'en passe, et des meilleurs*. For Treitschke's reading is evidently both wide and choice; and one really might fill a stout dictionary of biography with the "lives" and literary criticisms wherewith he so plentifully besprinkles his narrative; while one may trust his few dates and his numerous quotations. But that Macaulay so seldom quotes, one might say that herein, too, they are alike. And, speaking for ourselves, we may say that the reading of Treitschke has materially helped us in the humble task of reading the leading German newspapers, with their copious reports, not merely of home news, but of the doings of Germany's "lost children" in other lands, and notably of the millions who have found a home in the Great Republic which sprang from us, as we from Germany. We are, moreover, quite willing to believe, with the *Cologne Times*, that these "lost children" of the Fatherland have done much to leaven American life with that sweetness and light which were not conspicuous in the Puritan fathers of New England.

In closing these volumes for a time, and ending this ragged review, a passage recurs to us where Treitschke—who surely ought to know—tells us how we may hope to follow in the wake of Carlyle rather than Macaulay, and lay a sure foundation for the understanding of nineteenth-century Germany. We must read—'tis our only chance—first, "Wilhelm Meister," then Immermann's "Münchhausen," and lastly Freytag's "Soll und Haben"—these three. True, even the youngest of them appeared five-and-forty years ago. But what then? Luther's Bible came forth more than 350 years ago, and the "Æneid" more than 2,000. The reader will find a knowledge of both those works needful to a full comprehension of Treitschke. He will have to learn, if he does not know, that in Germany both man and wife wear wedding rings; that "der Elfter" means 1811 wine, whose father grape ripened in the rays of a sun supposed to

be heated by the great comet of that year, which—according to Liszt's *longest* biographer—heralded the birth and shone upon the cradle of that illustrious pianist. The *lues Boswelliana* hurrieth her so far! When Cardinal Mazarin was told that the comet which shone on his sick bed came to foretell his death, he modestly remarked: "The comet does me too much honour." Truth to tell, Treitschke knows so much that he makes at least one poor wight of our acquaintance feel exceeding small; and he carries his learning gracefully, as if he had sucked it in with his mother's milk. He has as little as possible of that air of infallible wisdom and omniscience which is the professional historian's besetting vice, and which offends us in Sallust, in Gibbon, in Dr. Freeman, in Mr. Green, and, above all, in Mr. Green's misleader, Thomas Babington Macaulay. Oh! for the days—forty years ago—when we won a two-guinea copy of his *Essays*, as the mede of a parcel of verses—supposed to be English—which, gracious heaven be praised! have perished irretrievably. We ourselves have clean forgotten every line. But we well remember the delight with which we read Macaulay's prose, and believed all he said was Gospel-true. We speak of the year 1858, when, by-the-by, a comet decked the sky with a tail that at one time stretched from the zenith to the horizon. Two years later, the then youthful and vigorous *Saturday Review* was lauding Macaulay's never-failing accuracy. Is the writer of that article still living? If so, what must be his feelings? Let us hope that he lives, a green sexagenarian, thanks to deep draughts of that oblivion which, according to Balzac, is a *sine quâ non* to make life tolerable. Belike, when he penned that article he had not heard or heeded a certain pithy and pungent remark of Lord Melbourne's—"Would God I were as cocksure of anything as 'Tom Macaulay is of everything." Treitschke's tone is not cocksure enough to have provoked it. Besides, he writes "*Schritt für Schritt*" persistently, instead of "*Schritt vor Schritt*," whereas Goethe had taught us by example, and his disciple—in the true doctrine of colours—Arthur Schopenhauer, whose baptismal name spells the same alike in German, French, and English, and that's why his godfathers gave it him—has taught us, both by precept and example, that "*Schritt vor Schritt*"—which means step by step—is the right phrase, and that "*Schritt für Schritt*" is nonsense. Worse still, Treitschke says "in Bezug" when he means "in Beziehung," which is very much as if some Briton were to say "in a wrapper" instead of "in relation to." This gross blunder Schopenhauer angrily exposes, and commits it himself at least a dozen times. So irresistibly

catching is bad example ! Another deplorable blunder which he condemns and shuns, Treitschke sometimes perpetrates. He sometimes writes "erstreben" when he means "anstreben." The difference is great. "Erstreben" means to strive *and* achieve ; "anstreben," to strive only. But the past participle of "erstreben" is short, "erstrebt," while that of "anstreben" is long, "angestrebt." Therefore scribblers who love to save a syllable at any price use "erstreben" and "erstrebt" exclusively, and thus rob their mother-tongue of a most valuable distinction. It grieves us to find Treitschke following the ruck. This, alas ! he does again in yielding to the now modish tyranny of the imperfect. His page bristles with phrases of this type : "Käme er zu mir, ich sagte ihm ;" which Englished word for word runs : "Came he to me, I *said* to him." The phrase may be mended thus : "Käme er zu mir, so würde ich ihm sagen." Treitschke further follows the multitude in the matter of spelling certain words phonetically. But herein he may plead the permission of his beloved Prussian Government, which, some nineteen years ago, made divers concessions, in this regard, to that democratic and truly tradesmanlike spirit which hates all that savours of antiquity, subtilty, and refinement. Let not us Britons flatter ourselves that we are sure of outstripping our cousins German in the race whose goal is the perfect barbarisation of the Teuton tongues. 'Tis in truth a sorry comfort, yet 'tis some, to see that the fellow-countrymen of Luther and Goethe have a fair chance of "winning in a canter." Let us strain every nerve to win this donkey race.

But Treitschke—have we done him justice? Surely we have been searching for moles in the sunbeam. As we replace the five volumes on the shelf side by side with their two equally bulky peers, Jahn's "Life of Mozart," overladen with distracting detail and half eaten up by footnotes whose pith an artist in his craft would have worked into his text, our eyes are suddenly opened to the enormous gulf that sunders the plodding biographer from the brilliant historian. And yet brilliant, though not impertinent, is not the word, but mighty. His grasp, his perfect mastery of his colossal material, the *quidquid agunt* of a dozen peoples, and the deeds and sayings of scores of kings, and priests, and statesmen, and mob-leaders, and warriors, and poets, and sages, and assassins, and painters, and playwrights, and actors, and students, and junkers, and agriculturists, and inventors, and scients, and savants, and preachers, and composers, and sculptors, and architects, and road-makers, and canal-diggers, and river-menders, and ballet-dancers, and ambassadors, and the kings and queens of song, and philanthropists, and publishers,

and pamphleteers, and patriot exiles, and crazy religionists, and judges, and jurists, and the great *Turnwater* Jahn—all these pass before us in this grand kaleidoscopic masquerade, and all in marching order. There lies the marvel; and the question forces itself upon us, Has Treitschke any peer in architectonic power? None within our ken unless it be Gibbon, who, though saddled with the Roman Empire in all its rich variety, yet never staggers under the extra load of his migrant hordes of Picts, and Huns, and Goths, and Vandals, and Saracens, invading the Empire from every point of the compass, yet never disturbing the historian's equanimity. If Gibbon be not the man, then we think that Treitschke stands alone; a pupil, doubtless, of Macaulay, but a pupil who far excels his master. *Mais ça s'est vu.*

PHILIP KENT.

AT THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.

THERE is one salient difference between the practice of a popular London physician and that of his colleague in the provinces. The country doctor has twice as many patients and not a quarter of the fees.

Dr. Baker's waiting-room was crowded, for he had the best reputation of all the doctors in Pengwerne—(if you grouped physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries alike under this head, you would find that there was, in that favoured town, one medical man to every fifty inhabitants)—and there was always a very large attendance on the days when he was “at home” for consultation.

He had at last looked at the score of tongues and felt the same number of pulses which awaited him ; he had received (with thanks) as many guineas, and politely dismissed the owners of the tongues and pulses. Only one case remained—a girl of perhaps eight years ; a girl noticeable for her ash-coloured hair and large blue eyes. She was brought into the consulting-room by her nurse—Scotch, raw-boned, past middle age, evidently reliable. It was the most ordinary case of “relaxed” sore throat, and called for only the simplest treatment, but Dr. Baker examined and made his diagnosis, and prescribed with as much deliberation and anxiety of manner as if he had been presented with a complication of a dozen choice diseases.

It was not the sore throat that interested him so deeply ; it was the patient. This little girl was the daughter of Sir Francis and Lady West-Williams, quite the most important people in the county, whose standing was by no means to be estimated from the title which they held—the lowest in the social hierarchy. The Lord-Lieutenant of the county, the Duke of Loamshire himself, had scarcely a larger rent-roll or a more brilliant pedigree than Sir Francis. For several years—in fact, ever since the present baronet had succeeded—the doings of the family had been followed at a distance by the good folk of Pengwerne in the columns of “society” journals, but now they had returned to Bolsover Hall, some five miles out of the county town, and there they were spending

September. Though it was only natural that the West-Williamses should employ Dr. Baker, as the leading physician in Pengwerne, still he felt some pride at this recognition of his status. He was amiably polite, in a style of which he was supposed to keep the sole recipe, to Miss West-Williams, benignly patronising to the nurse. He was anxious, too, to glean as much news as possible about the party at Bolsover Hall, who had been the subject of conversation at all the Pengwerne dinner parties for eight weeks past.

"Did Sir Francis find the shooting satisfactory at Bolsover?"

The little girl seemed too shy to answer any questions that were not absolutely pressed upon her, while the nurse volunteered the statement that she "hadna heard ony complaints aboot it."

"The family has been living abroad for a long time till quite recently. I trust Lady West-Williams has not bad health?"

"Na, na, doctor; ye'll no hae her for a patient aften."

"I believe Lady West-Williams was a Miss Ransome: no doubt she is of the Northumberland branch?"

"I never can carry thae kinships in my heid, forbye that I was taught as a wee bit lassie to look on them as vanitee."

"The Hall is very full of guests at present?"

"There is a whien o' company there."

Nothing could be made of a woman so stupidly reticent, but the doctor's repulses, though very real and very mortifying, since he was brimming over with curiosity, had none of that marked character which would have been so disastrous in a drawing-room. It is so different, throwing out a question (at the merest random, it seems) as you stare into a throat with a magnifying glass, or make a mysterious entry in a folio—so different from the firing off point-blank of the same question when you have no better way of dissimulating your earnestness than by toying ungracefully with a teaspoon. The doctor appeared to have been merely making conversation abstractedly, while his mind was grappling with the tremendous problem which the case presented.

His patient had taken her leave, and it was not the frustrated intention of having the latest bit of gossip for his next round of visits, no, nor the calculation of the increased prestige, if not the pecuniary gain, that would accrue from the Bolsover Hall connection, nor any kindred idea which kept him sitting so long in his arm-chair, though Thomas, the coachman, had brought the horses round to the door to drive him to Mrs. Forty's, a very rich old widow, who had developed several interesting varieties of dyspepsia, and now showed symptoms of wishing to make a will in his favour.

It was something different altogether that he was thinking of. The little girl's eyes, and hair, and voice had recalled some one who once seemed to have an important part to play in his life. It was really too absurd of an elderly "leading" physician to have any memories of voice, and hair, and eyes. Perhaps it was because his success, such as it was, had come too easily. Perhaps he was not really so old as he thought himself. Other people, encouraged by a studied senility of dress, and look, and behaviour, added a dozen or fifteen years to the forty which he could justly claim. He had encouraged the delusion till he came to share it himself. Perhaps his childless house had had its effect. He began to think of the daughter who might have smiled at him with those blue eyes. But Mrs. Baker, a dumpy Jew-like woman, had hair as black as a coal, and the two little eyes which twinkled on either side of her aquiline nose were neither blue nor brilliant.

He had gone back to his student life in London, fifteen years before, while he sat and kept the brougham waiting. He was back again in his dingy old rooms in Moon Street, with its horsehair sofa, its marble-topped *chiffonnière*, its steel engravings of "The Queen's Coronation," "The Soldier's Dream," and "The Wounded Stag." The air outside was always laden with innumerable "blacks," which invaded the room whenever he opened the window. But the dingy street was glorified for him—even now there seemed in his recollection to be a kind of golden haze about it—by an angel in human form who had her abode in a house over the way.

Number 336—that was the house where Tom Myers "kept." Poor Tom! He went out to India with the 42nd, and died of jungle-fever before he was thirty. But Tom had nothing to do with the story, except that he lodged at 336, and *she* was the daughter of the house. Oh, but of course it was Tom who introduced him, for he was too shy to accost her without an introduction, especially since Tom had told him what a good, modest girl she was. And Tom had made him promise that he wouldn't make love to her, or attempt to do her any harm. Good old Tom!

He had seen her, before that, from his window sometimes, and felt sure that there were no such looks in all the world besides, though he frequented all the good theatres, of course, and had photographs of all the celebrated "beauties." A barrel-organ used to play under her window, and she was sure to come and throw the grinder a penny or two. How he would lean out, as far as he could reach, till he nearly fell over into the street, as often as not, to get a good view. He once heard an organ playing the same old tune in

Pengwerne High Street, and it brought *her* back to his sight, as plainly as ever he saw her—not as she used to look at him in the dear days of their short, delightful courtship, but an odd, tantalising vision of her stately neck and the neat braids of ash-coloured hair; the vision which he used to have as she turned away from the window. Yes, that little girl's hair was precisely the same shade.

Of course, he made love to her! Tom Myers was a fool if he meant seriously to keep him to that promise. And, of course, Gunhild—how in the name of all that's curious had she come by such a name?—returned his love, and more than returned it. There was no one but an old bed-ridden aunt to control her movements—it was Gunhild who looked after everything in 336, and kept the house together—and she was such a child that it never occurred to her that there was anything dangerous in the difference of their positions (perhaps she had not enough knowledge of the infinite gradations of society to feel that there *was* any serious difference); that the thought never suggested itself that what was all the world to her might be a mere toy to her lover, to be played with for an hour and then thrown aside.

And he? Did he love her seriously? Yes, surely, with as much depth of purpose as he had ever given to any act of his life. How was it, then, that he had lost her, had given up his hold on the one genuine moment of passion which had ever been his?

She had only seen one side of his character—the coarser, perhaps (but, with her, its coarseness was transformed), the franker, certainly, and could it have been the more real? She only knew him as the rackety, outspoken “med.,” roughly dressed and careless-mannered, without a single *arrière-pensée*, apparently, for Mrs. Grundy, without any ambition, or definite aims for the future. But it was another man that some of his father's old friends used to see—the Symonds, for instance, when he went out to dinner with them at Putney. In irreproachable evening dress, a single brilliant sparkling in his ample shirt-front, airing a scrupulous politeness, singing duets with Miss Symonds, or talking politics with her father—that was the young man with a career before him, who had the strictest regard for the proprieties, and was no wise deficient in *bienséance*.

Then an uncle died, and left him, if he chose to take it, a flourishing country practice in Pengwerne, and, as his final examination had just been satisfactorily “floored,” his father's wish that he should not throw away so patent an opportunity seemed not unreasonable. He was fond of hunting, and there was some very

good "going" round Pengwerne, and no particular reason why a country doctor should not allow himself an off-day with the hounds once a week in the season. He grew suddenly tired of poky lodgings and badly cooked dinners. All the latent *bourgeois* instincts in his blood stirred at the temptation. Then his father became anxious that he should make a match with Miss Symonds. The Symonds seemed to expect it, too. No doubt he had been rather attentive; still, he had only meant to be decently polite, for Rebecca was even then not pleasant to look at. Well, half-measures were mere folly; he had decided that comfort was the prize in life most to be coveted, and, since comfort was only to be bought at a price, by all means let him put money in his purse—as much as he conveniently could.

Of course Gunhild must be given up, unless he could win her with terms falling short of marriage. But he put such a thought from him, and gave himself great credit for doing so, not reflecting that it might be his conviction of her pride and strength of character rather than any astonishing virtue in himself which made him abstain from the attempt.

He saw now the improvidence of his past conduct; he had never once looked forward. To have thought of making Gunhild his bride—that would have been downright absurdity. He had never thought of any issue at all, merely basked in the sunshine of the present, never foreseen the end that *must* come.

He was very, very sad at the end; he felt it more than Gunhild herself, that was certain. *She* was more indignant than grieved; revolted at the inevitable; denied that it was inevitable.

Well, he braced himself to his duty like a man, and had met his reward. Rebecca and he were childless . . . that little girl had ash-coloured hair and sapphire eyes . . . but children were a great expense. He saved more money every year, and all his investments turned out splendidly. Then Mrs. Forty would almost certainly make her will in his favour and die within the year——

Goodness! How long had the carriage been at the door?

The doctor was returning from a magistrate's meeting. His pair of bays drew up very quietly. They were old and ugly, for it was not suitable for a doctor of established reputation to have too smart a turn-out, and he had long since given up his taste for horses. Rebecca did not approve.

The wind whirled the fallen leaves in his face from the chestnut-tree that stood, in a blaze of gold and orange and red, before the door.

It was half-past eleven—consultation hours till lunch-time. The house was full of a rank smell of cooked meat, for the Bakers always bought their meat from the Colonial Meat Company. Dr. Baker seemed to feel the annoyance more than usual this morning, till he almost felt inclined to believe that it might be advisable to pay an extra 2*d.* per lb. for an article less full-flavoured. He went to a little cupboard, and refreshed himself with a thimbleful of gin. Rebecca grumbled so much at the cost of wine, that now he only kept it for visitors. After all, what was the use of paying a lot of money for loaded claret when you could buy good gin for a trifle?

There was a sudden ring at the front-door bell. He remembered that the little girl with the ash-coloured hair had the first appointment. The footman reported that Lady West-Williams and her daughter were waiting in the dining-room. The doctor requested that they should be shown in immediately, and in the meantime hurriedly nibbled a vanilla bean to disguise the dram.

When Lady West-Williams entered, a stately lady with a magnificent figure, there could no longer be any doubt how the little girl came by those eyes and hair. Dr. Baker made an inarticulate noise in his throat that seemed to threaten apoplexy. The lady uttered a little cry of surprise, but appeared in no way disconcerted.

"Oh, how-d'you-do, Dr. Baker? I didn't expect to find it was *you*? *Gunhild*! I have discovered an old friend in Dr. Baker. Will you look at her throat, doctor? We followed your instructions precisely, but it doesn't seem one bit better."

The doctor went through his task in a dazed, mechanical way, asking and answering questions almost unconsciously. At last he had said all there was to be said, had written a new prescription, and was for bowing the visitors out; but Lady West-Williams said, "Run back to the dining-room to nurse, *Gunhild*. I want to talk to Dr. Baker for a few minutes."

She turned, when the door was shut, with a little frown.

"What is the meaning of this? I suppose I am to understand that when I knew you, your *name* was false, as well as . . ."

"I have changed my name since. I took my uncle's under his will. But you? I scarcely expected to meet you—*so*!"

"No, you thought you had spoiled all my life for me, and now you are rather disappointed at learning your mistake."

The doctor made a foolish gesture of dissent.

"Well, we won't quarrel; I never was fond of quarrelling. But I wonder you never took the trouble to learn what had become of

me. At least, I should wonder if I didn't know so well what kind of man you are . . .

"Soon after you had left me, auntie died, and I was all by myself and had no money. You needn't sigh and shake your head. What did you care? Then old Crabtree offered me sixteen shillings a week to go on in dumb show at his little theatre. I had to stand in the front row and smile at the pit—that kind of thing, you know."

"Gad!" thought Dr. Baker, "Lady West-Williams taken from the chorus-tail of the Isis! Here's news for the fellows at the County Club!"

"It wasn't cheerful work, and I was scarcely in the way of making my fortune. But it was my only chance. I was very grateful to Crabtree, and did my best. Then I got some small parts, and did them rather well, I suppose, and at last I got a really good part and made a hit. That was the turning-point. The manager of the Athenæum made me an offer, and I soon became one of the Athenæum stars. You've heard of Ethel Lyndhurst? Well, you're not the only person who may change a name. That was the name I acted under. Did you never see any of my photographs? No? Why, you might have been living in a monastery!"

"There's not much more to tell. Frank saw me and fell over head and ears in love. He hadn't come into the title then, and of course his father was wild, but Frank wasn't so cautious as some young men, and we were married. We went abroad, and had to live very quietly. Frank wouldn't let me go on acting, or we should have had plenty of money. Gunhild was born while we were living at Marburg, Frankie at Davos. Then old Sir Giles died and we came back to England. They were very useful to me, those years abroad. One didn't learn how to be a great lady in Moon Street, and it is risky to step straight off the stage into society. Now I am a match for any one. We tell everybody that I have been an actress. In London it helps my success. Here these stupid county ladies would like to look down on me if they dared. But they have no chance against me. They have only the defence of their ridiculous conceit, while I am armed with absolute indifference."

"And . . . and are you happy?" asked Dr. Baker, trying hard to assume the air of the disinterested friend.

Lady West-Williams laughed.

"Of course I am happy. No one can be unhappy whose courage is proof. I proved mine—you know when, and Frank proved his by marrying me. I suppose you would like me to ask *you* if you are happy, but I know all about that."

"Rebecca makes an invaluable wife. I am respected here. I work very hard." Dr. Baker spoke fast and confusedly. "I do a great deal of good—to the poor—I help them a great deal."

"Oh, yes; you give them penny packets of Turkey rhubarb gratis, and boxes of pills at half-price. You will be an alderman at fifty, and mayor at sixty, if gin doesn't kill you first."

The doctor started, and would have blushed had his complexion not been already the deepest shade of red that Nature can produce.

"Well, you have only met your deserts."

"I did not treat you well, Gunhild; but I was not in the same position as Sir Francis. He was independent of the world's opinion. But I did not behave so *very* badly. Another man in my place . . ."

Lady West-Williams drew herself up to her full height, and flamed out in anger, a veritable stage-queen.

"What, sir! Do you dare to think you could have lowered me more than you actually did? That you could hurt me in any other way than by pretending love when you did not feel it? If you think so poorly of me . . ."

"No, no, my lady! you mistake. I always thought of you with the greatest respect. I am sure that . . ."

"Pooh! I can't altogether rid myself of the theatrical manner. What do I care what you think?"

"Perhaps you would prefer, my lady, to call in some other medical man in future. Though I should never forget the difference in position between us."

"Ha, ha! You would not be allowed to forget it. No, I shouldn't have sent Gunhild to Dr. Baker, perhaps, if I had known who the doctor was; but I shan't make any difference now. I suppose you know your trade well enough. But we shall not stay long at Bolsover Hall, and nurse will bring Gunhild in future. What a time I've kept the child waiting! Well, good morning! I don't bear malice, you know. You behaved like a cad; but I'm grateful all the same. Suppose I had married you!"

J. A. NICKLIN.

THE MELON-SELLER: AN ECHO.

"A few weeks ago I read a letter from Constantinople wherein the writer mentioned that he had seen Pacha Somebody, whose malpractices had just drawn down on him the Sultan's vengeance, and who had been left with barely his life, having lost his immense treasures, palaces and gardens, &c., along with his dignity. The writer saw this old man selling slices of melon on a bridge in the city; and in stopping in wonderment to praise such constancy, the Turk asked him with at least equal astonishment, whether it was not fitter to praise Allah, who had lent him such wealth for forty years, than to repine that he had judged right to recall it now."—*Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett*, vol. ii.

WHERE men foregather there is talk of Ali:
 About the market-place, by waterside,
 They stand in knots, and sigh, and say his name.
 "Were it not better to have ne'er drawn breath,
 Or, being born, have just lived insect-life
 Like you and me, sir, 'mid the city's swarm
 Of poor and nameless, than be gathered out
 As precious stone buried in worthless rock,
 Facetted, polished, and then set on high
 To shine in kingly crown the foremost jewel,
 Till some hand, armed with spite, gives cruel wrench,
 The jewel's lost amid the rubbish heap!
 How ill must taste the air in peasant's hut
 After the perfumed breath of palaces!
 The homely meats on which his youth was bred,
 Can he now stomach them?—I warrant you
 That Ali at this hour is lying low,
 Writhes in the dust he waters with his tears
 Calling on Allah for a thunderbolt."

At eventide I walked upon the bridge,
 The bridge of boats that spans the Golden Horn.
 My thoughts still ran on Ali dispossessed,
 Cast out and left to rot his life away
 Among the city's offal—for sole cheer

A haunting throng of fair remembered days.
I, coward, praying God to spare my gaze
From falling once on all that misery,
Lifted my eyes, and, lo ! I saw him there,
At the bridge head, and, still as in a dream
Transfigured, eyes and hair, with sunset light.
Before him, on a barrow, fruit in piles,
Peaches, smooth globes of melons, green and gold,
O'er which he waved a sacrificial knife,
Calling in tones that once had counselled kings
For passers-by to stop and taste his ware.
A wave of pity broke upon my soul,
Whereof the spray uprising dimmed mine eyes,
So that I saw him through a mist of tears.
"Ali !" I cried, with hands outstretched, "My friend,
Would I had seen thee lying grey in death
And not as now ! In this, most cruel God
To deal a blow that might not wholly kill
Though break and mangle. . . ." Whereat Ali lifts
A warning hand, as though to check my speech,
His calm eyes eloquent with mild surprise :
"Art wroth with God for me ? That He who made
For forty years each year a golden gift,
Now checks the flow, saying 'It is enough.
What's left thee now's the heritage of all,
Thy days to come, the days of common men ?'
I'm blest even so. For see the sunlight falls
Alike on hut and palace, jail and mosque,
Magician-like turning the dross to gold.
And God has put His sunshine in my heart,
Therefore my mouth shall still declare His praise."

KATHARINE SYLVESTER

TABLE TALK.

M. JULES CLARETIE ON SHAKESPEARE.

DURING the recent visit to London of M. Jules Claretie, the director of the Théâtre Français, I had the pleasure of forming one of the audience that listened on the Lyceum stage to his conference on Shakespeare and Molière. Ingenuity was displayed in finding points of contact between the two great representatives of English and French comedy, and an intellectual treat was furnished to those of the audience who were familiar with the literature of the two countries. As the lecture, translated by Mr. Beatty Kingston, has since been published in the *Fortnightly Review*, there is no need for me to dwell upon it further. In the course of it, however, M. Claretie undertook the defence of the French from a charge often brought against them, that they are incapable as a race of understanding the comedy of Shakespeare. It so happens that, since the departure of M. Claretie from our shores, I have received from Paris half a dozen volumes of published conferences by writers such as M. Gustave Larroumet, M. Eugène Lintilhac of the *Rappel* and the *Dix-neuvième Siècle*, and others, in which, as elsewhere in French literature, the same subject is discussed.

HEINE ON SHAKESPEARE IN FRANCE.

THE charge the French are anxious to rebut was first formulated by Heine. It is implied, and the implication is felt by them, in the works of his master, Schlegel, and of the more serious German critics. For the arraignment of such, Frenchmen cared little. Gallic sprightliness and *esprit* were not to be judged by the standards of lumbering German wits. With Heine the case was different. Besides being called the Voltaire of Germany, Heine, after his abjuration of Judaism and his settlement in France, was accepted as a thorough Parisian, and almost as what has since been called a boulevardier. Condensed into a paragraph, what Heine said concerning the French was, "Yes, they can comprehend the sun but not the moon, and least of all the rapturous sobbing and melancholy ecstasy of the nightingale." True at that

time, this observation is now more applicable than ever. Shakespeare's tragedies, Heine holds, Frenchmen can with some difficulty comprehend, seeing that the poetry of passion is intelligible to them, and they have analytical intelligence. "But in the magic garden of the Shakespearean comedy all this empirical knowledge is of no avail. At its very gate their understanding fails them, their heart knowing nothing definite, and they lack the mysterious divining-rod at the touch of which the lock opens. There they stare with amazed eyes through the golden grate, and see how lords and ladies, shepherds and shepherdesses, fools and sages, wander about under the tall trees; how the lover and his loved one rest in the cool shadows and exchange tender words; how now and then a fabulous animal, perhaps a stag with silver horns, comes by, or else a chaste unicorn, leaping from the thicket, lays his head in the lovely lady's lap. And they see how the water-ladies rise with green hair and glittering veils, and how all at once the moon rises, and they hear how the nightingale trills, and they shake their wise heads (*petites têtes raisonneuses*) at all the incomprehensibly nonsensical stuff."¹

RECENT FRENCH UTTERANCES CONCERNING SHAKESPEARE.

IN answer to this M. Claretie advances Musset, on Heine's own showing the most Shakespearean in touch and feeling of French writers, one who was moreover a direct and an avowed imitator of the English dramatist. He also mentions Marivaux, which is not at all a happy illustration. Very delightful are those pictures of nascent and innocent love in which Marivaux delights. They have, as my readers know, enriched the French language with the word "marivaudage," expressive of over-sentimentality. Marivaux's comedy is, however, no nearer that of Shakespeare than the heads of Greuze are like those of Raphael. M. Claretie must be held accordingly to have left the matter precisely where he found it. M. Lintilhac² meanwhile rejects the whole as a calumny of this "terrible Heine," and after witnessing at the Odéon rehearsals previous to the representation of "Shylock, ou le Marchand de Venise," a three-act comedy in rhymed Alexandrines founded by M. Edmond Haraucourt, a genuine and delightful poet, upon Shakespeare, shows how much he felt and admired. Shade of Sophocles! with strange, unconscious irony this bright writer and clever critic proves himself what he denies. He can admire the tableaux, and

¹ *Heine's Works*, translated by Charles Godfrey Leland, i. 428-29.

² *Conférences Dramatiques*. Paris: Ollendorff, 1898.

feels with the French public a shiver of admiration when he sees the gondolas glide fantastically in the silence and "clair-obscur of the blue Venetian night." He has, again with the public, to be complaisant while he hears Portia and Bassanio "marivauder" and "madrigaliser," and in revenge for this concession he denounces the euphuism in "The Merchant of Venice" which does not exist, and the smuttinesses which he hopes will not be translated to shock a French public. In "Hamlet" even, and we are obliged to him for the avowal, he has but a modified faith. He quotes with apparent agreement the assertions of various French critics, of whom one says "*Je m'ennuie*," a second "I don't quite understand," and a third "I'm not quite sure what it's about." Imitating their frankness, he adds satirically, "I see clearly *something*."

FRENCH TRANSLATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

THESE things show that not only are the French incapable, as Heine says, of understanding the comedy of Shakespeare; they do not really like his tragedy. This is practically conceded by M. Jules Jusserand in his "Shakespeare in France." There was a time at the outset of the struggle after romanticism when Shakespeare, who was regarded as the head of the movement, was overpraised. To the worshippers of Shakespeare this may sound like absurdity. It is none the less true, since Hugo and Berlioz and a hundred other romanticists admired him on account of his faults, and not in spite of them. A similar thing is not unknown in Germany, even where blemishes are treated as beauties. In France this attitude sprang out of ignorance. Shakespeare represented not an individual but a cause. Those who held up the banner which, as M. Lintilhac says, was the handkerchief of Ophelia, and fought under it, had as little insight into Shakespeare as has M. Lintilhac himself. The conditions of French education and inherited sentiment are directly opposed to the recognition of his merits. It is no more possible for a Frenchman who has not been educated in England to appreciate Shakespeare than it is for an Englishman who has not been educated in France to appreciate Racine. Neither poet, moreover, can be translated so that his beauties of style as well as of thought shall be apparent. Renderings of "Hamlet," as capable as are to be expected, exist—I have read them; and poetic adaptations of other plays are also to be found. But the magic of style cannot be preserved. How, as short of being an equivalent, is "all the narcotics of the world" (*tous les narcotiques du monde*) for that rich and luminous phrase, "All the drowsy syrups of the world"?

A SPORTSMAN ON SPORT.

AN Englishman who regards field sports as barbarism and cruelty has small chance of obtaining a hearing except in pages as independent as those in which I write. In spite of the constant sarcasm levelled against the advocates of humanitarianism, however, the lessons of humanity are exercising their effect. Gentler and more merciful views begin to prevail even among sportsmen. While describing in "The Farmer's Year" a "big shoot," partly real, partly imaginary, in which he participates, Mr. Rider Haggard gives two pictures which I venture to commend to my opponents. His first picture is that of a hare which has been disturbed by the beaters. "Catching sight of its arch-enemy, man, who cuts it off from the retreat which it was seeking, it stops suddenly, and perhaps sits up as though it were begging, its beautiful soft eyes fixed upon the dread and unexpected vision. Then probably the man, following his instincts, lifts his gun and shoots it, turning its happy life, perfect shape and smooth fur into a screaming, kicking, gory heap, for that is what man—gentle beneficent man—is out to do." Can I plead more eloquently the cause I have at heart?

A second utterance of the same brilliant writer is even more picturesque as description, and preaches no less exemplary a lesson. It is concerning the woodcock. Mr. Rider Haggard writes: "Suddenly, far away, in and out among the trees, passes a swift brown shadow. It disappears, it appears again, it comes near, rocking from side to side on those wide wings that move so silently and carry it so fast. This is a woodcock, one of the most beautiful birds that fly, although coloured in a sombre key. So close does he pass that now the strong light can be seen shining between the mandibles of his tapered bill and on his brown searching eye. Too late he sees his danger, and twists wildly, but without avail, for the shot catches him and robs him of his life and beauty. Never again can the lovely creature hope to flit across the moon-illuminated Norway moss, hugging its young against that pencilled breast." I give these sketches at second-hand, not only because they are better than I can myself supply, but because I could not, if I would, depict sights I have not seen. Never have I joined sportsmen in a raid, a battue, a shoot. Never willingly have I seen bird life taken, and I ask my readers to believe, for it is indeed true, that if wealth and distinction, all that men covet, would be mine on the condition of joining in a single shoot, I should have the grace or the manhood to refuse them at the price.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

GETTY CENTER LIBRARY



3 3125 00629 9073

